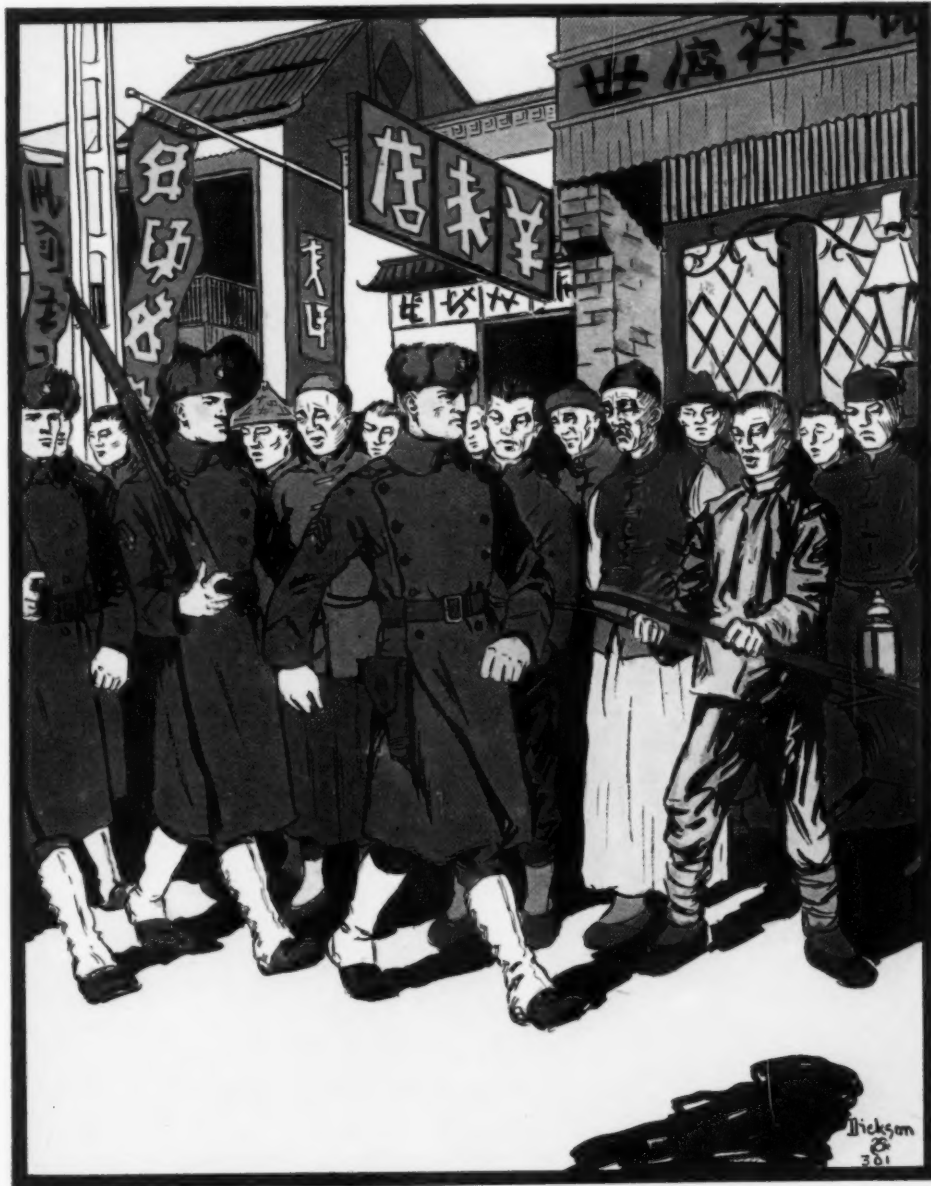


THE LEATHERNECK

March, 1934

Single Copy, 25c



FROM DAWN TO SETTING SUN
Marine Occupation in Defense of Shanghai, March, 1927.



- somehow
I just like to
give you a light

*They
Satisfy*

Chesterfield

the cigarette that's Milder • the cigarette that Tastes Better

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THE GALLEY SLAVE

3:30 A.M. - GREET'S THE DAWN.



4:00 A.M. STARTS
COFFEE - NURSES
FIRE AND CURSES
NOW AND THEN.



5:00 A.M.
MIXES BREAKFAST FOR THE TROOPS - TO
MUSIC FURNISHED BY HIMSELF.



6:00 A.M. - SERVES THE TROOPS
THEIR MORNING MEAL.



6:30 A.M. - POURS SELF A
BEAKER OF JAVA.



7:00 - 11:00 A.M. - POLICES
GALLEY, DRAWS RATIONS,
CUTS MEAT AND COOKS
MORE FOOD.



11:30 A.M. FORTIFIES SELF
WITH SANDWICH COMPOSED OF
HAMBURG STEAK, A FRIED EGG
AND A RAW ONION.



12:00 Noon. -
FEEDS TROOPS AGAIN.



1:00 - 4:00 P.M. - POLICES
GALLEY, CARRIES OUT ASHES,
DUMPS GARBAGE AND
COOKS MORE FOOD.



5:00 P.M. FOR THE THIRD
TIME FEEDS STILL RAVENOUS
TROOPS.



5:30 - 7:00 P.M.
POLICES GALLEY - SWABS
DOWN - AND SCRUBS STOVE
AND BAKES FIRES.

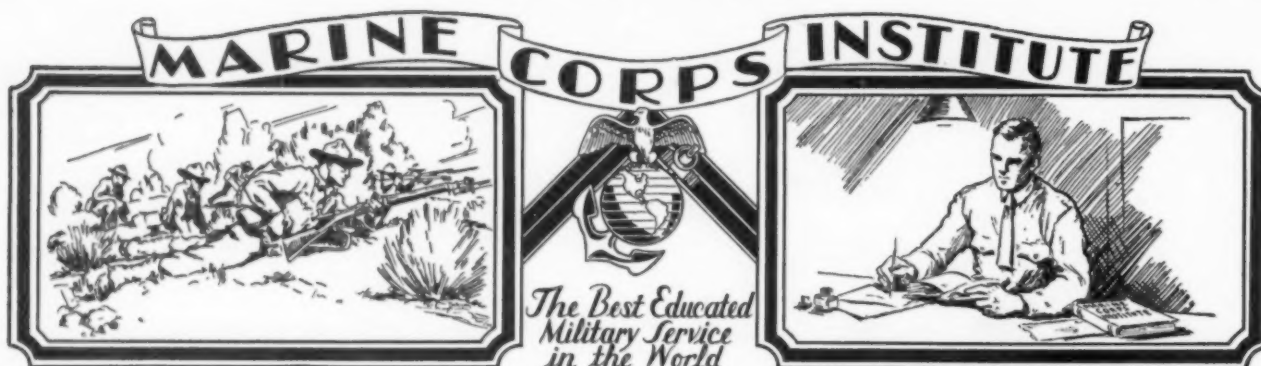


7:30 P.M.



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THE GLOBE AND LAUREL, the monthly journal of our brothers in service, the Royal Marines, paid us leathernecks a nice tribute, which we appreciate. We pass it on to our readers:

"The bonds that unite the two Corps are very strong, but they are seldom stated, for the men of both are usually too busy to stop and write history—instead they make it.

"Formed on 10th November, 1775, the United States Marines are the senior in point of time—as they are the most illustrious—servants of the Republic. Many volumes would be required to write their history, which is that of the United States itself, and their fighting qualities in war, their comradeship, sportsmanship and hospitality in peace need no tribute from this pen. Many of us who are still serving remember them at Scapa Flow and in China;

a past generation knew them in Peking during the Boxer Rising, and the memories of these meetings are invariably of warm regard and admiration.

"Some idea of the confidence reposed in them may be illustrated by a true story. During the advance of the American Army during the war the Brigade of the United States Marine Corps, which formed part of the 2nd Division, bit deeply into the German line—so deeply in fact that all touch with the rear was lost. A harassed staff officer of the Brigade awoke Brigadier-General John A. Lejeune, the Commander, and delivered the sad news that both regiments were apparently surrounded by the Germans. The General received the news without emotion, and before going to sleep again, remarked judiciously that he was very sorry for those Germans! His faith was justified, and it was the American Marines, and not the enemy, who came up smiling from that grim encounter.

"The kindness of the United States Marines to the Royal Marines of H. M. ships *Norfolk* and *Danae* has forged another link in the chain of affection which unites the two Corps—Corps whose aspirations, field of endeavour and destiny are symbolized in their united badges—badges which represent nothing mean or parochial, but the 'Great Globe itself.'"

"Semper Fidelis"—*"Per Mare per Terram."*

It is indeed gratifying to find ourselves held in such high esteem, especially by an organization whose opinion is as important as that of the Royal Marines.

Fairmindedness

IT HAS been said quite recently that the very best thing in a man's life is fairmindedness—justice, honesty, and fairness. These are, indeed, the earmarks of a great life, and without these one can scarcely hope to travel very far along the rugged path of success.

Now there is nothing of an academic nature about this important phase of human life. In fact, it is so practical that it enters into every avenue of human conduct, commanding respect and appreciation, and making for ultimate success. In the performance of your daily task, in athletics, in business life, in your relationship with others on board ship; in short, in every contact of your life it must obtain if you really expect to make your life worth while. Indeed, "you cannot be kind, cannot be big, cannot be hopeful and helpful," cannot be a real leader of men, unless you have fairmindedness deep down in your heart. It has been aptly said, "Fairmindedness is the Golden Rule of Life."

Moreover, justice, honesty, and fairness grow in the matter of importance and value in proportion as they are exemplified in your daily contact with others. Indeed, you cannot touch elbows with one in whom these radiant jewels are exemplified without feeling the upward pull toward higher and better things. Therefore, the more fairmindedness you exhibit in your daily contact with others, the more you will receive in return from others. In other words, cast your bread upon the waters and it will return to you a hundred fold.

Furthermore, there is nothing this old world of ours needs more today than just this. Really, humanity is hungry for frank, honest, fair dealing on the part of everybody, everywhere, and at all times. Let us, then, make up our minds right now that we will exemplify FAIRMINDEDNESS in all our daily contacts.—C. V. E.

LOOK



IF A man spends everything he makes and does nothing to improve his talents while others are improving theirs, what then? The answer is obvious! He is in a circle which one of these days will cease to exist. He has nothing—and nothing to look forward to!

On the other hand, if a man devotes his spare time to self-improvement, if he makes himself more valuable and pursues his ambition in a systematic way, he can be financially independent at 60. And besides, he will find much more pleasure in the intervening years. There is no good reason why a man should be a failure—there are many reasons why he should be a success!

None of them is more important than this self-improvement through spare-time study. Today it is possible for any man to improve

forward to financial independence at 60

himself, to acquire training and education, through thoroughly modern courses of the International Correspondence Schools. It may not be easy—but it is possible! If you have ambition and determination and a willingness to make sacrifices for your own present, your own future, your own old age, this coupon is a golden opportunity to you! It has started many thousands of other men like you on careers of success. Why not mail it today? There is much to gain—and nothing to lose.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH, 1934

NUMBER 3

LET US CONSIDER THE MARINES

BY R. H. L.

WE are all engaged now in doing our little bit. If we are not learning to drive an ambulance, we are planting potato seeds in the window boxes where the geraniums used to grow; and if we are not ourselves enlisting because of flat feet or general debility, we are trying to coax others to enlist. Which brings us to consider the Marine.

The Marine is not well known out here in the corn belt. While he is both a land and water animal, even on the land he has to be near the great salt sea. If a Marine is taken too far inland his gills dry up and he chokes to death. So it's hard to find out much about Marines away out in the middle West.

A soldier will tell you that a Marine is some kind of a sailor and that he has web feet, like a duck. A sailor pretends not to understand you when you ask about Marines. Finally he will brighten up and say, "Oh, you mean gravel cruncher," proving that he regards the Marine not as a sea animal at all but as a trodder of the wide, dry land. Perhaps it is because the Marine is a being apart, a genus which has no closely related species, that the Marine Corps is the most closely welded organization in the world. Officers and enlisted men do not seem to stand on opposite sides of a deep gulf as they do in other organizations, such as the army and the navy and the Fraternal Order of Eagles or the Edgewater Every Tuesday Whist Club. It's a devoted band of brothers, this Marine Corps, and if you should pull a Marine lieutenant's nose in a heated political brawl in

Boston some private of Marines would smite you with great violence on the chin some six years later in Hongkong.

The Marine Corps may have its own little family jars, but woe to the outsider who trifles with it. Poking a hornet's nest is nothing to stirring up the Marines. Whatever little difference of opinion they may have within their own home circle, the Marines present a bristling, impassable wall to the world at large. Throw rocks into a volcano if you will; ride over the fall of Niagara in a canoe; walk unarmed into the roaring lion's cage; monkey with a rip saw in a Seattle lumber mill; but, as you value your health and happiness, don't trifle with the Marines. Though it takes years and years, they will get you, though you hide away in the Fiji Islands, Samarara or Saskatchewan.

Sailors nowadays don't really dislike the Marines, or the Marines the sailors, but for two hundred years or more a sailor did not love a Marine

unless there was glass over his face and people walking slow behind him. That was in the days of old press gangs, when English ships were manned by gentlemen who were induced to volunteer by the neat expedient of throwing a bag over their heads, hog-tying them and lugging them off to the ships.

The impressed seamen delighted in dropping marlin spikes and belaying pins down from the top of the rigging on the heads of their dear officers and going on a strike just before a battle. So soldiers (Continued on page 54)

R. H. L.

R. H. L., whose "February Story" in last month's LEATHERNECK was so well received by our readers, is not a Marine. At present he conducts a column in The Chicago Tribune, but in a former existence he was a war correspondent, serving in Russia. Although his service has connected him mostly with the army, R. H. L. has always had a warm spot in his heart for Marines. Early in 1917, when most persons regarded Marines as unusual animals, there appeared in The Chicago Tribune, written by R. H. L., a story concerning the Soldiers of the Sea. We herewith reprint the story.



JERRY O'NEILL hurried through the door of the low, slate-roofed barracks. "Hey, Shorty," he yelled, "you and Anderson break out your equipment and be ready to take off with me in fifteen minutes. You'll have to get my pack

together while I'm down at the galley getting rations for the detail."

Anderson in his usual taciturn fashion merely grunted "All right, Sergeant;" but Shorty rose to his full six-foot-three and demanded further enlightenment.

"What's up?" he wanted to know. "Sandino raisin' hell again? I thought he was clean over the border into Honduras."

"This isn't a regular patrol," Jerry explained. "That flyer who just got in from Managua says he saw a plane down in the jungles along the Coco River. The only thing he could do was drop a note to the two pilots he saw and tell them he'd send a detachment out from Ocotal to pick 'em up. It would have been suicide for him to try to land."

"Oh hell!" grumbled Shorty as the momentary vision of a sharp contact with the bandits was shattered by Jerry's explanation. "An' we gotta wet-nurse a couple of haywire flyers. Just us three goin'?"

"No," O'Neill shouted over his shoulder as he started in the direction of the kitchen. "There's one squad from the Guardia going with us. How do you like them for company?"

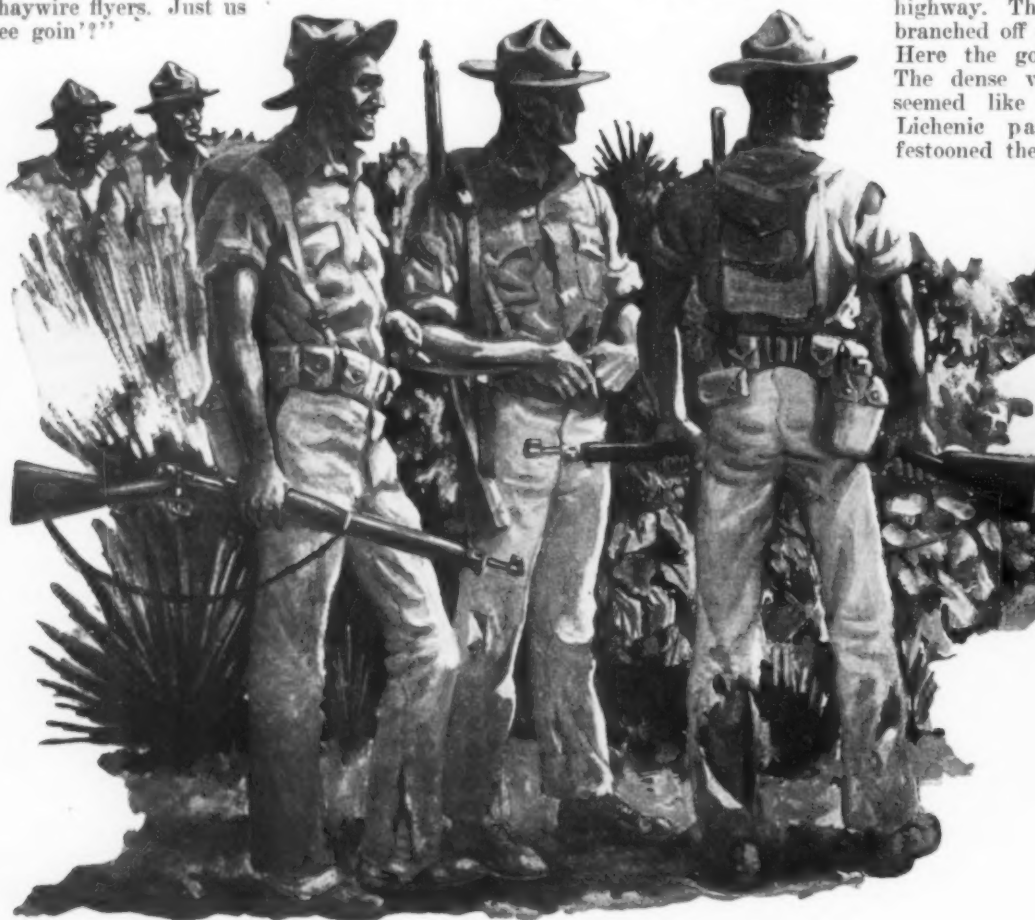
Shorty jerked savagely on a haversack strap and voiced his uncomplimentary opinion concerning the ability, parentage, and general inefficacy of the "gook" constabulary. "Them buzzard-bait 'll be in our way," he protested. But O'Neill was at that moment haranguing the harassed mess sergeant into donating a few extra cans of sardines.

Twenty minutes later the little patrol was ready to move from Ocotal, north into the jungles and swamps of Nicaragua. O'Neill and Shorty were in the center, while Anderson was well to the rear with the two supply mules. After establishing his advance point to give warning in the event of an ambush, and posting his rear guard, Sergeant O'Neill examined his command. He regretted that the conformation of the terrain prevented him from throwing out flankers as prescribed in "Security on the March."

"Not so good," he mused. "All the spicks will have to do is reach out with a machete, and 'swish'—one head, no got."

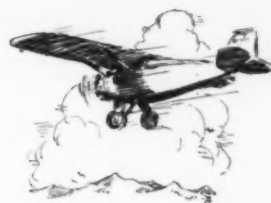
"Yeh, I wish we had a squad o' Marines instead of them gooks," complained Shorty, looking over his shoulder at the khaki-clad troops of the Guardia.

For a mile or two they moved smoothly along the firm highway. Then presently they branched off on a narrow trail. Here the going was difficult. The dense vegetation seemed like a wall. Lichenie parasite festooned the trees,



GE OF BUZZARDS' ROOST

BY FRANK HUNT RENTFROW



hanging down in chimerical designs. Foot by foot the little column penetrated the jungle. Snake-like vines knotted themselves about the feet of the men, flinging them to their knees in the pools of crawling, fetid water. They could hear the advance guard slashing at the underbrush with his machete. Off in the distance indignant monkeys protested with outlandish chattering. Myriad mosquitoes swarmed about the faces of the sweating men.

Once they trod upon a writhing reptile that a native had severed with his machete.

"Nice country," commented Shorty with fitting sarcasm. "Snakes, mosquitoes almost as big as airplanes, spick itch, monkeys and Marines, not to say anythin' of fevers, famines, an' . . ."

"Pipe down," O'Neill suggested succinctly.

They camped that night beside a huge uprooted tree.

When morning came they breakfasted on coffee, hardtack and canned rations. Then once more the expedition began cutting its way through the matted undergrowth.

Through an occasional break in the green roof, buzzards could be seen soaring about on their lazy wings. They were lugubrious, sinister symbols, and even Shorty shuddered at their portent.

"Damn it," he growled. "Why can't they be polite enough to wait till we're dead before they come lookin' for us? An' of course the gooks won't think nothin's unusual in them smellin' cadaver cruisin' about. Them birds might just as well carry a sign readin': 'Here's your Americanos; come an' get 'em!'"

"Shut up," said the unimpressed sergeant.

For three blistering, torturing days the little cavalcade snaked its way through the jungles and out into the rolling country, mountainous and dangerous. Leggings were tattered and covered with mud. Shirts were torn by the sharp-bladed grasses and thorny briars. The white, strained faces of the men testified their exhaustion. O'Neill was pushing them hard as he could, still conserving sufficient strength to make the return trip. Time after time he consulted the map he carried, noting the coordinates jotted on the margin.

It was nearing the end of the fourth day when the first signs of the objective were discovered. Looking down across a valley they could discern some object, like a streamer of white silk, fluttering from the top of a tree.

"That's part of the plane," said O'Neill, pointing it out with his finger. "They've probably ripped a wing off in landing. Let's push on and we can make it before dark."

They struggled down the mountainous trail and across the wooded depression. Just as the sun was dropping behind the ragged horizon, they arrived at the wrecked craft. The two pilots came forward to greet them.

"Gosh A'mighty—damn!" ejaculated Shorty. "One of 'em's a jane!"

She looked trim and natty in her whipcord breeches and polished boots. A gray flannel shirt, open at the neck, displayed a well-rounded throat and the graceful contour of her bosom. Her eyes, sparkling blue, seemed to laugh at the bewildered Marines.

"Greetings, boys." She raised her hand to her curly chestnut hair in a semi-military salute. "Come right in and make yourselves at home."

O'Neill returned her salute but not her levity.

"I hardly expected to find a woman here," he said gravely.


She sobered slightly and then her vivacious nature bubbled up again.

"It's the unexpected things in life that count, you know," she laughed.

Shorty chuckled to Anderson. (Continued on page 54)



"Gosh A'mighty—Damn!" ejaculated Shorty.
"One of 'em's a jane!"



WELL, Helen! I didn't expect you back so soon. I've been making hay while Hilda was away. I've nearly finished preparing a regular dinner. I knew you'd be tired when you came back from the party."

"Oh, Jack, you've gone to all this trouble. I came away early to do it when I remembered it was Hilda's afternoon off. But how does it happen you're home so early?"

"We finished up and old Hinton told us to quit for the day."

"Good for him. Here, wait 'til I take off these duds and I'll help you."

"No. Just sit down. This is the first chance to get a meal I've had since we were married."

"Yes, I will. Hubby's been working all day." She started toward the bedroom.

"Don't go in there, Helen! Stay here."

"It won't take a minute."

She was singing as she went into the bedroom. Suddenly there was an ominous silence. Jack felt it and turned toward the door. "What's the matter?" he called.

She walked slowly back into view, her pretty face as set as a quivering chin would let it be.

"Why did you say you came home so early?"

"Why, old Hinton—"

At that she held out something she had been holding behind her back. "No wonder I surprised you!" she exclaimed with a sob. "Maybe old Hinton can explain these!"

"Why, what—where—?"

"And so this is why you came home this afternoon! And we've been married only two months!" The floodgates threatened to break now.

"Aren't they yours?"

"NO, they aren't MINE. Never had chiffon hose in all my life. Why did you order me to stay out of that bedroom? Jack, if I thought—"

"But Helen, I don't know—"

"Where is she?"

"She? Who—?"

"The one who had these on. She couldn't go away without them."

"But they do, I mean. Oh, I know nothing about them."

"They were on the bed! They weren't there when I left, either."

"Maybe Hilda—"

"Hilda never saw them. She wouldn't have left them there. Looks like someone in a hurry did it. Jack Sanders, if I thought—"

"Aw, now, Helen. There's been a mistake."

"Well, maybe so. It all shocked me so suddenly. And of course, since there isn't anything else around, I—"

"That's right, Helen. Let's forgive and forget. I'm willing to. In fact I'm kinda glad I can make you that jealous." He was trying desperately to push something under a chair with his foot as he talked.

She dabbed her eyes. "My, wasn't I upset? But Jack, really, for a moment—what's THAT!"

She picked up the thing he had tried to hide under the chair. She gazed incredulously. His mouth dropped.

"A brassieRRRRRE!"

"Where—?"

"Don't talk to me! Don't even speak to me. Just to think—"

"But listen!"

"I'm going away. My heart is broken. Oh perfidious men!"

"Wait, please listen, stop!"

"I see no other explanation. They couldn't have gotten here any other way but that way. The laundry couldn't have made a mistake because we haven't had any back yet. Good-bye, good-bye forever."

The door closed behind her. Jack stared at the silken things in fascinated horror. He began to see her side of it. How could they possibly have gotten here?

He ran into the hall. But she was out of sight. Which way had she gone? He ran back to call her aunt and tell her to make Helen remain if she came there. But someone else was using a phone. Damn those two party lines!

He found no trace of her. She did not go to her aunt's, nor had any of their friends seen her. By nine o'clock he was beside himself. By ten he was frantic. Had she rashly—? No, he would not even think of it.

Then because he had no other place to go he went home. The door was unlocked.

A light shone under the bedroom door.

Joy surged through him. She had come home! But he would wait until she spoke to him. So he sat down, pushing something off the chair.

It caught his attention.

Pajam—! Lavender! They

couldn't be his. He held

them up. An

awful fear

seized him.

Was this — retaliation?

"Helen!" he managed

to exclaim.

Someone stirred in the

bedroom. Slowly the door opened a little way

and Helen looked out, trying

to look unconcerned.

"I came after my things,"

she said.

"But this," he gulped.

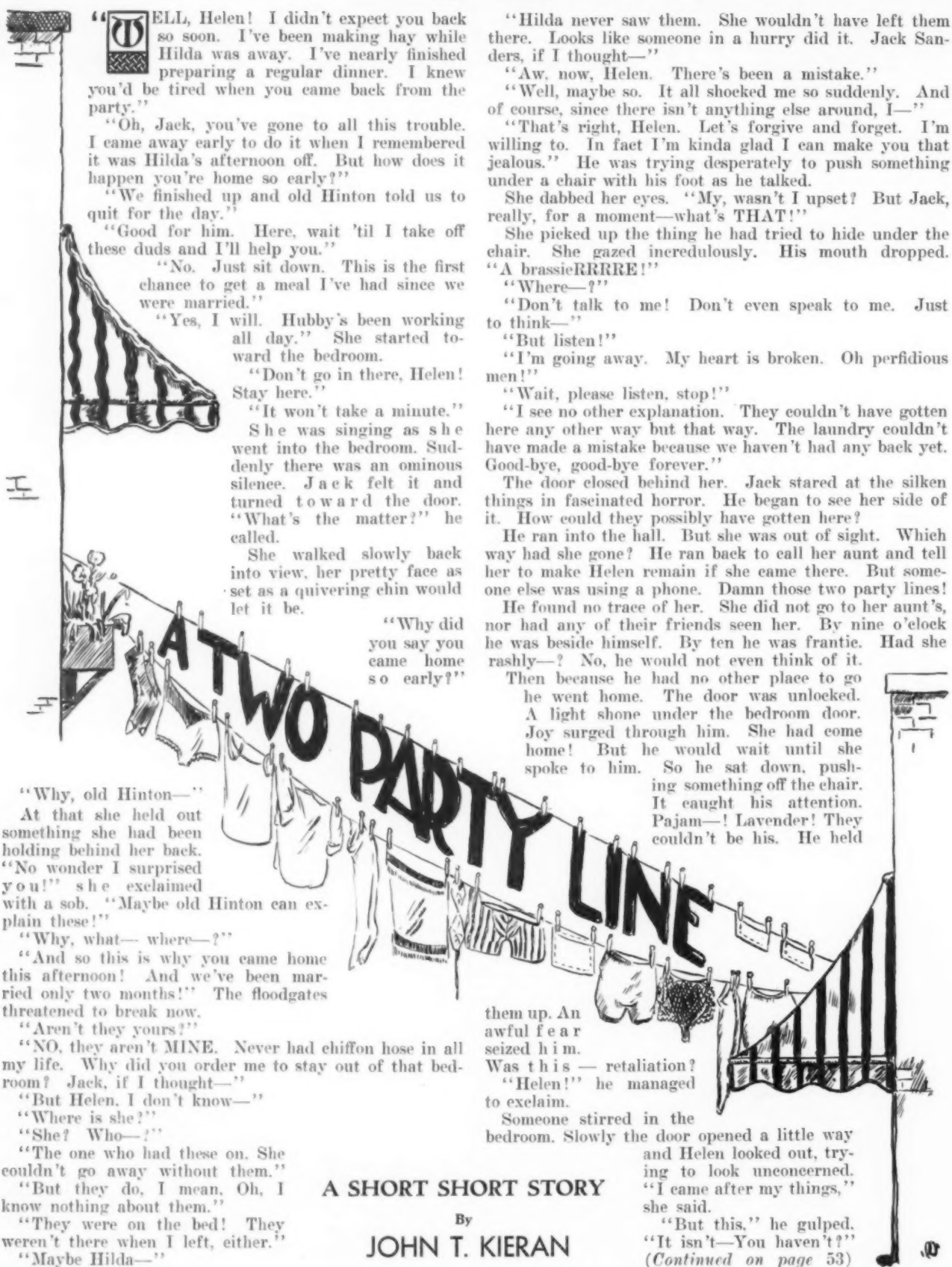
"It isn't—You haven't?"

(Continued on page 53)

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By

JOHN T. KIERAN





HOBBY

A SHORT STORY, BY
CHRISTY BORTH.



HENNIG didn't like the fellow's hands. They were pudgy, powerful, with stubby fingers, squared and spatulate at their tips. Butcher's hands, Hennig thought as he observed them. The fellow said he was a retired lawyer, touring the world because "my hobby has always been scientific matters." He was paunchy, full-bellied, smug. His face was florid; a greying, self-satisfied cherub with a blood pressure.

A letter from Banion, Hennig's classmate, had introduced him. The letter mentioned the fellow's "scientific investigations." It was on the second night of his stay at Hennig's bungalow that the "scientific matters" were trotted out into conversation. His "hobby," it developed, was the pleasant little business of studying the dying agonies of condemned men. He pursued it with a motion picture camera and a buzzard's intuition.

Over tall, cool glasses on Hennig's verandah, as a scorching tropic day merged into a star-studded, languorous night, he exulted over his "collection."

"Started it in Honduras," he said. "Happened to wander into an interior village one day when the constabulary was to execute a bandit. Bumped right into it, so to speak. Saw them lead him from the calabozo, blindfold him, prop him against a wall, and finish him with a volley. Had my camera along. Light was excellent. Got good shot of the whole procedure. Very interesting. . . . Very interesting."

Later, he added, he happened to be on the spot at a Louisiana lynching. That, too, was "very interesting."

Rapidly, with the breathless excitement of the rabid collector running miser-fingers through souvenirs, he catalogued for bored but polite Hennig, the "jewels" in his collection. A rosary of skulls, Hennig thought, but, because the fellow was his guest, kept the thought bottled and corked.

The "rosary" comprised a strangulation picked up somewhere east of Suez, an orthodox hanging in Hungary, a French guillotining "not so good because I couldn't get close enough," a celluloid strip recording Medieval tortures in a forthright but backward Balkan community, and a half score more of miscellaneous butcheries; all "very interesting."

It seemed wherever Death had staged an orgy, the fellow had been with his camera. But, like all hobbyists, he had his sorrow. He was most pathetic when he mournfully admitted that there were gaps in his celluloid

history. At that point Hennig's mind flashed a picture of a bloated, putty-colored Buddha shedding tears as stubby fingers encountered blank spaces in a rosary where skulls should be, and found himself feeling sorry for his guest.

The fellow was silent. Hennig heard the breeze whispering in the palm fronds, the cool breeze, clean and spiced. He listened to the metallic rustle of the palm fronds as the breeze sent them clawing at one another, watched them undulate against the sky like graceful hands reaching for stars. The hands were not stubby fingered. The metallic rustle was a counterpoint for the silent fellow's labored wheezing, also metallic. An asthmatic, toad-like Buddha wheezing over empty spaces in a miser-chest of souvenirs.

The flare of a match shattered silence and darkness. Its jumping light illumined in spurts a fat face behind a cigar. He looked pathetic. Hennig felt sorry for him, called himself an ass, found himself hoping that he'd fill the gaps in his collection with his coveted "scientific studies" of an electrocution and a decapitation.

He was worried especially about the electrocution. That would be hard, "but a news photographer got a still of the Ruth Snyder finish, and maybe I can figure a way to make a movie." In the morning, he was leaving for the interior and his decapitation. Oh yes, indeed; he knew about the hazards. Bandits? Pooh! He waved it aside. The blazing match was flung as a continuation of the contemptuous gesture that tossed aside the cobwebby thought. Pooh! He spouted his contempt in a billow of smoke, and was back, like a panting hound, on the trail of his hobby.

"Very interesting things happen to men being executed," he said. "Strangulation, for instance, seems to have an aphrodisiac effect, as does hanging. Another thing I've noticed in my films is that the hands of doomed men tell the story of the agony better than the face, which is often covered."

Hennig stopped it with a query.

"I'll deed it to a scientific body," was the reply. "Complete, the collection ought to be valuable for study."

And I'm going to complete it." That last was a triumphant gesture that the darkness couldn't hide.

And the tropic wind, suddenly veering, blew a chill that congealed conversation. Hennig and his guest went indoors and, (Continued on page 53)





Armed Marines Recover Barge

Shanghai, January 24.—An armed party of American Marines was sent down the Whangpo River from Shanghai today to recover a lighter carrying American naval supplies which was detained by 500 Chinese striking wharf coolies. The wharf workers have called a general strike. Six were injured in a fight with strike breakers.

Quake Rocks China

Peiping, China, January 24.—Dispatches reaching here today revealed a severe earthquake shock in the Yellow River valley which took many lives among civilians and the rebel army of Gen. Sun Tien Ying. The tremors were felt from Taiyuanfu, in Shansi province, to Kweihua, capital of Suiyuan province, where they lasted for three minutes.

Army Hospitals May Now Treat Navy Men

The Army regulations have been amended to permit officers and enlisted men, active, retired and reserve of the Navy, to receive treatment at Army hospitals where necessary. This change may well be credited to the efforts of Congressman Hoepfel of California.

Marines Land from "Tulsa"

Foochow, China, January 15.—A United States naval party was ordered ashore here today from the American cruiser U.S.S. *Tulsa* to protect Americans in this fallen rebel capital.

The action was taken following upon a request of Gordon Burke, vice consul, in charge of the United States consular district in Foochow.

Commander F. G. Reinicke, captain of the *Tulsa*, immediately ordered the force ashore. The *Tulsa* has been standing by at Foochow since shortly after trouble broke out between rebel forces and Nationalist government troops seeking to crush the secessionist movement in Fukien Province.

Marines to Moscow

Washington, D. C., February 1.—John Cooper Wiley, of the Department of State, seven Marines and an Army plane will form part of the complement of the new American Embassy in Moscow, it was learned yesterday.

Wiley will be named Counselor of Embassy, Ambassador Bullitt's right-hand man, and will sail with his chief on February 15.

The seven Leathernecks will pilot the cars of the embassy through Moscow's

traffic, according to plans of the State and Navy Departments. The airplane will be at the disposal of the Military Attache. The embassy cars will belong to the Navy.

Capt. Ingersoll Commands New Cruiser

Washington, D. C., January 17.—Commissioning of the U.S.S. *San Francisco* under command of Capt. Robert E. Ingersoll, a native of Washington, February 10, was announced yesterday by the Navy Department.

Captain Ingersoll, born in Washington, June 20, 1883, was awarded the Navy Cross for distinguished service during the World War in organizing, developing and

the Army and Marine Corps and petty officers of the Navy and Coast Guard who are disabled in active service in line of duty shall be entitled to retirement at 2½ per centum of the pay of their rank for each year of their active service, plus allowances as now provided by law for retired enlisted men.

The provisions of the bill would only be applicable where the enlisted man is suffering disabilities incident to the service with a degree of 50 per centum or more and where the individual has had at least fifteen years' service. All individuals in this category heretofore discharged for disabilities incident to the service, provided such individuals served during a war period would come under its terms.

The measure, HR 7417, has been referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Naval Commands Change

Washington, D. C., February 3.—Admiral Reeves will succeed Admiral David Foote Sellers as commander in chief of the United States Fleet on the Pacific Coast and the announcement was made at the same time that Admiral Sellers is to be appointed superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The transfer of the fleet command to Admiral Reeves will become effective late in the Spring, probably subsequent to the voyage of the United States Fleet to Atlantic waters, where it will be reviewed by President Roosevelt off New York at the end of May.

The present superintendent of the Naval Academy, Rear Admiral Thomas C. Hart, will relinquish his post at the end of the academic year to become commander of Cruiser Division 6, which will be formed of heavy cruisers commissioned during the next few months.

Shakedown Cruise

Washington, D. C., January 28.—The U.S.S. *San Francisco*, the third 10,000-ton cruiser completed since the London naval treaty, will visit South American ports on its shakedown cruise after it is placed in commission February 10 at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Admiral William H. Standley, chief of naval operations, announced the program for the cruiser, but explained that details have not been completed for operations in South American waters. The cruiser will visit ports on the West Coast between March 12 and June 19.

Immediately after being commissioned, the cruiser will undergo trials at the Mare Island Navy Yard and in the San Francisco Bay area until March 12. Its com-



GROVER CLEVELAND
Born March 18, 1837

administering the Communications Office of the Navy Department. He was appointed to the Naval Academy from Indiana, in 1901, his home being in La Porte.

Reservists to Annapolis

Washington, D. C.—Six members of the 20th Marine Reserves are slated to go to the Naval Academy. They are: William Morrison, Raymond Alexander, Jack Chambers, Joseph Tucker, Wilson Cranford, and Lindstone Russell.

Enlisted Disability Retirement

A bill has been introduced in the House providing that non-commissioned officers of

mander is Capt. Robert E. Ingersoll. On October 1 the *San Francisco* will report to the commander in chief of the United States fleet as a unit of the fleet.

Keady Leaves Western Reserve

Cleveland, Ohio, February 1.—Affable Tom Keady relinquished the reins of the Western Reserve football squad here today, and turned over his stock and good will to Sam Willaman, who recently resigned as director of football at Ohio State University.

Keady, who left the U. S. Marine team in 1930, to take up his duties at Western Reserve, was well liked here, but his three-year record at the Reserve seemingly did not suit the powers-that-be.

While with the Leathernecks he established a fine record, winning 42, tying 3, and losing 12 games in five years.

Britain Orders Destroyers

London, January 17.—The admiralty today awarded contracts for eight destroyers to cost \$11,250,000 under the normal replacement program of 1933.

Like other vessels of the naval replacement program in recent years, the construction of the ships has been long delayed.

Still to be awarded are contracts for the two 9,000-ton cruisers and one 5,200-ton cruiser which the admiralty announced its intention to build several weeks ago.

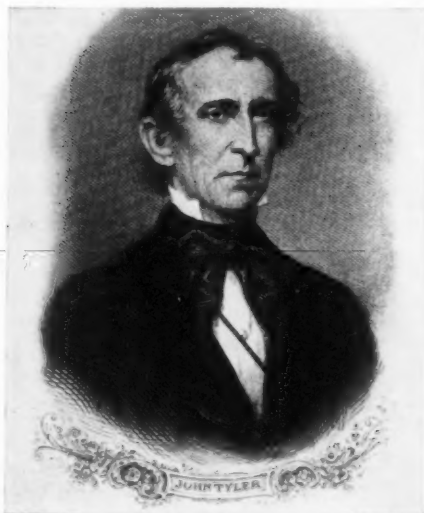
The eight destroyers will be of 1,375 tons, powered with 36,000-horsepower turbine engines, giving a speed of 35½ knots with a capacity for 470 tons of fuel oil. They will carry four 4.7-inch guns and anti-aircraft armament. Each will cost approximately \$1,405,000.

U. S.-Cuba Exchange Salutes

Havana, January 24.—Amid scenes of wild rejoicing, Jefferson Caffery yesterday formally notified the Cuban government of its recognition by the United States.

Cuban and American warships exchanged 21 gun salutes in Havana harbor.

While cheering crowds milled through the streets in jubilation, President Roosevelt's personal representative in Cuba informed Cosme de la Torriente, Cuban secretary of state, that recognition was at last an accomplished fact.



JOHN TYLER
Born March 29, 1790

Admiral Raby Dies in Crash

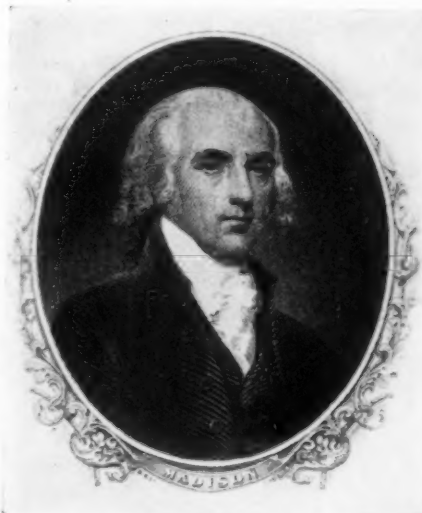
Savannah, Ga., January 15.—Rear Admiral James J. Raby, U. S. N., outstanding naval research expert, aviator and former commandant of the Washington Navy Yard, was killed yesterday afternoon when his automobile overturned near Savannah, Ga. He was 59 years old.

Mrs. E. P. Abernethy, wife of Lt. E. P. Abernethy, Admiral Raby's aide, was injured seriously and taken to a Savannah hospital. Lieutenant Abernethy was driving the car.

The accident occurred, dispatches said, when the car carrying the naval officers was passing another machine on the Coastal highway. The admiral's party was en route to Charleston, S. C., from a visit to Florida. Admiral Raby was commandant of Sixth Naval District at Charleston and was under recent orders to take command of the Twelfth Naval District at Mare Island, Calif.

Army After Navy Height Record

Lieutenant Commander Settle, U. S. N., and Major Fordney, U. S. M. C. R., put the Navy up in the air last fall to a height

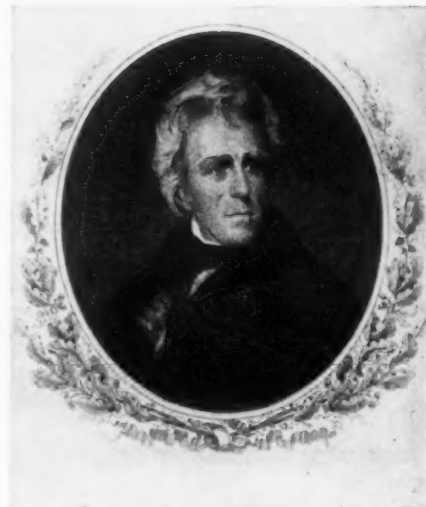


JAMES MADISON
Born March 16, 1751

of 61,237 feet, so the Army has decided that it will go after the Navy's record with a balloon of 3,000,000 cubic feet capacity—five times the size of that used by Commander Settle and having nearly one half the gas capacity of the airship *Macon*. The first flight is scheduled for next June and will be made by Captain Albert W. Stevens, U. S. A., and Major William Kepner, U. S. A., who hope to reach a point in the stratosphere fifteen miles above terra firma.

Philly Gets Grid Clash

Philadelphia has again been chosen as a site for the Army-Navy grid clash in 1934. The game is to be played on December 1, or about a week later than it was played this year. It will be the thirty-fifth meeting between the great service schools, the Army having won nineteen games, while the Navy carried off twelve decisions, and three were tied.



ANDREW JACKSON
Born March 15, 1767

Schiff Trophy Presented

Washington, D. C., January 18.—The President of the United States, at the White House today, presented the Herbert Schiff Memorial Trophy to 1st Lt. David L. Cloud, Jr., U. S. M. C.

Lieutenant Cloud received the trophy as present commander of Observation Plane Squadron VO-7-M, which completed the most successful year of flying hours without accident to materiel or personnel for the past fiscal year. The name of the winning squadron has been inscribed on the trophy which will continue in custody of VO-7-M during the present fiscal year and a miniature replica of the trophy will go to the squadron for permanent retention.

Naval Flyer in Narrow Escape

Washington, D. C., February 6.—Lt. Commander Ralph A. Ofstie, U. S. N., and his passenger, Aviation Machinist's Mate J. E. Schnell, narrowly averted a disastrous crash when a frozen carburetor malfunctioned. As the air station and Bolling Field were blotted from sight in a cloud of snow and fog, Ofstie turned north and found the ground everywhere rapidly disappearing. Knowing that he must land immediately or be forced to climb into the impenetrable storm and, with his passenger, Aviation Machinist's Mate J. E. Schnell, be forced to jump when the gasoline ran out, he first attempted to land on Union Station Plaza. Finding the traffic too heavy, he continued on to the McKinley Stadium.

Side-slipping in over the roofs of nearby houses, he made a splendid stall landing, with only 200 yards of open space between his fast-moving ship and a crash into an embankment at the far end of the field. Jamming on his brakes as hard as he could without turning the plane over on its nose, he rolled to a stop just at the foot of the bank.

The wings were taken off the plane this morning and loaded on a truck, which towed the undamaged airplane on its own wheels back to the Anacostia station.



A MAJOR ERROR

On a voyage from New York to Liverpool, a Major H. Reynolds, of London, was registered on the passenger list. The purser, running over the names, assigned to the same stateroom as fellow travellers this Major Reynolds and a husky cattleman from Texas.

A little later the cattleman, ignoring the purser, hunted up the captain.

"Look here," he demanded, "what kind of a joker is this head clerk of yours? I can't travel in the same stateroom with Major Reynolds. I can't and I won't. As far as that goes, neither of us likes the idea."

"What complaint have you?" asked the captain. "Do you object to an army officer for a travelling companion?"

"Not generally," stated the Texan, "only this happens to be the Salvation Army. That major's other name is Henrietta."—*Charivari*.

Father Kelly and Rabbi Levi were seated opposite each other at a "get-together" luncheon where some delicious roast ham was served. Father Kelly smacked his lips and commented very favorably on the ham, and in a quizzical voice he inquired of his friend: "Rabbi Levi, when are you going to become broad-minded enough to eat ham?"

"At your wedding, Father Kelly," responded the rabbi.—*Pathfinder*.

Mother: "Why ever are you sitting there when you ought to be in bed?"

Peter: "There's a mosquito in my room."

Mother: "It hasn't bitten you, has it darling?"

Peter: "No, but it came close enough for me to hear its propeller."

—*Humorist (London)*.

The manager of a touring theatrical company wired to the proprietor of the theatre in a small town where his company was due to appear:

"Would like to hold rehearsal next Monday afternoon at three. Have your stage manager, carpenter, property man, electrician and all stage hands present at that hour."

Four hours later he received the following reply: "All right. He'll be there."

—*Drumheller Mail*.

JUST DOCTORED UP

Patient—"I say, doc, did you ever doctor another doctor?"

Doctor—"Oh, yes, very often."

Patient—"Well, tell me this. Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctor doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor according to his own doctoring."—*U.S.S. Arkansas Arkite*.



O. D.—"Why did you strike Private Snitcher?"

Pvt.—"It's like this, Sir: I keep him in cigarettes all month; I lend him my toothbrush; I gave him five bucks to take my girl out while I stood his watch, and then, Sir, he takes off with my copy of THE LEATHERNECK."

"Susie, will you marry me?"

"You don't want to marry me just for money do you, John?"

"No."

"And you're just not asking me to marry you 'cause Betty threw you over, are you?"

"No."

"And it's because you really love me, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Oh, John, you do say the loveliest things!"—*Whirlwind*.

HIS STATUS QUO

One of the instructors at the naval training station was giving the boots some sound advice on the benefits of physical training in the Navy.

"Ten years ago," he said, "I was a walking monument to careless living, a broken-down, disgraceful appearing specimen of humanity, an altogether worthless creature to myself and the community. What do you suppose has wrought this change in me?"

He paused for a moment to throw out his chest and to see the effect of his words. Then a boot in the front rank was heard from.

"What change," he demanded.

—*U.S.S. Texas Steer*.

Wife (looking out at him from bedroom window)—Where you been this hour of the night?

"I've been to the union meetin' and we ordered a strike."

"Is that so? Well, I've ordered a lock-out."—*Pathfinder*.

"I can't imagine how the Nexdorets get along on his small salary."

"His wife must be a resourceful woman."

"Resourceful? Why, that woman could make soup out of the bones of contention."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

"You seem to have to tinker a great deal with your motorboat."

"I do."

"Anything special the matter with it?"

"She never has tire trouble—that's about all I can say for it."

—*Pathfinder*.

"Have you seen the mounted police of Chicago?"

"Gosh, do the gangsters stuff 'em as well as shoot 'em?"—*Rotary Reminder*.

Professor—State the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States in any given year.

Freshman—In 1492—none.

—*Pathfinder*.

"It is a funny thing, but every time I dance with you the dances seem very short."

"They are. My fiancé is leader of the orchestra."—*Gazzettino Illustrato*.

HE KNOWS HER HABITS

Two men were standing on a tall cliff overlooking the ocean.

"Your wife dived down there twenty minutes ago," said the first, "and she hasn't come up yet!"

"Oh, she must still be gossiping!" replied the unperturbed husband.

—Snappy Humor.



"Do you own the house you live in?"

"I used to."

"What do you mean—'used to'? Did you sell it?"

"No, I got married."

Well, we've got our doctor on a spot. He's been treating us for heart trouble for ten years—and our heart is in such shape that he doesn't dare send his bill.

—Judge.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—"What were you doing with your hand in that gentleman's watch pocket?"

Prisoner—"I was only anxious to find out the time sir."

Magistrate—"The time is six months."

—USS Texas Steer.

Prospective Tenant—I like this room, but the view from the windows is rather monotonous.

Landlord—Well, of course, this is just a rooming house; it isn't a sightseeing bus.

—Pathfinder.

Engaged sister: When we are married, dear, we must have a hyphenated name—it's so much smarter. What would go well with Eaton?

Her small brother: Moth!—Tit-Bits.

"Better get on board, dear," said old Mrs. Green, seeing her niece off. "Both funnels are smoking now—and they wouldn't need both going just to get lunch."—Le Rire.

Post mortem examination by Smithsonian scientists reveals a baby gorilla's brain weighed about a third of the average human brain. Can it be that the gorilla is slipping?—Wichita Beacon.

"How much are your peaches?"

"Nickel each, lady."

"I'll have one, please."

"Givin' a party?"—Humorist.

"What will your corn crop yield this year?" a tractor salesman inquired.

"About 60 gallons to the acre, I guess," was the answer.—Pathfinder.

MUTUAL INTEREST

Two men were traveling in the smoking compartment of a train. Presently one, hoping to break the ice, asked his fellow traveler for a match to light his pipe. After this had been granted they began talking.

"What's your line of business?" asked the first.

"It may sound strange," said the other gentleman, "but I'm a pepper seller."

The first man threw out his hand. "Shake," he said. "I'm a salt seller."

—Kablegram.

A merchant operating under the NRA put a new boy to work the other day. The boy, on the next day, saw a 50-cent piece lying on the floor, and he promptly took it to his employer.

"You're an honest boy; I put that money there to test you," the merchant said.

"Yes, I thought you did," remarked the boy.—Pathfinder.



First Sgt. (very angry)—"Did you tell Bill I was three-parts crazy?"

Pvt.—"No, I thought he knewed."

She woke up in the early hours of the morning and nudged her sleeping husband. "Wilfred," she said in a hoarse whisper, "Wilfred, wake up! There's a mouse in the bedroom!"

Wilfred sat up.

"Well, what about it?" he groaned.

"I can hear it squeaking," she said, fearfully.

"Well, d'you want me to get out and oil it, or something?"—Pastime.

Clerk: And you get an extra pair of pants with this suit.

Scotchman: Throw in an extra coat and I'll take it.—Walla-Walla.

A man, accompanied by his wife, visited a tailor to order a suit. The couple disagreed over the material and style of making, and his wife lost her temper.

"Well," she said, turning away, "please yourself: I suppose you are the one who will wear the clothes."

"Well," observed the husband, meekly, "I would appreciate the coat and waistcoat."—Tit-Bits.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES

The chaplain was deeply concerned over the actions of a young recruit, so he decided to write to the boy's mother.

"Dear Madam," he wrote, "Your son's behavior is liable to get him into trouble in the Marines. What would you advise?"

Shortly afterward he received a reply.

"Let the Marines handle him in their own way. I'm having my own troubles with his father."—Our Navy.

The smart-aleck lawyer was cross-examining the witness and was very cross about it. He did his best to make a fool out of him. "When did the robbery take place?" he asked.

"I think——" began the witness.

"We don't care what you think, sir. We want to know what you know," shouted the lawyer.

"Then," said the witness, "if you don't want to know what I think, I may as well leave the stand. I can't talk without thinking. I'm not a lawyer."—Pathfinder.

Upon what grounds are you applying for a divorce?

Extravagance.

How's that?

Well, my wife continued to buy ice after I bought a frigidaire.—Walla-Walla.

"What's the difference between a Socialist and a specialist?"

"Well, the Socialist wants half what you have, and the specialist wants it all."

—Montreal Gazette.

Hotel proprietor: Do you want the porter to call you?

Guest: No, thanks. I awaken every morning at seven.

Hotel proprietor: Then would you mind calling the porter?—Family Circle.

Boot: "Plane sighted bearing on the starboard bow."

O. O. D.: "Land or sea plane?"

Boot: "Neither, sir, it's an airplane."

—The Tennessee Tar.



Milton—I had a funny dream last night. I dreamed I was in South Africa. Diamonds were lying about me everywhere.

Louise—Did you see any as small as the one in the engagement ring you gave me?

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

CRUSHER OF THE TAEPING

CHINESE GORDON. By H. E. Wortham (Little, Brown). \$3.50

Charles Gordon, known to the world as "Chinese Gordon," has been brought to us as a living and breathing character in Mr. Wortham's biography of the great Christian warrior. Most of us associate Gordon's activities only in China, where his campaign against the Taeping Rebellion has been brought to us in saga and song. But this was only a single chapter in the history of the eccentric, religious, paradox of one of England's greatest soldiers.

From Sebastopol to Khartoum he served, and in between he stamped out the Taeping revolt, became Governor-General of the Sudan, controlled Abyssinia, explored the Nile, was British member of the Danube Commission, served in India and again in China. He put down revolts, holding the saber in one hand and the bible in the other, always trusting his God, not to bring him victory, but to aid him in his humanitarian conquests.

Gordon considered his body only as the sheath of his soul, and often longed for the time when it would be no longer required. He enjoyed his money only to aid the poor.

At forty-nine Gordon became a Major General. Shortly afterward, in 1883, the Sudan blazed up in revolt and Hicks Pasha's army of 10,000 was cut to pieces while marching on El Obeid. The press immediately suggested Gordon's name as the one man needed, and that he should be despatched to Egypt "to save what can be saved from the wreck of the Sudan."

Gordon went to Khartoum, where the revolt was worse than pictured in England. The city was besieged by dervishes. For more than nine months Gordon withstood attacks, always hoping that reinforcements would arrive in time to save his command. But on the morning of January 26, 1885 and "the dervishes swarmed into the garden of the palace, overpowered the black troops on guard, and screaming for the Christian Pasha's blood, rushed the outer staircase. Gordon came out to face them . . . and a dervish ran him through with a spear."

Thus perished the great soldier, released at last from a life he did not particularly cherish, and home at last to the God to whom he prayed so much.

FROM THIBET TO BROADWAY

THE CAT HAD NINE LIVES, By Achmed Abdullah (Farrar and Rinehart). \$3.00

Sometimes a professional story teller has experienced an adventure worth recounting; sometimes an adventurer has a story worth telling. But here we find an able weaver of tales, patterning a design of romance and adventure on the loom of the world.

Strictly speaking, this book is not an autobiography. It is more random reminiscences of the kind you like listen to in the squadroom, when the wind is howling outside.

Achmed Abdullah, sired by a wealthy Russian, and born of a mother of lawless but aristocratic Afghan blood, well knows the urge of the Gypsy and the temperament of the Slav.

Serving with the British Army in his own and adjacent countries about the famous Khyber Pass; hunting down German spies in West Africa; being left for dead in a shell-hole in the Balkans; seeing a man decapitated and then resuscitated; insulting an African chief by refusing the gift of his two daughters; and being tossed out of Aimee Semple McPherson's temple, are but a few of the threads he weaves into his marvelously spun tale.

Among his several reminiscences is one priceless jewel: An indigent Army officer enjoying himself as a guest at a fashionable party finds himself in the clutches of an influential old dowager. Escape is impossible, so he submits in the best grace possible. Later, he meets the woman and bids her an embarrassed good morning. He is quite taken aback when she breaks out a lorgnette and icily explains that their intimacy didn't give him "the right to be so damned familiar!"

He had a gay and interesting life, did this author. He served as a spy in the Turkish Army; he was nearly slain by a Moslem Hajji who thought that he was taking liberties with his wife; and he cured a bewitched man by threatening to feed the meat of the Sacred Cow to the sorcerer.

Lack of space prevents the mentioning of the hundreds of other adventures, spicy and exciting, in this volume.

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

TOO MANY BOATS. By Charles L. Clifford (Little, Brown). Any leatherneck knows that a man who has missed too many boats back to the States is "tropical" enough to be worth writing about. This story tells of several such officers who were destined to fight the war in the Philippines instead of France. The tragedy and sordidness of the isolation makes a yarn that any service man will enjoy. \$2.00

CAN WE LIMIT WAR? By Hoffman Nickerson (Stokes). A study of war in its many ramifications, its inevitability, and its limitations through economic, social and other deciding factors. The book includes, also, a series of parallelisms between former wars and the organized butchery known as the war of humanity. \$2.75

OLD GIMLET EYE. By Smedley D. Butler, as told to Lowell Thomas (Farrar & Reinhart). The adventures of General Butler during his life in the Marine Corps. Every Marine should read this story. \$2.75

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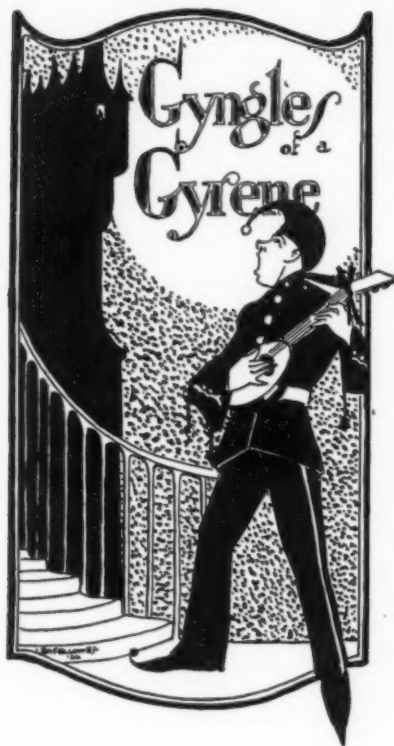
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THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

By Sam Walter Foss

EDITOR'S NOTE: This poem has been frequently published in various service journals. It is usually incomplete and accredited to "Anonymous." We take pleasure in printing the entire poem along with the author's name.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament:
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Nor hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles and tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,

And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon

And stretches away to the night.
And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice

And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road

Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,

Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,

Wise, foolish—so am I.

Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in my house by the side of the road

And be a friend to man.

I KNOW A SONG

By "Ham" in the Walla Walla

I know a song, a swell ole song,
It's all about Gyrenes,
How they've fought and bled, to right the wrong,
And died like true Marines.

Nearly every land on this old earth,
That you can think to name,
Has seen them fight, and heard them sing
This song about their fame.

It isn't a song of hatred,
Nor is it a song of love,
It's just about their faith and honor,
And the billet they'll have above.

It tells of death in the jungle,
Where the sun is hot, and the going slow,
The fierce hard fighting in northern lands,
And crimson stains upon the snow.

Those brilliant nights when 'taps' sound clear,
This thought seems to near its head;
That some will hear 'reveille' go next morn,
While some will be cold and dead.

I know a song, a swell ole song,
It's all about Gyrenes,
How they've fought and bled, to right the wrong,
And died like true Marines.

Those pals who were called and had to go,
Those bunkies so clean and square,
They'll be on watch forever I know,
Guarding those streets up there.

THANK GOD FOR FOOLS

Author Unknown

Thank God for fools!—for men who dare to dream

Beyond the lean horizon of their days;
Men not too timid to pursue the gleam
To unguessed lands of wonder and amaze.

Thank God for fools! The trails that ring the world
Are dark with blood and sweat where they have paved.

There are the flags on every crag unfurled;
Theirs—ashes and oblivion at last.

Thank God for fools!—abused, of low estate.

We rear our temples on the stones they laid;
Ours is the prize their timid souls might not wait;

Theirs—the requiem of the unafraid.

MASQUE

By Hair-Trigger Hop

As long as his songs are sweet to hear,
And softly his lute caressed,
What matters if the minstrel's heart
Is breaking in his breast?

As long as he sings of deathless love;
Of kisses, shot with fire,
What matters if a trembling hand
Is plucking at the lyre?

As long as the tune is gayly strummed,
With lyrics bravely ringing,
What matters if his heart refute
The words the lips are singing?

DRIFTWOOD

By F. C. T.

Battered and weathered and worn,
Half-buried I lie in the sand—
I, who have sailed the seas,
Come to my graveyard, the land.

Yet, I have heard the whisper of the lazy tropic breeze

Where the moonlight makes a mirror of the sea;

And I have heard the North Wind when the wet sails freeze,
And the ice ghosts come a-drifting on the lee.

I have sailed to busy cities, and to tiny unknown ports.

I have seen Strong Men die that I might live;

For a ship is more than sweetheart to the men who reef the sails:

I have known the Sea, and all the Sea can give.

Battered and weathered and worn,
Yet waste not your pity on me!
Driftwood, I lie on the beach:
Still, I have sailed the sea!

THE HAPPIEST HEART

By John Vance Cheney

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done
And kept the humble way.

The rust shall find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Aye, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some common breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH LIFE

By Countee Cullen

I have a rendezvous with Life,
In days I hope will come,
Ere youth has sped, and strength of mind,
Ere voices sweet grow dumb.
I have a rendezvous with Life,
When Spring's first heralds hum.
Sure some would cry it's better far
To crown their days with sleep
Than face the road, the wind and rain,
To heed the calling deep.
Though wet nor blow nor space I fear,
Yet fear I deeply, too,
Lest Death should meet and claim me ere
I keep Life's rendezvous.

THREE LETTERS

By HAROLD H. LANGSDORF

THE first was from a mother to her son, who read it as he sat, long after midnight, in the cheapest room of a small hotel.

"My own darling boy (it began): Your sweet letter came this afternoon just as Mildred got home from work. Poor girl, she works so hard and gets so little for it. She hands me every penny of her salary without a murmur of complaint, and honey boy, it does hurt so to have to take it. She needs clothes badly, especially a coat, but we just haven't got the price. If I could only walk! There doesn't seem to be anything a crippled woman can do to earn a living.

"It makes me happy to know that you are well and saving money, but dear, couldn't you manage to send just a little occasionally to help out? We are almost desperate at times to make both ends meet.

"Now dear, I don't want to worry you with a 'hard-luck' story every time I write. Your love and Mildred's is the greatest thing in my life, and all I have to live for. You have been a wonderful son, always so sympathetic and understanding, and I'm proud of you.

"Seventeen long years since your father disappeared! Somehow I feel that he is alive and will return sometime to those who still love him. If you ever hear of him let me know at once. He has a jagged 'V'-shaped scar on his left wrist and you might recognize him by that.

"I must close,—my eyes are not as good as they used to be, and are getting tired. Be a good boy and write when you can.

"P. S.: Mr. Palmer said you could have a job in his store any time you wanted it. Wish you would take it,—we miss you so.

"Just a heart full of love from your

"MOTHER."

The second letter was written by the youth to his mother, in answer to the one from her. As he wrote, there was a look of desperation upon his face, and tears blinded his eyes. When he had finished, and before he placed it upon the dresser with the one he had received, he read it over. It was as follows:

"Mother:—This is going to be hard for me to write, but I'm desperate and I just can't deceive you any longer. I haven't been able to get work since I came here and the money I brought with me to see me through until I found a job has all been spent. That's the reason why I haven't sent anything home. I got the dollar I'm enclosing by pawning the tie-pin Mildred gave me last Christmas. I can't even pay for this room (I'd rather send the dollar to you than give it to them)—and I can't accept Palmer's offer because I haven't any way of getting home. I'll even have to mail this without a stamp and let you pay the postage due. It's a long way between Pennsylvania and Iowa, and Mother dear, I'm so hungry I'm weak. I haven't the courage to beg, and I haven't the strength to do anything else. I don't know what will become of me, but no matter what happens, always remember that I love you.

"I didn't want to tell you this, for it will break your heart, but I know you would rather that, than never to hear of me again.

"CHARLIE."

The third letter, in a sealed unaddressed envelope, was found by the youth when he awoke in the morning. It was lying on the floor near his bed, and, even after he read it, puzzled him very much.

"Young Man (it read): I was peeping through a hole in the skylight when you wrote that letter to your mother. I saw you put the dollar into the envelope,—although I couldn't tell from that distance that it was only that amount,—and being a thief, naturally it interested me.

"You played right into my hands by leaving the light on and flopping face-downwards onto the bed. When I thought you had fallen asleep, I swiped the two letters with the aid of a long piece of string and a piece of chewing gum. But the address on the letter to your mother changed everything. I read them both, and destroyed them. Then I forged one to your mother,—signing it with your name,—in which I told her you were coming home to take that job, and enclosed some money, as I am doing in this one, so that you may carry out the promise. I'll drop this through the skylight.

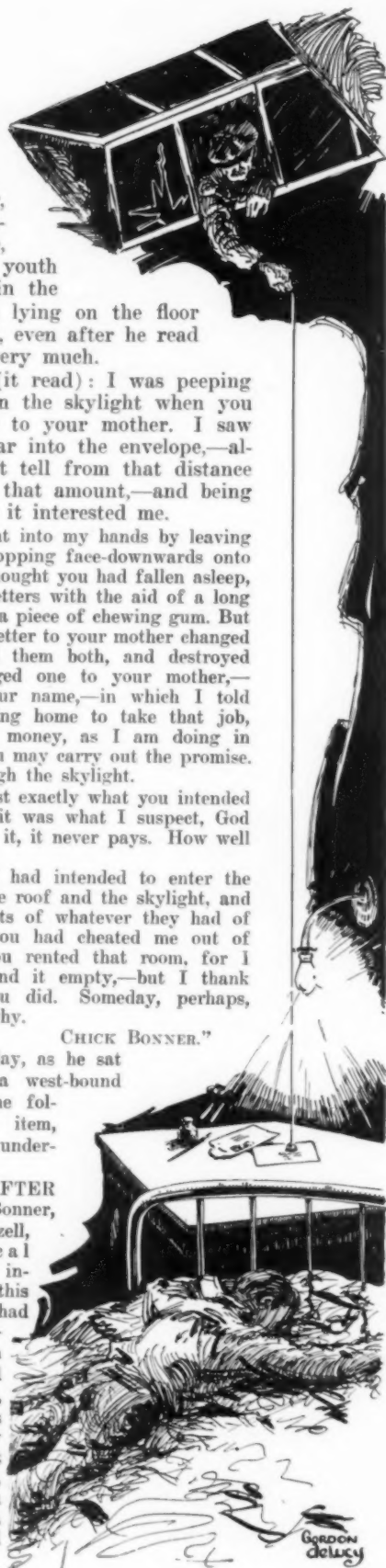
"I don't know just exactly what you intended to do, but boy, if it was what I suspect, God help you! Don't do it, it never pays. How well I know that!

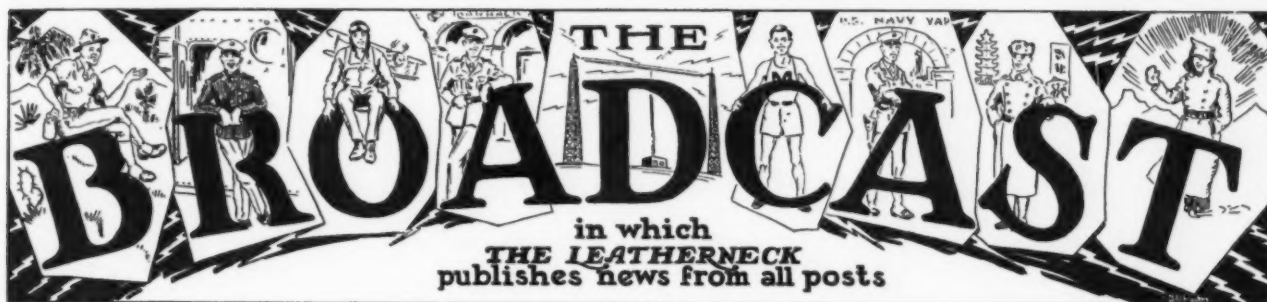
"To be frank, I had intended to enter the hotel secretly by the roof and the skylight, and relieve the occupants of whatever they had of value. I thought you had cheated me out of something when you rented that room, for I had expected to find it empty,—but I thank God now, that you did. Someday, perhaps, you'll understand why.

CHICK BONNER."

And that same day, as he sat in the coach of a west-bound train, and read the following newspaper item, the youth did understand:

"THUG DIES AFTER FALL. Chick Bonner, alias Delbert Runtzell, well-known in local police courts, died instantly, early this morning after he had fallen in some mysterious fashion from the roof of a local hotel. When found, his right hand was clasped tightly around his left wrist, on which, upon investigation was found to be a jagged, 'V'-shaped scar."





Present Day Peking

BY LELAND A. NEMITZ

PEKING, founded by the great Kublai Khan, goal of travelers for seven centuries, home of a hundred emperors and "Lords of the Universe," is the scene of a multitude of historical epics. Small wonder that the world of today accepts with injured skepticism the substitution of prosaic Peiping for that word which still wears a halo of Oriental romance and mysticism: Peking.

Though much of its past glory has been dimmed by age and the removal of the capital to Nanking, we are still able to enjoy contacts with a civilization that was old when Caesar ruled Europe. There are those who scoff at the retention today of customs and ideas which have been handed down through the centuries, and there are those who ridicule the industries, crafts and arts of these ancient people. It would be wiser to remember that we are hardly qualified to judge a race so different from our own, nor can we hope to do more than vaguely understand the motives which brought into existence the temples, shrines, altars and other symbols of worship which we see about us.

More than 4,500 years ago a town of sorts existed near this spot. Burned, rebuilt, plundered and destroyed again and again, the town continued to arise anew until the advent of Kublai Khan. In 1264 Kublai Khan began the building of the city which was to be his capital, placing it a little to the north of the ancient city of Chung Tu. In the days of Yung Lo "The Magnificent" (1402-1424) this city was given the name of Peking (pronounced by the Chinese *Pei Ching*). Under Yung Lo Peking thrived. Coal Hill, the Altar of Heaven, the Altar of Earth and the Forbidden City were built. During the reign of Ch'ien Lung (1735-1796), the city beautiful, as planned by Yung Lo, was repaired and extended into what we see today.

Little money is available now for the upkeep and repair of the magnificent walls and tiled structures of the past. We are fortunate, therefore, to be able to gaze upon

the beauty and grandeur of Peking before time and the elements eradicate all that remains.

The summer palace, out towards the Western hills, sometimes called a woman's fifty million dollar whim, is still a tourist's

hands of the Japanese in the war of 1894.

Here may be seen the notorious marble boat. Here also will be found the seventeen-arch bridge, the sacred cow of bronze, and the painted corridors. On the lake where the imperial barge formerly floated in solitary splendor, travelers from afar are now poled to the various points of interest in flat bottomed boats.

To the west of the summer palace there lies a site of considerable historic interest that is seldom visited by the present day traveler. It is the old summer palace, destroyed by the Allied troops in 1860 "as a stern act of justice to reach the Imperial mind and heart."

Of the ten thousand temples which are said to have been located in or near Peking, hundreds have disappeared, though many still survive, each with a curious legend attached to it. Ancestor worship is probably the greatest single reason for the construction of these temples. At one time a Pope turned a half-converted emperor away from Christianity by refusing to recognize the importance of the position held by ancestor worship in the Chinese philosophy.

The temples in the Western Hills are rich in traditions. Today the Monks who occupy them derive a small revenue by renting portions of the temples to foreigners as hunting lodges and country homes, where gay weekend parties are held.

The tombs of the powerful Yu princes near the international rifle range are good examples of the practice of burying the head of the family alone so that his sleep might not be disturbed by "inferior women."

The place of paramount interest is the Forbidden City, enclosed within its massive pink walls. Not so long ago not even members of the Imperial household were permitted on the adjacent walls, for it was considered irreverent to look down upon the Son of Heaven; while for the layman to penetrate within the sacred portals was impossible. Now, for a small fee, the Forbidden City is open to the public, and we may gaze upon the ivories, jades, ancient weapons and robes of state, and picture, in our imagination, the former occupants of the Dragon Throne as they pass in ghostly procession.

From the top of Coal Hill, which lies to the north of the Forbidden City, we may obtain an excellent view of the yellow tiled



Entrance to American Legation Guard Compound

paradise. According to the popular story, the Empress Dowager, in the early nineties, built this magnificent retreat with the money which had been earmarked for the modernization of the navy. If true, this would account for the humiliating defeat at the

roofs below. We can easily trace from here the limiting walls of the three cities within a city. To the west stands Pei Hai's white dagoba, built nearly 300 years ago. It was here on Coal Hill that an emperor strangled himself after astrologers informed him that resistance to the invaders would be useless.

The wide parks of Pei Hai used to harbor herds of game, but times have changed. A part of the park, north of the famous nine dragon screen, was made a playground for the children of China's first President. Sacred lotus flowers fill the lake, and near the entrance gate is the white jade Buddha, which really is not jade, but Italian alabaster. Along the marble railing of the lake the Empress Dowager is said to have reached her fatal decision to attack the foreign legations (1900). To the south, near where Nan Hai joins the center lake, lies the island palace to which this same Empress exiled her nephew Emperor, and not far away is the place where she held her first reception for foreign ladies.

Let us retrace our steps to the Chien Men. Just south of the Tartar Wall there are two small yellow tiled shrines. In the court of the one to the east American soldiers killed during the relief of Peking in 1900 were first buried. The west shrine is interesting chiefly because no emperor ever failed to stop here, in passing, to make offering.

At the Temple of Heaven, where everything is round to represent the Chinese conception of Heaven, the emperors alone were considered great enough to make sacrifices to the Supreme Deity. These ceremonies were conducted on the open, flat altar, which was supposed to be on the exact center of the earth. The triple roofed Happy New Year Temple is also in this enclosure.

The present day execution grounds lie midway between the Temple of Heaven and the Temple of Agriculture, to the west. At the latter place, as an example to the farmers, the rulers themselves ploughed ground at a "first planting" ceremony.

No less interesting is the Lama Temple at the north end of Hata Men Street. This is at present the official residence of the Living Buddha of Tibet, though little used by him. Here we find a Buddha over sixty feet tall, in the hand of which dangles a silken scarf, gift of the Empress Dowager. On certain days it is possible to witness the ancient devil dances of the lamas, in their weird costumes and masks. For a few cents one may visit the building in which are housed the carved passion Buddhas. Tradition says that they possess the power to subdue passion in the breasts of those who pray to them.

At the Observatory near the East Tartar Wall the handsomely wrought instruments of the early Chinese astronomers may be seen, those in the courtyard being the oldest. Jesuit priests lent their knowledge for the

purpose of correcting errors in calculations, and it was they who planned the instruments which are on the wall. Kublai Khan ordered the original observatory built, but it has been rebuilt twice since then.

No visit to Peking would be complete without a trip to the Great Wall, one of the Wonders of the Modern World. The Wall, which averages sixteen feet in height and is seventeen feet wide, was built during the Ch'in dynasty, in the third century, B. C., as a measure of protection against the Tartars. It extends for over two thousand miles along the northern frontier of China from the Gulf of Pichili to the Province of Kansu. It can be easily reached by railway to Nankow Pass, northwest of Peking.

Shopping in Peking is always an adventure. In the Chinese City which lies to the south of the Tartar Wall, the hutongs bear the names of the respective guilds to which their labor is devoted. Thus we have Ivory Street, Jade Street, Silver Street, and Lan-

tern Street; a convenient arrangement for those who know what they want to buy. Rug-making is a thriving industry in Peking today, and visitors are always welcome to witness the weaving of the intricate Oriental patterns in the shops in the East city.

And so we come to the end of our brief resumé of things of interest which Peking holds for the visitor today. It is a city of massive walls and noble proportions; with an atmosphere and a personality distinctly its own. The air vibrates with the rhythm of the East as rickshas glide noiselessly through the streets to the muffled beat of running feet, and tradesmen swing along with measured tread, balancing with careless dexterity their wares from both ends of bamboo shoulder poles. Impassively indifferent to the proximity of Occidental progress, Peking carries on, subtly disseminating the magic of an ancient civilization with which to woo the stranger who would pass within her gates.

THE SINO-JAPANESE HOSTILITIES AS SEEN BY THE LEGATION GUARD

BY ALVIN L. CRAMER

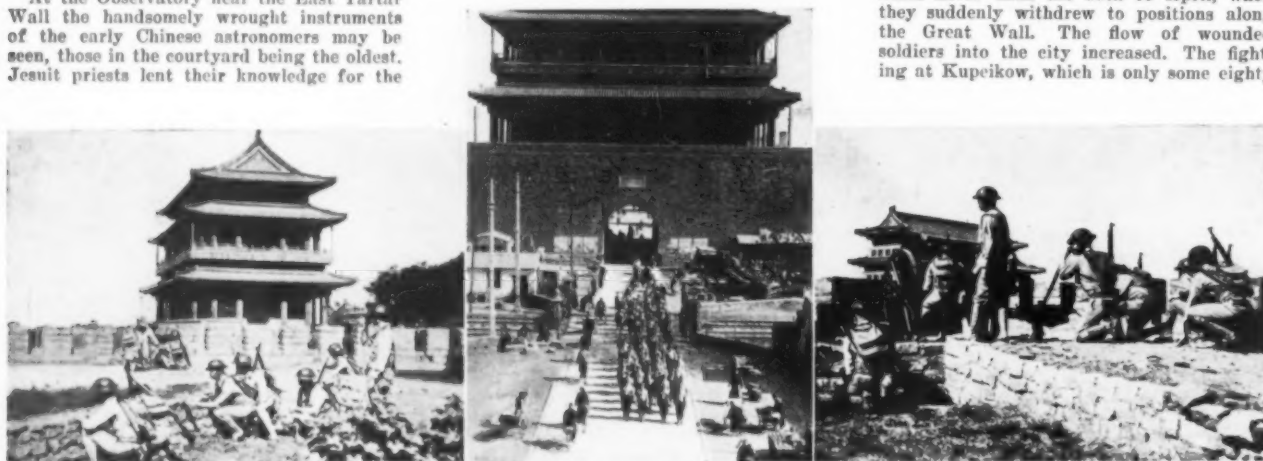
THE OF the Legation Guard first awoke to the realization of the approach of war to Peiping early in January, when the city was deluged with rumors that Shanhaikuan, where the Great Wall meets the sea, had been bombarded by the Japanese.

Anti-Japanese demonstrations in Peiping followed very shortly, bombs being thrown in theater entrances and into tram cars. When, on February 6, the Chinese government commenced the removal of the palace treasures and art pieces from the Forbidden City and other improvised museums, to Shanghai, Nanking and cities to the south, we were convinced that war was not far from our doors.

On March 4, Chengte, the capital of Jehol, was occupied by the Japanese. By this time wounded Chinese soldiers were becoming a familiar sight on the streets. Three days later a marked shortage of coolie labor (including ricksha coolies) became noticeable, and it was learned that they had been impressed into the service of supplies of the Chinese troops which were holding the passes along the Great

Wall to the north. Chang Hsueh-liang, popularly known as the Young Marshal, resigned his post as Commander of the Northeastern Armies on March 12, and about the same time martial law was declared. No one was allowed on the streets between the hours of 10 p.m. and 5 a.m., which meant a severe curtailment of liberty. However, we didn't mind that, as by this time we were all too keenly interested in the steady procession of history-making events which were being enacted around us.

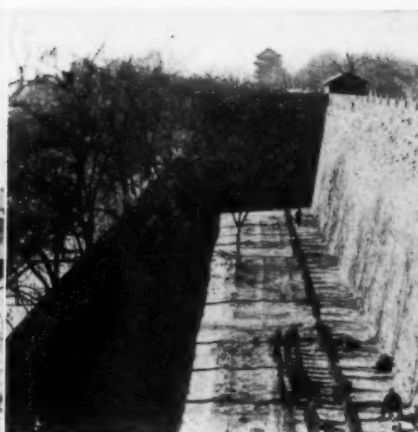
An ominous quiet prevailed until the 23d of April, during which the Japanese were evidently consolidating the positions they had gained in Jehol, north of the Wall. Suddenly, on the latter date, they launched a drive into the Luan River triangle, to the northeast of Peiping, that was so vigorous that everyone thought it would engulf the city. Many of the residents left for points south. The Chinese troops which were here for the defense of the city constructed defensive positions, and some twenty anti-aircraft guns were placed on the Tartar Wall. To the north at Kupeikow pass, the Chinese were making a determined stand. To the east the Japanese advance progressed steadily to the Luan River until the 30th of April, when they suddenly withdrew to positions along the Great Wall. The flow of wounded soldiers into the city increased. The fighting at Kupeikow, which is only some eighty



American Marines Take Battle Stations in Practice Drills



The Tartar Wall at ramp held by Marines. Looking west toward Chein Men.



The south (outside) side of the Tartar Wall.



Looking east towards Hata Men. It was up this ramp that the Marines ascended the wall in the defense of the Legations.

THE FAMOUS WALL DEFENDED BY MARINES DURING THE SIEGE OF 1900

miles north of here, increased in severity as the Japanese strove to break through the Chinese positions.

On May 7th the Japanese drive in the Luan River area was renewed, the invading force moving south and west in six brigade columns. This time there was to be no interruption in the advance until the objective had been attained. And now the war came to Peiping in reality.

On the morning of May 11 we were sharply aroused from our bunks at the unearthly hour of five o'clock by the rattle of machine gun fire, punctuated by the deep booming of heavier guns. We found that a bombing plane with the insignia of the Rising Sun emblazoned on the lower wings was circling the city at a high altitude. The following morning the performance was repeated, the plane flying lower. The Chinese anti-aircraft guns on the Tartar Wall again tried to register a hit, but without success. Although the bomb racks of the plane were loaded, nothing more harmful than leaflets was dropped.

Sand bag emplacements now began to appear at strategic points within the city, adding to the martial atmosphere which prevailed. On May 21 eleven Japanese planes appeared just as the Guard was forming for parade. Three of the planes left the formation and swooped so low over the compound that it seemed as though they were going to foul the wireless masts.

The Chinese resistance on the Kupeikow front, in the meantime, had collapsed. The retirement of the Chinese resulted in a congestion of troops and refugees in and around Peiping, about fifty thousand Chinese soldiers being here at one time. They behaved exceedingly well, but the uncertainty as to the political reactions which might develop from the defeat of the military kept the local populace on tenterhooks. Everyone was greatly relieved when, on the 24th of May, the Japanese drive came to an end. Advance elements of their forces had come as close to Peiping as Tungchow, Shunyi and Langfang. An armistice agreement was signed at Tangku on May 31st, the terms of which established a demilitarized zone north of the line Changping, Kaoliying, Shunyi, Tungchow, Paoti, Ningho and Lutai, the Chinese agreeing to keep troops out of that zone.

Here in Peiping the atmosphere was that of a besieged city, with emplacements being constructed in the eastern and northern

gates, as well as fortifications on the east wall of the Tartar City. On May 23d the Japanese Legation Guard was increased by some three hundred men, drawn from the Tientsin garrison.

During the entire period of this emergency the American Legation Guard carried on calmly with its usual routine, although it was constantly prepared to cope with any threat to the Legation which might arise. Our position was that of spectators who were privileged to witness a fast moving and intensely dramatic episode on the stage of international politics.

June, July and August saw a gradual return to normal conditions in Peiping. Then, towards the end of September, war clouds gathered again. This time it was an independent movement on the part of a former adherent of Feng Yu-hsiang, often referred to as the Christian General, which

had its inception in Charhar, northwest of here.

Fang Chen-wu, the general who headed this movement, brought his army of a few thousand men down from Charhar into the demilitarized zone, in violation of the terms of the Tangku armistice. A Japanese ultimatum forced Fang to move south out of the zone, or suffer the displeasure of the Nipponese. During the first two weeks in October he maneuvered in an area from fifteen to thirty miles north of Peiping, causing considerable local apprehension. On several occasions Fang came into conflict with the Chinese government troops which were sent out to prevent his entering the city. Fighting took place at Tangshan, a hot spring resort twelve miles north of Peiping. However, on October 16 Fang surrendered to the Chinese authorities, and another crisis passed into history.

OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION GUARD

BY LIEUT. EVANS F. CARLSON

It was during the perilous days of the Boxer uprising that the United States Marines first came to Peking.

On May 28, 1900, the American Minister, being convinced at last, along with the Ministers of the other Powers, that the Imperial Chinese Government neither was able, nor desired, to control the fanatical attacks of the Boxers on foreigners, telegraphed a request to the Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Asiatic Squadron that armed forces be dispatched for the protection of the Legation. The following day a guard consisting of twenty-five Marines from the U. S. S. *Oregon* and twenty-three Marines and three blue-jackets from the U. S. S. *Newark*, together with Capt. W. H. Hall, U.S.M.C., and Assistant Surgeon T. M. Lippitt, U.S.N., under the command of Capt. John T. Myers, U.S.M.C., disembarked at Tangku and en-trained for Tientsin. The Detachment arrived at Peking at 11.00 o'clock on the night of May 31, along with detachments of British, Russian, French, Italian, and Japanese Marines. The subsequent defense of the Legations by this handful of International Guards, until the arrival of

the Relief Column on August 14th, has become one of the great military sagas of history. Today there stands in the Mall, in London, facing Buckingham Palace, a bronze memorial to the British Marines who fell in China. It portrays an episode in the defense of the Legations when a contingent of American, British and Russian Marines, led by an American Marine officer (Captain Myers) attacked the Chinese position on the Tartar Wall near the Chien Men.

When attempting to reconstruct incidents of the siege it must be remembered that the American Legation in 1900 was located to the east of its present site, on the ground now occupied by the Banque de l'Indo Chine. Both the Hata Men and the Chien Men were occupied by the Chinese. Much of the fighting in which the American Marines participated was along the Tartar Wall in rear, and to the west of the American Legation. The attack previously referred to in which Captain Myers led a combined force of Marines, occurred at three o'clock on the morning of July 3, and was for the purpose of clearing the Chinese from a tower which they had constructed on the Wall between the Legation



Commandants of the Legation Guards at Peking, 1914

and the Chien Men. The attack was brilliantly successful, though it took a toll of two lives among the Americans, while Captain Myers, one British and one Russian Marine were wounded.

Two battalions of Marines under Major Littleton W. T. Waller, formed part of the Relief Column which reached Peking on August 14, 1900. Major Waller had the sad experience of witnessing the death of Captain Reilly on the platform of the Chien Men on August 15, while that gallant officer was directing the fire of his field battery against the gates of the Imperial City.

Among the names of those who were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for conspicuous conduct in the face of the enemy during the Boxer uprising we find at least three Marines who were members of the Legation Guard. They were Sgt. Edward A. Walker, Cpl. John O. Dahlgren and Pvt. Martin Hunt. Fifteen other Marines, members of the Relief Column, also received this highest of awards for gallantry.

Of the Marine Officers who accompanied that first expedition to Peking many who have since won renown in other parts of the world first achieved recognition for their conduct here. Capt. John T. Myers, now Major General, was advanced for eminent and conspicuous conduct in the face of the enemy and was also awarded the Brevet Medal. Capt. (now Colonel, retired) Newt H. Hall, was breveted, as were Lt. (now Colonel) D. D. Porter, Lt. (now Major General, retired) Smedley D. Butler, Capt. (now Brigadier General) George Richards, and others.

On September 28, 1900, the Marine battalions, including Captain Myers' detachment, were withdrawn from Peking by order of the Secretary of the Navy, the 9th U. S. Infantry providing the Legation Guard. It was not until 1905 that the Marines again took over the guarding of the American Legation.

In September, 1905, in accordance with orders from the President of the United States, a detachment of 100 enlisted Ma-

lines, under the command of Capt. (now Brigadier General) Harry Lee, with 1st Lt. Thomas Holcomb, Jr. (now Colonel), as junior officer, sailed from the Philippine Islands for China on the Army Transport *Logan* for the purpose of relieving a company of the 9th Infantry as Legation Guard. It is interesting to note that "the men composing this detachment were selected from those having at least eighteen months to serve in their current enlistments, and were fully fitted out with new equipments, excepting the new regulation full dress and undress coats and caps, these latter articles being forwarded direct to Peking from the Quartermaster Depot of Supplies in Philadelphia, Pa." The Corps in those days was still equipped with the Krag-Jorgensen and the Lee "straight-pull" rifle.

When the Marines returned to Peking in 1905 they found the American Legation in its present location and the Guard quarters in the present compound. The Guard quarters at that time consisted only of a small barracks building where the West barracks now stand, the main portion of the present hospital building, the present guard house and brig, and the four officers' quarters, now occupied by the Commanding Officer, Executive Officer, Quartermaster and Senior Medical Officer.

During the period from 1905 to 1911 there was little activity for the Guard other than the performance of garrison duty. The number of Legation Guards in Peking then was double the five now represented. With soldiers of so many nationalities living in such close proximity it is not surprising that we find in the records of those times occasional reference to altercations between individuals of the various guards. The archives bear testimony that on one occasion a foreign officer solemnly asserted that in his opinion "women and alcohol are the causes of the scraps between the men of the Guards." Capt. William H. Clifford relieved Captain Lee as Commandant in April, 1906, and the latter was relieved by Capt. Louis M. Gulick. Captain Gulick (Inter, Colonel) recently died in

Peking. He was the only Marine officer who ever commanded the Guard on three separate occasions. In March, 1908, Lt.-Col. George Barnett (war-time Commandant of the Marine Corps) assumed command.

In September, 1911, revolution broke forth in China, and though confined to the Southern provinces until January, 1912, it is safe to assume that the apprehension throughout the foreign quarter of Peking was comparable to that which was felt during the early days of the Boxer uprising. The Guard of a company of Marines was increased to a battalion, and in February, 1912, the Mounted Detachment was organized for the purpose of protecting outlying American residents.

Although informal in character at first the Mounted Detachment was later officially organized as a unit under the command of 1st Lt. David M. Randall, who was succeeded by 1st Lt. Julian P. Wilcox, Edwin N. McClellan, David L. S. Brewster and others.

In the meantime Maj. John H. Russell had assumed command of the Guard (1910). In 1912 Major Russell became the first American Marine Officer to assume the post of Senior Commandant of the International Legation Guards.

Nineteen hundred and twelve must have been an active year for our Marines in Peking. In February the Imperial family abdicated, and the following month Yuan Shihkai, who had been Premier under the Empire, was installed in Peking as Provisional President of the Republic.

Several new buildings appeared in the compound in 1911 and 1913. During the former year the building which now houses the Commanding Officer's office, and that in which the company offices are located, were constructed. The East barracks building was completed in 1913, necessitated by the increase made in the Guard during the preceding year.

Major Dion Williams became Commanding Officer in April, 1913, and remained so until September, 1915, when he was relieved by Captain D. P. Hall, who commanded the Guard for three months. Lieutenant Colonel Wendell C. Neville commenced his tour as Commandant in December, 1915, and remained until October, 1917, when he left to join the Third Brigade of Marines in France.

If the revolution gave new hope to the Chinese people, it also implanted the desire for power in the breasts of a multitude of Chinese military leaders of the old regime. The resultant chaos has kept the International Guards on the qui vive, though there has never been an instance where it was necessary to apply force for the protection of the foreign quarter. From time to time the political government of the city has changed hands almost over night, but both the incoming and outgoing factions have been careful to avoid offending the foreign diplomatic corps, or the quarter set aside for it under the Boxer protocol.

In 1918 the construction of the present West barracks was commenced, and a portion of the Guard was quartered in the old Russian Guard compound temporarily. The Russian, German and Austrian guards had been withdrawn from Peking by this time. Maj. C. C. Carpenter had relieved Colonel Neville as Commandant in October, 1917, and the latter was followed by Col. T. P. Kane in April, 1918. The Commandants from May, 1919, when Colonel Kane departed, until the arrival of the present Commanding Officer, Col. Presley M. Rixey, Jr., on August 9, 1933 were:

Major E. L. Bigler, May 5, 1919, to June

25, 1919; Col. Louis M. Gulick, June 26, 1919, to June 24, 1921; Col. Lincoln Karmany, June 25, 1921, to March 27, 1922; Maj. Samuel W. Bogan, March 28, 1922, to May 12, 1922; Col. Robert H. Dunlap, May 13, 1922, to June 15, 1924; Maj. Frederick A. Barker, June 16, 1924, to July 17, 1924; Col. Louis McC. Little, July 18, 1924, to August 3, 1927; Lt-Col. Thomas Holcomb, August 4 1927, to January 27, 1930; Col. James C. Breckinridge, January 28, 1930, to March 12, 1932; Col. Louis M. Gulick, March 13, 1932, to May 23, 1933; Lt-Col. W. W. Buckley, May 24, 1933, to August 8, 1933.

Construction continued apace in the compound, the carpenter shop being built in 1923, the water softener building in 1925 and the building in which the sales commissary is located in 1926. The radio station was first moved to San Kuan Miao, its present location, in 1928. In 1918 while the radio masts were being built on the Tartar Wall one of them collapsed, killing four Chinese workmen.

The Guard was increased to its present size in 1928 when the Nationalist armies under Chiang Kai-shek were moving into North China. When the Northern Expedition was organized at Canton in 1926 the direction of the political, as well as military, affairs was largely in the hands of Russian Communist advisers who encouraged a strong anti-foreign sentiment. This sentiment was responsible for the greatest anti-foreign demonstration throughout China since 1900, and did not subside until Chiang Kai-shek expelled the exponents of communism from positions of power in the government. During the crisis of 1927-28 the International Guards at Peking again proved their value as a stabilizing influence, and were prepared to afford the required protection to foreigners.

The last critical period to be experienced by the Legation Guards was in the early part of this year when the Japanese drive from Jehol threatened to engulf Peking.

With the exception of the five years from 1900 to 1905, United States Marines have guarded the American Legation in Peking since May 31, 1900. Their mission has not been an easy one. It has entailed weeks and months and years of systematic training, watchful waiting, quiet restraint. The military man is essentially a man of action. It is with pardonable pride, therefore, that we look back over the record of achievement of our Corps here in this most distant outpost of our country, and in that record we find the inspiration which will assist us as we enter yet another year of distinguished service in old Peiping.

SHANGHAI PLAYS SANTA

Christmas time again proved how hard boiled the well known U. S. Marine really is.

With the Holiday season closing in on them and knowing that they are sure of their Christmas dinner, the Leathernecks turn their thoughts to those less fortunate. One who has never been in Shanghai would

be surprised at the number of deaf, dumb, blind and poor children in the city who at this time of the year are made happy by the Christmas donations of the American Marine.

This year as in the past each man in the Regiment gave fifty cents toward the general fund which is used to make up baskets of food, toys, clothes, and the necessities of life. With the basket made up by Mrs. H. S. Dyer, wife of the Fleet Marine Officer, there were a total of 18 baskets for the exceptionally needy families. All this means that 18 of the poorest families in Shanghai will be given a taste of cheer and a ray of sunshine and hope will be brought into these homes.

Mrs. Mei's Chinese Day Nursery in Yangtzepoo is one of the places which is made happy and content by the Marines of the Fourth. The kiddies know that Santa Claus is a reality because every 25th day of December toys and candies mysteriously find their way into the Home to gladden each little heart there.

One peep into the Nursery to see the joyous expressions on the faces of the kids, or to hear the squeals of delight as each



surprise package is opened more than repays the Marines a hundredfold, and the Fourth knows it is not falling down on the job it has set itself for this time of the year.

The Non-Commissioned Officers Club does its small part every year by playing host at a dinner for the blind children at Mrs. Fryer's Home for the Blind. This year not only the blind inmates but their deaf and dumb mates are also going to taste of the generosity of the Devil Dogs. Christmas Day found the Home's tables loaded down with all the things which go to make a Christmas dinner. The Club was lucky this year in having the services of Sergeant Stevens who entered and cooked the repast for the Home.

Next year as in every past year Christmas time will again find the Fourth Regiment United States Marines again on the job and the poor and needy of Shanghai may again expect the little pleasure that we are able to bring to them.

COMPANY M, 4TH MARINES

By P. Villere

As is indicated by the appellation above, this is the machine-gun company of the third battalion of the famous Fourth Regiment, otherwise known as the Soochow

Creek Amphibian Fusileers. We have had a very glamorous past, as Company M, and also when we bore the name "24th Company" on our escutcheon. On the transport on the way to China one used to hear from the old China hands about the 24th Company; it was a famous name then; it is still so at the present day.

As mentioned above, this is a machine gun company, which, in the understanding of the gentlemen at headquarters, means that each and every man must be capable of handling every infantry weapon used by the Marine Corps. And THAT is precisely what we can do.

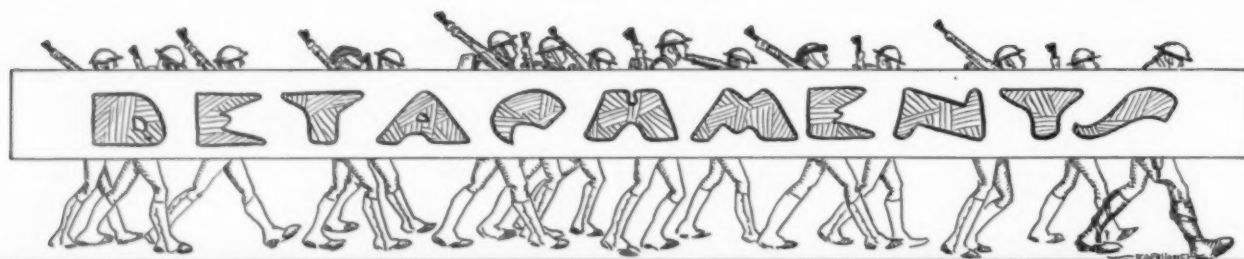
On December 1st, an Infantry Weapon School was started within the company, and, in the afternoon periods, all men were given extra instruction in all infantry weapons, particularly those used in the machine gun company. The results of this instruction is that, as a company as well as individually, we are able to toe the mark; whatever job we are given to do we can go out and do it calmly, coolly, and efficiently. We are always going by the old saying that a good machine gunner must first of all be a good rifleman.

First Lieutenant Guy B. Beatty is our company commander. Although he has not been with us very long, he has done a good deal towards making the company an efficient field outfit. WE ARE a field outfit in the pristine meaning of the word; and that, in the last analysis, is our *raison d'être*. Some of the things to which Lieutenant Beatty has given particular attention are the functioning of the rear echelon of the company, the company communication service, and the reconnaissance service. With the perfection of these nerve centers in mind, he has developed a headquarters field box mounted on a Cole Cart, in which may be carried the necessary equipment used by the company headquarters, including a typewriter. The box is so constructed that it may be turned into a field desk in an instant. Besides this cart, Lieutenant Beatty has experimented with another cart with the Model 1917 tripod with Negrotto cradle mounted in such a way as to be ready for instantaneous antiaircraft fire on the march. Pretty soon they will be writing the Training Regulations down here.

In addition to the company commander, we have the following officers: 1st Lt. F. A. McAlister, who just recently made his number; 2nd Lt. H. I. Larson, 2nd Lt. A. J. Keller, and Chief Marine Gunner W. A. Buckley.

On the next homebound transport we will lose two real old timers in the company: 1st Sgt. McKinley H. Peters and Gy-Sgt. H. O. A. Keller. Both of them have been with the company a good long time and each has given a certain indefinable touch to the whole which, fortunately, will not easily be erased. Besides these two we will be sorry to lose a good many others who have been with us a long time and who have also left their stamp on the outfit and who helped to make it what it is today.





MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Earland J. Lakin

We are recuperating from a barrage of funerals, having had details for eleven of them in the past three weeks. Arlington is rapidly filling. Have you turned in your reservations?

Detail-of-the-Month-Club includes the recent Marine color bearers at the twenty-third annual dinner of the Alfalfa Club held in the Willard Hotel. Staff Sergeant Anderson and twelve other non-coms with two musicians from the Marine Band took the spotlight literally and figuratively. The group, each man with a dress color sling carrying a flag of some particular meaning to the assembled members, led by the National Colors, made an impressive sight as they marched to the ramp in the center of the room. "To the Colors!" was sounded on drum and trumpet by the Bandsmen as the flags dipped to the Stars and Stripes on their right. One or two patriotic songs were sung by a club member and the Marines marched off to much applause.

The manager of the affair arranged a special dinner for us which we thought excellent. Anderson gave us a bum steer at the Annual Dinner of the Alfalfa Club Color Bearers: he prescribed a soup spoon for our fruit course which left us one spoon behind for the rest of the meal.

We managed to get a look at one of the programs, and among the names of members present of interest to us were Maj-Gens. John H. Russell and John A. Lejeune.

During January and February, Staff Sergeant Anderson had a chance to see many famous people and get an idea of how the President spends the money allowed him for entertainment. On January 4-8, and February 5-8, respectively, were held the Judicial, Congressional, Departmental, and Army and Navy Receptions. Being along with Anderson, I managed to see quite a bit myself. Departing from the crushing receptions of former administrations, President Roosevelt limits his guest list to 1,000 at a time. Very often it looks as though the 1,000 are all in one place at the same time, as was the case the other evening when Will Rogers stood a few feet from the entrance to the Blue Room, being successful in his personable way in talking to everyone at the same time and pleasing them, too.

The White House enlisted details for these functions are made up of Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines. There are only two Marines, but we do our stuff as custodians of the President's Flag during his presence in the reception room.

That an accident, if not fatal, can be amusing, was brought to our attention on our journey to Fort Humphreys, Va., as rooters with the basketball team. As usual the "406" was crowded, and Corporal Tillas and Sergeant Livermore were forced

to ensconce themselves on the ends of the benches in the truck. While about to turn into the gates at the Fort they were torpedoed from the rear by a passenger car that sent Messrs. Tillas and Livermore some twenty feet in the air and deposited them very precipitately on the hard turf (or was it cement?). The crash incapacitated the truck, and shook all the occupants rudely. The appearance of the attacker was not improved to the extent of one fender, a wheel, two headlights and a cracked wrist. The aftermath was the trying of Corporal Goldsmith's patience in getting his Ford, loaded with nine Marines, started, after the game. What a night!

Captain Howard B. Enyart was detached from the M. C. I. to take over the duty of detail officer at Headquarters. We sincerely hope that Captain Enyart will like his work there.

Captain Clyde P. Matteson has been recently detached to the Navy Yard down the street, and our wishes for a pleasant tour of duty also apply to Capt. John Halla, who reported here from Port au Prince.

We have had eight discharges and two reenlistments since the New Year, so when someone asks us what the score is, we tell 'em "USS. Outside, six points ahead." Gunnery Sergeant Roennigke accepted his third bar for his Good Conduct Medal. Corporal Merman shipped over and fell into a swell job as mail orderly, relieving Sergeant Oldfather, who was transferred to Headquarters.

Corporals Colborn and Freeman went out to do a Horatio Alger act, as did Private First Class Ireland, Private First Class Shahan (the worry of Baltimore police), Private Gable, via special order, and Trumpeter Baldrick. All were awarded the coveted medal with one exception: the special order who couldn't wait.

We have four promotions, and to the boys we express our congratulations: Thomas Jones, Joseph H. Lobley, and Nathan N. Sadoff to Private First Class, and Leo J. Schmidt to Corporal.

Trumpeter Clarence Queen was transferred to the Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut. And his calls were so sweet! So long, Quenie.

Pvt. Marshall D. Dodson joined from St. Julien's Creek, Va. He's quite a painter, too.

Pfc. Robert L. Wade is in from Portsmouth, Va. (I'll get his number yet.)

Pfc. Alton M. Mize extended two years. He feels that his uniforms will last that long and that it would be a crime to give them away (They won't fit anyone else!).

QM-Sgt. George H. Coreoran was sent to Shanghai. Hope you have a good time there, George.

Weekly wonder: How do Sergeant Jennings and Sergeant Stickney manage to keep the MGC's grounds so clean when they have such a feud at the sprightly game called pool?

NEW LONDON MARINES

By Thornton B. Pettijohn

The long silence may give the wrong impression, for there is every indication of activity in and around the barracks. Practically snowed in at the time of writing, we're carrying on under the leadership of our commanding officer, Maj. G. D. Jackson, Jr.

Failing to stabilize an eleven during football season, we were included in the Submarine Base Volleyball League, which we won quite handily. We have plenty of good basketball material, though we have no regular squad as yet. Our bowling team got off to a poor start, being subjugated by more experienced players from the base.

The season for ice skating is at hand, and several of the men are highly enthusiastic; they are waiting for the nearby lake to freeze solid enough. Note to the skaters: the post exchange has on hand a bountiful supply of soft, downy sofa pillows, which may be purchased at a nominal sum.

Several new faces have taken places left vacant by expiration of enlistments. We have gained several non-coms, one by promotion. Congratulations, Corporal Garceau (How about the cigars?)! First Sergeant Clark, with his creative optimism, has been here a short time, having relieved First Sergeant Cote.

And now for some "Winchell" dope. Why: do a certain Bostonian and his sidekick visit different towns now? did Ned-ball's left hand swell? Who started the rumor setting a specific date for the tying of a certain double knot? How does it feel to be a successful Daniel Boone? (Taylor says: "Them acrid, obnoxious odors are done away with").

Who insists on many windows open nightly, then ducks under four blankets himself? What has happened to all the fellows paid off here during the past six months? What makes "The Mat" a vortex of sweeping winds? What has become of the lonely hearts the "self-styled gigolo" left behind?

This may be rather short, but I suppose that our space is limited. So—look for our column in next month's LEATHERNECK.

BROOKLYN NEWS

Staff Sergeant Edwin D. Curry, attached to the First Brigade, at Port au Prince, Haiti, dropped in while on furlough and gave us the low down on the Haitian situation, and also stated that the recent repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment had not affected the potency of liquid refreshments at the port.

The lure of the tropics is apparently irresistible to a number of the old timers who trek southward after once they feel the cold. Sgt-Maj. Charles Hess, retired, recently embarked on a Panama Railroad steamship to spend a few months in his



old haunts in Haiti, while 1st Sgt. Pete Hartman, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, left some time ago for a tropical tan in Haiti and St. Thomas. 1st Sgt. Faustin E. Wirkus, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, who recently paid a visit to the Navy Yard, expressed his intention to return to Haiti for the purpose of visiting his former kingdom. 1st Sgt. Cecil M. Dietz returned from a three months' furlough spent in Haiti.

Private First Class Edgar Jefferson Jones is again with us, having been recently transferred from the Marine Detachment, U. S. Naval Hospital. Cpl. Frank McClendon has been transferred to the Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, for further transfer to Cavite where he will be assigned to the Asiatic Station. Good luck, Frank; Sands Street will miss you!

Staff Sergeant Nicolo F. Lopardo is again back at his desk in the Commanding Officer's office after spending a twenty-day furlough in Springfield, Mass., where he states concoctions of liquid nature are dispensed with a dexterity that will surprise and arouse the jealousy of a Broadway bartender.

Corporal George William Ziehl, the demon clerk, recently lost his mustache, but it is noted he is again sporting a limited number of hairs on his upper lip.

Gunnery Sergeant Herman J. Elliott, and Corporal Murtis Murray were recently transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve. Gunnery Sergeant Elliott expressed his intention to enter the hotel business in New York City, while Murray has moved up state in New York where he will reside on the old homestead. It is the wish of their friends that they will be successful in their new ventures.

Quartermaster Clerk John L. McCormack has been detached to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.

IONA IOTAS

By A. G. Bradley

With zero and sub-zero temperatures registering on the thermometer daily, one's thoughts do stray to the sunny climes of Cuba, Canal Zone and the Philippines. But cold does have its compensations. Nature had been lavish in her gifts of snow and ice, so much in fact that not an inch remains uncovered.

For the past month the Hudson River has been the scene of many a hockey match and other forms of ice sports. Privates First Class Farrell and Watson and Private Norris took a dip one day through the ice but were convinced swimming is reserved for summer. Pvt. "Lucky" Durham entered the Ski Meet held at Bear Mountain Park February the 4th. Although he broke all existing records when he jumped by yards, he was disqualified for using barrel staves.

Father Emmett P. Rogers, our visiting chaplain from Tompkins Cove, N. Y., stayed at the barracks for two days. January the 3rd he celebrated Holy Mass in the library. Both a good number of Marines of the barracks and Sailors from the U.S.S. Nitro assisted. We hope to see Father Rogers again in the near future.

Several discharges have taken place recently. Most noteworthy of these were those of Trumpeter Foy and his dog "Sandy." Sergeant Anthony, after a short stay at this post, discovered his blood too thin for this climate, so with four years to do he headed for Pensacola, Fla. Anthony's yarns about the old Marine Corps will be missed by the gang. Privates Brienza, Diekmann, Goodwin and Hoolihan all seated

for their various homes to seek fame and fortune and by now must be part way up the ladder of success.

Private First Class Wenner after returning from forty days' furlough found himself awarded the Yangtze Service Medal for service in China. Private First Class Shaden, our two-fisted pugilist, brought home the bacon from New York City but paid with a dandy shiner. Private First Class Condo, one of the many model soldiers, goes so far as to shine his gold tooth—then picks a sunny spot to stand for inspection. Private First Class Morgan and Private Klondike MacKenzie both correspond with a marriage bureau in the South. Pfc. Louis Sweet has incorporated and has offices in Dodge Town. Private Berry is about to do his last mile down a church aisle. He was just awarded a Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal for services in Nicaragua. He has invited his buddies to throw shoes and dance later at the reception. Berry also intends to open a Tonsorial Parlor. Funny thing that—a bachelor calls it a Barber Shop.

So long until next month—in the mean time come up and sue me sometime.

THE RECEIVING SHIP AT NEW YORK

By The Ol' Maestro

Sitting at the seat of the mighty console . . . my mind wanders . . . (as usual) . . . back to January, 1933. When you think of the changes in this detachment during the last year . . . 'tis enough truly to amaze one! A year ago Captain Clauson was at the wheel . . . and Lieutenant Cresswell was in charge of the daily instructions . . . and did we have school? . . . dunt esk! . . . And then three was First Sergeant McClay . . . (Are you listening, Mac?) . . . When he left Brooklyn . . . three speakeasies went out of business! . . .

Gabby Gould was fast becoming famous as the inspiration of that late popular song . . . "When the Guard of the Day meets the Gould of the Night"! And then there was Abie Grossman! . . . and could I write a book! . . . The story that remains clearest in my memory about Abie . . . is the one about the time he came in during the wee hours of the morning and proceeded to wake all hands . . . While two of the men were arguing as to which one should loop him first . . . a short stocky figure slipped out of the gloom . . . grabbed Abie up under his arm . . . and ran him head first against the bulk-head with all his might. . . . All hands retired and slept peacefully for the remainder of the night . . . but Abie is still wondering what made his head so sore the next day!! . . .

And good ol' Grubert who never made a liberty without losing his hat or overcoat. . . . And of course you remember Corporal Huntoon, the detachment Love-bird . . . And Corporal Reiner . . . (alias the Owl) who had everyone snowed under . . . including himself? . . . Will you ever forget the time Barney Shaw started to ring two bells . . . and forgot to take his finger off the button until the gong had rung five times (General Alarm)! . . . Abello is now an indoor aviator in New York . . . and the proud father of a baby girl! . . . What a man!

And then there were High and Rose . . . the boys from China . . . and the Marine Quarters have never been the same since they left . . . Big Chief Webb is now massaging autos in Brooklyn . . . and bringing the pay-envelope home to the little wife



every week . . . he doesn't dare not to! . . . And though he was one of the quietest guys I ever knew . . . I can't forget Mitch Cohen and all his Uncles . . . And Honest John Davis had just gone native (Greenwich Village)! . . . If you have forgotten Eaddy . . . I'm glad of it . . . But I can't forget Mika and the artistic haircuts he put out! . . . when I look in the mirror I'm reminded of him by the nicks and scars that refuse to disappear! . . . And I'll always be grateful to Gryetko for being around to take the blame for the caricature I drew of Abie on the black-board . . . Eddie Przybyl is raising a family on Long Island . . . And Willie Green is trying to get in the C. C. C., but they won't take him! . . . And if youse guys that have left the brig remember the Ol' Maestro . . . drop us a line some time . . . if you can spare the three cents!

PORTSMOUTH PABULUM

Corporal Kostoy is now chop-sticking. "Red" Schmidt and a Portsmouth girl hopt the broomstick 6 Feby. Protect your snout, "Red." Joe Betko is orb-ling at a fair fem in Nashua. Joe gets a handle bar load of French Wars from Jeffrey Cardin to and fro the Blanket Town. "Dinty" Moor's basket ballers are traveling at a gallop; that hombre Hayden fairly glittered 'tother evening. His weakness ogled the game. That B and B team, Bernat and Bennett have a huge collection of keys. Any youse guys on the PensyCola remember McBride? He be heah. Eckley sopranos "Cafe" most amusing. Leigh reported here from the War College in Newport. Yes indeedy, he's a private. The wedding bells for Samuel Spader have frozen; a thaw is expected sometime in Feby. "Benny" Ruben will see much of the barracks during Feby. Our recent ermine coat given by mom nature caused our "hello males" to get some exercise. That hairy-chested brute, Albert, wields a mean scoop, as do his understudies, McNeal, Hoopes and Abbott. Seaman and Fuller are deeply in love, but not with each other. Ross and his bowlers get their smokes freely, knocking down pins for the butts. Nick Citrini, de best Cpl. on de gate, is contemplating the gas buggy bizness. He should take up "Road Bldg." McNamara and Jirasek palsy-walsy together. The Hingham Powder Guards (Leathernecks, ya saps) lost a basket ball game to the Naval Prison Guard and Hayden (I'll catch hell for that crack).

We all entertain two hopes and one problem here; one for our pay back and one for warm weather. Problem: Which will we get first?

Corporal Treadwell Ford-ed in from San Diego.

INDIAN HEAD ITEMS

By B. Price

On the icy shores of the historic Potomac, thirty miles south of the Capital City, is a large naval reservation of some three thousand acres. This is known as the Naval Powder Factory, and the locality is officially designated as Indian Head.

Here, some forty Marines are stationed. Capt. John T. Selden recently relieved Captain Cowley, who left for Guam. The "Skipper" arrived here from Norfolk and has already brought about several improvements. The mess has been bettered, the quarters spruced up, and an interesting weekly talk has helped the morale considerably.

Second in command is Chief Marine Gunner John J. Faragher. Mr. Faragher is Post Exchange and Mess Officer and very rarely misses an opportunity to taste the delectable dishes prepared by our chef.

The quartermaster department is ably handled by QM-Sergeant Tabor and his amanuensis, Pfc. Harry Moody. Handsome Harry has succumbed to the charms of a very pretty young maiden in Indian Head and has deserted the ranks of the bachelors.

First Sgt. James A. Ducey, first class authority on Guam, handles the administrative affairs of the post. The "Top" has recently been selected from a picked group of non-coms to head five sergeants who will act as couriers and orderlies to the American Ambassador at Moscow. Look out for those Roosky mamas, Top. The detail is scheduled to leave the States about the middle of February.

Sgts. Ovid Butler, Verna Dickey, William Fuller and Harmon Knight represent the old-timer angle in the long-winded discussions around the stove these winter nights.

Butler has his old job as Steward in the well-heated Post Exchange. Knight, besides handling the police work, is becoming famous in these parts for his lengthy "good nights" from his inamorata.

Dickey, the man who gets all the mail, and Fuller are the noble guardsmen. "Verna" is a consistent and persevering correspondent and she evidently loves him because her answers come true and steady.

Cpl. "Paddy" Walsh keeps the squad-rooms in hysterics with his dry Irish wit. Lately, he has been on the wagon and is looking forward to a boost in rank.

The rest of the men are beginning to enjoy life a little after a severe run of heavy guard duty. A large recreation room with books, acey-deucey, chess, checkers, lounges, radio and pool tables is used constantly.

Recently the Captain ordered a table tennis set and subscriptions to a Washington and a New York newspaper. We are fortunate enough to have a Commanding Officer who has the welfare of his men at heart.

Movies are shown free every night except Monday. These are three different features every week. A select run of shorts and newsreels enhance the program. Now and then, especially then, dances are held in the Town Hall or the School Auditorium.

There are several reasons why the hearts of the fair young maidens of the surrounding neighborhood go pit-a-pat. Most of these reasons are our handsome quartet, Privates Hoch, Fisk, Campbell and Haynes. The latter named sea soldier recently joined the outfit and is now busily engaged in mowing our hirsute adornments.

A detail of several men are expected soon and they will be royally welcomed by this hard-working outfit.

HINGHAM SALVOS

Can you imagine anyone having his head shaved bare in the month of February with the temperature flirting around zero? It looked like some sort of a bet to me, but Brady claims his hair has been falling out. At least it should cut down your barber bills, Jim.

Corporal Silverman has been tracking up the squad room with a Shetland pony although he claims the animal to be one of the Great Dane dogs. Acquired same from one of the C.C.C. camps where said Shetland dog had been eating the camp out of house and home. It will at least be an

experiment for Silverman, who has been showing a great deal of concern over one of our sick horses. One of these days a certain State will be the gainer in recruiting a new trooper and Silverman's departure will be a loss to the Marine Corps where horses are concerned.

Drew takes all prizes for hunting. He claims to be a great jack rabbit hunter from New Hampshire and Al Humza invited him to go duck hunting. Upon approaching the blind Drew started firing away with both barrels. "Don't shoot them," called Al, "those are decoys." "What's the difference?" says Drew, "they're good to eat, too."

What seems to be wrong with your car, Jones? Looks like you won't have to buy that set of license plates after all.

Joinings and discharges were the order of the month with no transfers. Five men joined this post from Philly and one from Chelsea Naval Hospital. Those from Philly were Cpl. V. Vastine, Pfc. E. Fidler, Pfts. J. J. O'Connor, M. V. Woods, and A. K. Presley. Corporal Lendo joined from Chelsea. We welcome all these new men and know they will like the duty here.

Corporal Lendo has materially aided our basketball squad in chalking up our seventeenth win of the season and will no doubt be right in there for many more games. Brazke, Phinney, Wallace, Lawson, Isdell, Gosselin, Champagne comprise the team and each man deserves a big hand. Lost a tight game to the boys at the Naval Prison of Portsmouth, but look forward to a return game in the near future which we hope to win. Brazke had been laid up for a couple of games due to an infected toe but is in great shape again and will be jumping center.

Private Matsche left our fold for Canada to a little town called Apple Hill. He will be missed by our mounted patrolmen where he was best known and he more than likely will become a mountie for King George.

Pvt. O. B. Godfrey departed on the 10th of February for his home town and school sweetheart in Greenville, S. C., where he aspires to run for Mayor. If he can attain as good a reputation as a public servant as he did while a cook at this post, he should be elected.

Papalegis and our music, Fulmore, continue to commute between Hingham and Cambridge, VIA the right thumb method, "Goin' my way, pal!" Spencer Burns has been falling off on his fan mail lately with only one carton of cigarettes a week coming in and the boxes of candy have delayed enroute judging from their non-appearance.

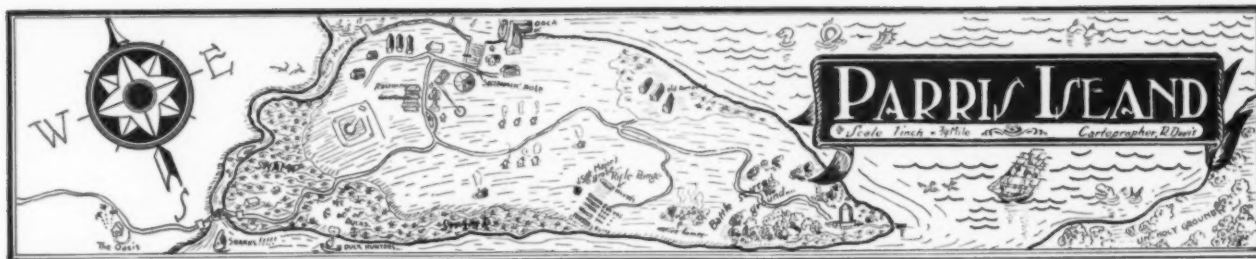
Our corpsmen have found new fields of interest with the mailing out of all circular advertisements of short wave sets and Lucas has been working on a set that should get him all kinds of "trouble."

One has to look at the guard list nowadays if one wants to see Prunty. East Weymouth is sure an active locality, judging from the path Prunty has worn in that direction.

First Sergeant Olson believes that the cold weather we've been having will be with us in June, at least he says he won't thaw out until July.

If there is any new dish that can be served you may be sure that our First Cook and Acting Mess Sgt. E. L. Moon will bring it forth. Second Cook C. J. Isdell has been doing noble work with the skillet also. To Bridgers and Lawson go

(Continued on page 50)



P. I. PERSONALITIES

Christmas is over for another year. The jingle of Santa Claus's sleighbells and the jingle of loose change in our trousers pockets will not be heard again for a long time. But we had a good time over the Holidays while they lasted. Extended liberty was granted over both week-ends, from Friday evening to Tuesday morning. We had a payday just before Christmas and another just before New Year's Day. Furloughs were granted to those whose services could be spared, and every effort was made by those in authority to afford us every opportunity to enjoy the Holiday Season. Christmas trees and greens were distributed free to all the families who asked for them.

In the Lyceum on Sunday afternoon, December 24, the Christmas celebration was opened with a program of music, especially popular with the children. After the movies, the band played "Joy To The World," and our Commanding General, Randolph C. Berkeley, delivered a few well-chosen words of greeting. Chaplain A. E. Stone offered a prayer, the audience sang a few carols, and then came what was to many in the audience the main event of the afternoon, or of the year, for that matter; namely: the arrival of Santa Claus, who bore an odd resemblance to Sgt. Frank J. Tyree. His distribution of presents to all the children provoked many happy shouts of laughter and appreciation. Every enlisted man received a bag containing a pair of socks, a jar of candy, a pack of cigarettes, a pack of chewing gum, and two handkerchiefs.

The evening service in the Lyceum consisted of Christmas music by the orchestra, the singing of "Adeste Fidelis" and "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear," by the audience, a talk by the Chaplain, followed by the "Marine Hymn" and the "National Anthem." Then came the regular movie program for the evening.

The next big event of the Holidays was the New Year's Eve dance held in the Lyceum on Saturday night, December 30. Dancing started at eight-thirty in the evening, featured by a Grand March at nine o'clock, led by Brigadier General Berkeley and Mrs. G. R. Nichol. After the Grand March, the following officers, enlisted men, and ladies formed a receiving line to receive the guests: Brig-Gen. R. C. Berkeley, Mrs. G. R. Nichol, QM-Sgt. G. R. Nichol, Mrs. R. C. Berkeley, Maj. G. H. Osterhout, Mrs. J. F. Oesterle, QM-Sgt. J. F. Oesterle, Mrs. G. H. Osterhout, Maj. R. Griffin, Mrs. R. M. Neighbors, Chief Pharmacists' Mate R. M. Neighbors, Mrs. R. Griffin, Lt-Com. G. G. Herman, Mrs. L. C. Whitaker, Lt. L. C. Whitaker, and Mrs. G. G. Herman.

At ten o'clock the prize waltz, fox-trot, and the lucky number drawing were held. The prizes for the waltz were awarded to Lt. and Mrs. C. C. Coffman, who received

a pair of white gold cuff-links and a three-piece dresser set respectively. As winners of the fox-trot, Mrs. W. Bolick won a black calfskin pocketbook, and Pharmacists' Mate Second Class B. Evans, a cigarette case and lighter set. The lucky number prizes, a combination cigarette case and lighter for the man, and perfume and a compact for the lady, were won by Private First Class and Mrs. Peper.

Ice cream, cake, and punch were served during intermission, and after intermission, paper hats and noise makers were distributed among the guests.

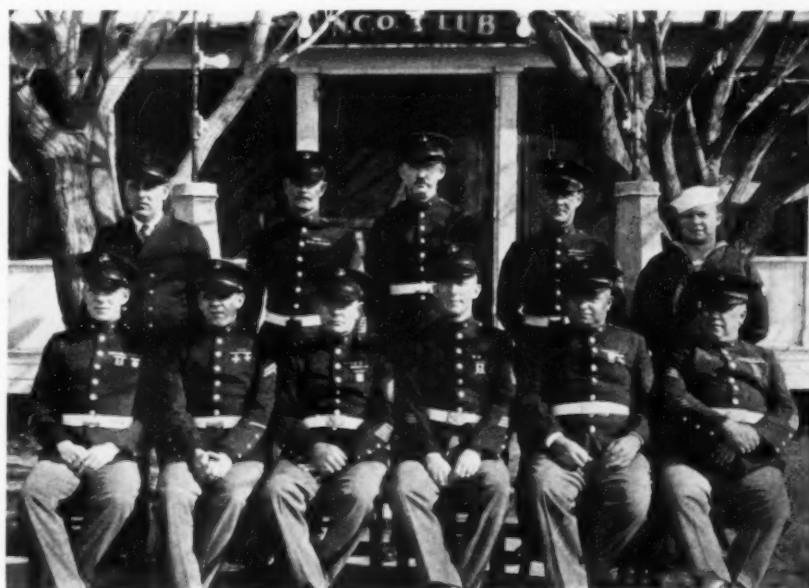
The Lyceum was decorated with palm branches, Christmas trees, and colored lights, and in the center was a cluster of red, green, and blue lights decorated with silver tinsel garlands. The upper part of the orchestra platform was decorated with red and white crepe paper streamers and red and green rope festoons and colored lights. The lower part of the platform was decorated with a solid background of white crepe paper streamers trimmed with red and green rope festoons. The decorating was done by Sgt-Maj. C. P. McCallum, M. T. Sergeant J. G. Steinsdorfer, and Cpl. Eugene Jones. The music was furnished by the post orchestra, and was exceptionally good.

It is estimated that approximately six hundred attended the dance, and the guests

came from as far away as two hundred miles from Parris Island.

There were four committees appointed to look after the arrangements for the Holiday entertainments: one for presents, one for decorations, one for music, and one for arrangements for the dance and for prizes. All these committees were under the general direction of Major George H. Osterhout, Jr., and they performed their duties so well that their excellent work was made the subject of a letter of commendation by our Commanding General. One of the outstanding figures in these committees was, as usual, M. T. Sergeant Joseph G. Steinsdorfer. Wherever arrangements are being made for a dance, reception, or any other social event, "Spick" will always be found in the thick of things.

The N. C. O. Club has been conducting a drive for new members. Committees led by the president, QM-Sgt. Ernesto R. Beavers, succeeded in signing up twenty-three new members during the month of December. Considerable improvement has been made in the way of entertainment, and the schedule for January includes a members' meeting on the eighth, when free beer will be served; invitation dances on the sixth and twenty-seventh, acey-deucey tournaments on the second and fifteenth, pinochle tournaments on the tenth and twenty-second, and cribbage tournaments on the eleventh and twenty-fifth.



OFFICERS AND BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE PARRIS ISLAND
N. C. O. AND P. O.'S CLUB

Front Row, left to right: Sgt. F. V. Osborn, Cpl. H. A. Sours, QM-Sgt. L. O. Miller, Secretary and Treasurer; QM-Sgt. E. R. Beavers, President; 1st Sgt. L. Freda, Vice-President; Sgt. F. L. Tyree. Back Row: Cwt. K. Chapman, U. S. N.; 1st Sgt. C. G. Schuler, Sgt. J. L. Stoops, Gy-Sgt. J. L. Reynolds, and PhM. 2nd Class J. D. Thomas, U. S. N.

We have two blessed events to record for the month of December, both of them girls. At last, to QM-Sgt. and Mrs. Verber A. Wilson, on December 14, a daughter, Julia Jacqueline. A daughter also was born to former Sgt. Lewis A. Graham and wife, who is the popular younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bringle of this Post. Congratulations!

We have to record the sad news of the death of two veteran officers who until recently were serving on this Post. Capt. Charles F. Kiennat died suddenly as a result of a heart attack while at his C. C. C. Camp at Toccoa Falls, Georgia, on December 29. His remains were taken to Washington and were buried with full military honors in the National Cemetery at Arlington. Marine Gunner Llewelyn Jenkins died in Charleston, South Carolina, and was buried with honors in the National Cemetery at Beaufort, South Carolina, on December 18. The Marines of Parris Island extend to the families of both these officers their sincerest sympathy.

Staff Sergeant Merl S. Smith, our popular funster, often taken for Joe E. Brown, has left us to go to the Marine Corps School in Quantico. We hope that they are not looking for a staff sergeant for the bake shop when he arrives there this time. But when he starts stepping out with the Earl of Quantico, he'll be (k)needing lots of dough, no matter what job he gets. What say, Earl?

Our two seasoned old salts from the recruit area, Privates Baxter and Smathers, have returned at last from their long, long

voyage to Florida. The trip was made in Lt-Col. H. C. Judson's small two-masted schooner, with the Colonel himself at the helm. At several points on the voyage they were beset by "calms and fogs" and it became necessary for them to wire for an extension of the furloughs they had obtained for the purpose of helping the Colonel home with his boat.

Private First Class Newton B. White, wingfooted messenger from Post Headquarters and better known as Paul Revere, met with a terrible accident (or was it a pair of them?) over in Beaufort the other night. His face is still badly scratched and he wears a bandage over one eye. These bicycle riders sure are the fall guys—always falling! White, incidentally, holds the Parris Island record for bare-footed bicycle pedaling.

Little Charlie Workman, who is pilot on one of the school buses on the Beaufort run, took advantage of the vacation offered him by the Holidays and went into the wholesale oyster business for a day. Charlie is up the pole again, but it's a slick pole!

Give a guy a name and he'll live up to it. We have a recruit by the name of Reville in the Field Music School, learning to be a trumpeter. Before long we're afraid we'll be hearing Reville at all hours of the day.

Second Edition

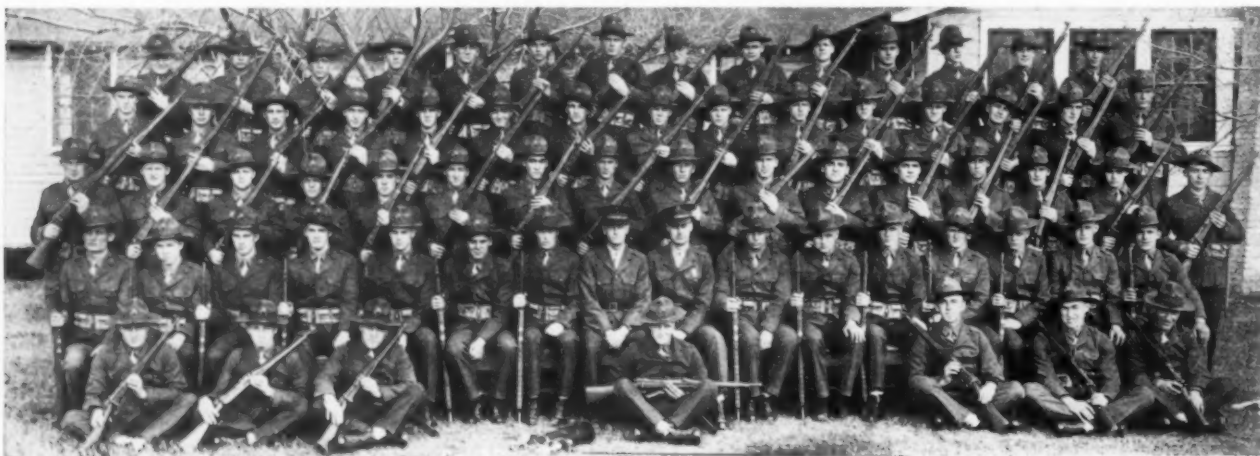
"So the last shall be first, and the first last."

Our February broadcast was the first of

several contributions mailed to the editor of THE LEATHERNECK. But those that we sent in last were received first, and were printed, while the news broadcast was not received until after the magazine had gone to press (Ed's. Note: The missing broadcast is published above, with customary apologies).

When the February number came out, minus the Parris Island news, some of our local readers breathed sighs of relief, while others were disappointed. For instance, Pfc. N. B. White, fleet-pedaled Mercury of Post Headquarters by day and not-so-fleet-footed Apollo by night was mighty glad that the account of that accident he had in Beaufort. (Editor's note: Heheheheheh; he little knows!). Several proud parents were probably disappointed; one of them volubly so. For, to become at last a proud papa after years of fruitless waiting, and then not to have the fact announced in the column that has been heralding all the other blessed events on the Post, is enough to get anybody's goat. We have one more to add to last month's list: Born on January 22, 1934, to Pharmacist's Mate first class and Mrs. Sidney S. Aronson, a daughter, Judith Lydia. Heartiest Congratulations!

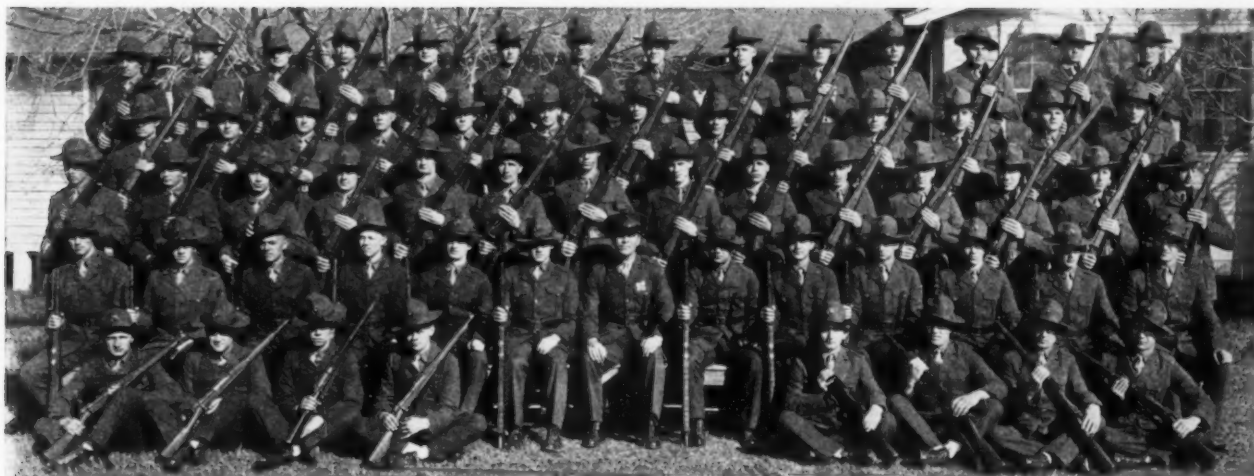
We have had quite a turn-over in high-priced help, for which see the first edition, yept "P. I. Poisonalities," QM-Sgt. "Charlie" Byers, who arrived recently from Quantico, has taken over McKinney's Job in the clothing storeroom. Staff Sergeant L. A. Theodore from Quantico, has



Company 32, Parris Island, Instructed by Sergeant Cain and Corporal Spellman



Company 33, Parris Island, Instructed by Sergeant Robinton



Company 34, Parris Island, Instructed by Sergeant Fields

swapped places with Merle Smith of Post Headquarters. Sgt. Charlie C. Swearingen has been transferred here from Charleston, South Carolina, and has taken over the position of Post Police Sergeant, relieving Sgt. Charles S. Chambers, who is being transferred to Quantico.

Captain H. S. Hansmann, USMC, retired, who has taken up residence in Savannah, is renewing acquaintances on P. I.

Storeroom Keeper first class Paul Tarker, the Navy's temporary gift to the pay office, has been transferred to the Navy supply office at the Navy Yard at Charleston.

Our post basketball team played the opening game of the season with Condon's Freeman Five of Charleston on Saturday, January 27, and lost, 41 to 36. The following Thursday night we won over the News and Courier team of the same city to the tune of 54 to 33. We expect to publish the results of all the games as soon as the series is completed.

Chief Pay Clerk W. J. Sherry has swapped his model A in on a Ford V-8 of the latest vintage.

The P. X. has purchased a radio tube testing machine, which has been installed at the local radio station for the use of the personnel of the post.

Considerable progress has been made on the new aviation landing field, out by the new mooring mast. Several houses (Colored persons) have been razed, the ground cleared, and the levelling-off process will soon be completed. We hear that new hangars are to be constructed, and that the place will be available some time in the near future for gunnery practice by Marine Corps Squadrons. The new paved road to the aviation field is about half completed. A cluster of cabins for the dispossessed colored folks have been built out beyond the colored Baptist Church, across the road from the colored school house. This work is being done with the aid of the C. W. A.

Another C. W. A. project is the construction of a paved short-cut from the Post Exchange service station to the water softening plant.

The roofs of the machine shop and the ice plant are being recovered with fireproof shingles, and the Lyceum is being reroofed with copper sheeting. The skylight of the latter is being graced with four movable copper ventilators, the openings of which

swing constantly away from the wind like the tails of weather-vanes.

The double house on the waterfront, at the corner of Nicaragua and Panama Streets, once occupied by Major Osterhout and Captain Spieer, has been converted into two separate houses. One of them has been moved to the site once occupied by the Patrol and Boat Crew Barracks.

Some of the car owners here are equipping their cars with a simple and inexpensive device which greatly increased the mileage of every gallon of gas purchased. It is attached, not to the carburetor, but to the gas tank—a locking gas tank cap.

CONTRIBUTORS
PLEASE REMEMBER BROADCAST
NEWS FOR APRIL SHOULD REACH
US BEFORE MARCH 10.

THE DOUBLE-TIMING THIRTY-THIRD

We stepped onto Parris Island one sunny December afternoon amid the usual boot-humorist's cracks of, "Well, well, so this is Parris Island! I wonder if they'll let us go to town on Sundays."

"Oh, oh! This Marine coming after us doesn't look so good to me! Only a mother could love that mug!"

"Only a—what was that crack, boot? Attention, you dumb bunch of boobs! Hey, you, chicken. Yeah, YOU! Suck up that gut and throw those shoulders back!"

After that reception, we filed in to get acquainted with the registrar.

"What's your name?"

"Jackson."

"That's what you think. Your name is PRIVATE Jackson—and don't forget it! Okay, McKay, drag 'em out. And, say, Mister Jackson, a little 'Sir' now and then will be appreciated."

And so, to our new home. The next few days were spent in the barracks. We never believed that there could be so much work. It became clear why the unemployment situation was so acute. A mere handful of boots was doing the work of thousands, at least! But the hard part of it all was the cure for inattention to instruction, inaugurated by Sergeant Robinson—vigorous application to the fan-tail of the offender of the flat of a bayonet. The writer can vouch for its efficacy.

Came the usual grind of elementary drill, issue of uniforms, and polishing of unmen-

tionables (skivvies to you). And, finally, we were lined up and taught to do squads east and west. Corporal McKay's eyes missed nothing.

"Hey, you; where did you get those ears? You look like a taxicab taking on fares from both sides! You, there, behind him. Wipe that silly smirk off that face. When you first came here, I thought you had come to haunt the place—and you have. When you feel awed at your own masculine pulehritude, remember Karloff and cringe! He's a good-looking guy, too."

So we got "regulationer and regulationer," day by day. Sergeant Robinson drilled us day and night, with the exception of a few who forgot what they had learned and had to run around the drill field until their memories improved, and those who sauntered through the rifle-stacks, and had to walk post around them.

The weeks slipped by, as weeks will, and we arrived at the rifle range. Our Sergeant assured us that duty on the range was of the lightest sort—if one kept one's skivvies scrubbed. Otherwise—

The first of the week found us on the snapping-in line. We groaned and grunted through the various positions until the twenty-two range brought a little relaxation in the form of mental diversion.

The next week brought us to the thirty range, and we found that the positions taught us on the snapping-in range were really useful, and not merely a modern form of torture. Many of us wished that we had taken the whole business more seriously.

Record day rolled around, bringing to a climax the week which had brought skinned hands and elbows and split lips, but a qualification of 86.9 per cent made us forget it in short order, since it was a record for recruit platoons.

And so, back to the Main station, where the days were made hideous by cries of, "All Messmen!"

But all things must end sometime. Two of our men went to aviation, two to radio, twenty to sea school, and the rest to Washington, D. C.

We were glad, naturally, to leave P. I., but we did have a few pangs over the departure. We shall miss the faces that have been around us for so short and so long a time, and we wish to extend to our "D. I.'s" every assurance of friendship and loyalty, and our wishes for long and successful careers.



XMAS PASSES THE TROPICS

Christmas in Guam is like drinking beer without salt. You have the substance, but not the flavor.

The white children of Guam were entertained by the Marine Barracks with a Christmas tree, with Pvt. Chester O. Wooten as acting Santa Claus. Each child received two gifts. The presentation of the gifts was followed by a dance at the recreation hall of the Marine Barracks which was attended by all hands.

With another transport coming out this way soon, all the men (specialists excepted) are all pepped up over going to see the Orient—land of mystery.

Sergeant Oscar Smith has decided, since he cannot make the Marine golf course under 103, to try his luck with his niblicks on the course in Cavite. Sergeant George Oakes was overheard to remark that the dusky maidens of Cavite were not so dusky, so he is packing the well-worn sea bag in anticipation of another move.

Sgt. Virgil Dyer is receiving the condolences of his friends these days because of his defeat at the hands of Agada, daughter of Ben Cook, he of Sumay fame. His name isn't Ben Cook, but it can't be spelled, and you couldn't pronounce it if you saw it, so Ben will have to serve as the name. To get back to the checker match in which Dyer lost, Ben was the referee, and a great deal better result is expected when Dyer plays a return game, as he states that he will have his own referee on hand the next time.

Corporal Owen B. Nettle is rather stoop-shouldered these days, due to the excessive application of starch to his newly acquired chevrons. Promotions have caused several other men of the command to wear smiles these days. Privates McKay and Isenthall have recently been elevated to the rank of private first class, and McKay nearly starved to death looking for the private table said to be reserved for men of the one stripe rank in the mess hall. He got along finally, however, by going back to eating with the enlisted men.

Captain Frank S. Flack has received his orders and is counting the days until he can set foot on his native soil once more. This, of course, all tends to account for

that happy expression the captain has been wearing lately.

Private first class Russell—he of personnel fame—has several diplomatic relations with Mom Herrero and other points of interest in Agana, because of outside pressure from the Insular Patrol.

Evans, the hard hitting short stop of the Marine baseball team, emulated the well known Casey at the bat the other day. He got a home run, thereby raising his batting average from .005 to .0100. Evans, when interviewed by the Guam newspaper men, was rather vague as to the method by which these figures were derived, but he insists that they are absolutely accurate.

Esbrook, our ham operator of station OM1TB, decided to try his luck with the Asiatic fleet, and Private Bernie A. Powell will probably be the next "sparks" at this command.

Although the rifle range work for the year was ended during the latter part of November, the coaches, under the direction of 2nd Lt. Lewis C. Hudson, Jr., were busy test-firing rifles for the crew stationed on the U. S. S. *Gold Star*.

The members of this command were invited to a dance given by the crew of the U. S. S. *Gold Star* on the evening of January 6. The dance was held at the Service Club, Agana, and some forty cases of beer were consumed. It was free—and did those Marines show their appreciation of the dance by going for the beer? Yowsah!

COCO SOLO COCONUTS

By Sal

The holidays are over and we are all settled down to the old grind again, having gotten over the yuletide without too many casualties. Our personnel remains practically the same as at the time of the last broadcast. Sergeant Samborski was transferred to Cavite and Sergeant Randolph to Pearl Harbor and we were joined by Sgt. Jasper H. Starlin, Cpl. Nicholas K. Tribble and Pvt. Charles H. Hyatt. We have among us at this writing 1st Sgt. Morris F. Goode, who has just completed his sea duty aboard the U.S.S. *J. Fred Talbott* and is now awaiting further transfer to the West Coast. Sergeant Stephen, Private Beller, Private Nedelak and

Private Simon have just returned from a cruise to Costa Rica, whence they went with Submarine Squadron, three as orderlies to the commodore. They tell us stay-at-homes that much can be had and done in Costa Rica, and the town of San Jose is a red-hot wide-open little town—at least to the sailors and the Marines.

The dry season is with us again here in Panama and we are all taking advantage of the perfect weather by taking hikes in the jungle, swimming, and a dozen other outdoor sports. Corporal George "W." (Muscles) Reid gives the cabaret girls down at the Fleet Air Base swimming pool a daily treat by making a personal appearance in his blue trunks.

Corporal "Uncle Elmer" Weiss challenged George to a 25-round battle, but George considers Weiss much too tight to buy 25 rounds, so declined with thanks. It seems as though we lost our post Romeo several weeks back when Pvt. Eddie Eldridge left us to go to Marine Detachment, Chelsea Naval Hospital. But the girls down here haven't forgotten him—one of his old flames seems to be all broken up about Eddie's leaving her so abruptly. Well, Eddie, I hope the girls are just as receptive in Chelsea.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING FROM OLONGAPO

By H. I. C.

A few weeks ago along with other epistles from Headquarters like letters of corrections on muster rolls, etc., there arrived the good news that the Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Olongapo, P. I., had been awarded the Wharton Cup for the year 1932 with a final figure of Merit of 4.662. This, incidentally, is the highest score that has been made since the present system of computation was inaugurated. The nearest approach to our not at all modest figure was made by the Marine Barracks, Annapolis, Md., in 1928 with a final score of 4.605.

We don't know whether our range scores during the past year have been high enough to justify any hopes of retaining this trophy but at any event we are enjoying the sight of it at the present time.



This is the first trip of the Wharton Cup to Olongapo.

Captain N. E. Langdon was in command of the post during the entire target year 1932 and 1st Lt. Charles W. Pohl was the range officer. These officers have been detached to the Fourth Marines and our present Commanding Officer, Capt. Clifford Prichard, has been observed sighting in on the cup with a determined glint in his eyes. Methinks there will be plenty of "holding and squeezing" during the coming year.

Our second in command, 1st Lt. Leslie P. Narum, Post Exchange Officer, Justice of the Peace, Welfare Officer, Reservation Patrol Officer, Motion Picture Officer, etc., found time last month to go out and knock out a 328. Don't know how much he would have made if he had been able to give the matter his undivided attention. Our Range Officer, 2nd Lt. Clifton R. Moss, missed the Bulletin by a couple of points last year, but then, he has "years and years" in which to make the grade and he will undoubtedly develop into an excellent shot.

We have other claims to distinction as well as the possession of the Wharton Cup. Among those present with us is Sgt. Joseph Dietz, a youngster of sixty-three, who we believe to be the oldest enlisted man on active duty in the Corps. He is doing his day on and two off and except for some temporary difficulties with his "Tailor-made" molars is enjoying his tour here. He has developed into quite a liberty hound and was so interested with the "light-o-love" or something at his Nipa shack the other day that he didn't hear fire call.—Then, we have with us Pvt. Omer G. Miller, ex-Motor Mechanic Supreme, who told the Commanding Officer at office hours last week that the only time he ever imbibed in any liquor was when it was a breach of etiquette not to. That is a new one on Ye Scribe, who thought he had heard them all.

Our baseball team, since the acquisition of "Babe Hoyle" and some other players from the Marine Barracks at Cavite, has been coming along in fine shape. Potential tennis stars are looming up and as soon as "Yohnie Yohnson," our dashing Navy mail clerk and jovial police sergeant gets his weight below 250 pounds we are going to claim the handball championship of the orient or—perhaps go down to Subic and hold a tug of war.

Oh Yeah! Gy-Sgt. George C. Parrett, Cpl. Floyd O. Schilling and Pvt. Robert V. Elliott have shipped over here within the last three months. Staff Sergeant Joseph G. Vogt and Pfc. Merle H. Davis intend to do that very thing in the near future. Some dozen or two have requested to extend their tour of foreign service—here. Can they take it????

NEWS OF GUAM

Hafa! The Garden Gem of the Pacific breaks into print after—lo, these many years.

On August 10, Major Robert W. Voeth relieved Colonel B. S. Berry as Commanding Officer of the Marine Barracks. Major Voeth is quite enthusiastic about his new post and duty and believes the Marine reservation to be one of the prettiest spots in Guam. Since his arrival the command has set out between seven and eight hundred trees, plants and shrubs of over twenty varieties. Over three hundred banana plants have been set out, and, if this venture proves successful, it will supply the mess with a bountiful supply of fruit.

Governor Alexander, the Commandant

of this station, made an unofficial inspection of our Arbor Day activities and expressed his appreciation to the Commanding Officer for what had been done to beautify the reservation.

The new bake shop, instituted by Capt. E. J. Mund, our post quartermaster, is now in operation. The bread and pastries are of excellent quality and "go over big" in the mess.

The Post Exchange recently installed a Frigidaire with a capacity of two hundred bottles of Coca-Cola and four hundred bottles of beer, thus assuring plenty of cold drinks for the command. The Exchange also maintains a stock of supplies for the health and comfort of the command, the merchandise being purchased in the United States and the Philippines, as there are no local wholesalers carrying the type of merchandise required. Lt. P. A. McDonald, a recent arrival, relieved Lt. W. S. Brown as Post Exchange Officer on the fifteenth of December.

Lieutenant Brown is the Amusement and Athletic Officer, and he takes a wholehearted interest in the activities of the post.

Our dances are considered the best on the Island, and all who are invited attend in full force. Much of the credit for this popularity must go to the dance committee, headed by QM-Sgt. Charles Seiler. The committee has worked very hard to make each dance just a little bit better than the last.

The Marine baseball team is working out regularly and is shaping up nicely. Sgt. Virgil Dyer has recently taken over the managerial duties, and, if his ideas are successful, the Marines should finish in first place. The Guam Baseball League opened on Thanksgiving Day, and some very interesting games have been played to date. The Marine team has not hit its stride as yet, having dropped four of the six games played by them so far.

A new handball court has been completed with an open court on one side and a closed court on the other. Chief Pay Clerk Klingenhagen holds a class each evening, and the would-be handball players take their lickings as gracefully as possible.

Tennis, in this climate, is just a little too strenuous for all but a few addicts. However, with a new court built where the trade winds can't reach it, it is expected that Guam will develop a new champion.

Our "hand-planted" golf course is very much in use these days. The Amusement Officer has recently purchased three sets

of McGregor clubs for general use, and they are generally used.

A playground baseball league was started two months ago, but died a miserable death through lack of competition and early sunset at this time of the year. Informal volleyball games are played almost every evening after supper, and as many as fifteen players turn out for each side. The cries of agony that go up when someone misses the ball are terrible to hear.

Acey-deucey, cribbage, and visits to Mom Herros', Ben Cook's, and dances at the service club make up the balance of activity.

Capt. F. S. Flack, the Range Officer (among many other duties), assisted by Lt. L. C. Hudson, has made a very good showing for the year, having qualified eighty per cent of the men firing the rifle course, seventy-three per cent of those firing the pistol course, and one hundred per cent firing the automatic rifle.

The general mess is considered one of the best in the Marine Corps, considering the distance involved in transportation and the amounts which have to be ordered to keep the mess running between transports. Sgt. Joe Nemeth is the Mess Sergeant, and is very well liked, which is unusual for a mess sergeant!

These barracks maintain an insular patrol force consisting of twenty-five enlisted men and one officer. This duty is considered very choice, and only the best Marines who desire it are selected. Lt. J. G. Hopper relieved Marine Gunner Johnnie Vaughn as Chief of Police and Chief of the Insular Patrol. Sgt. W. D. McNutt seems to be a permanent fixture as assistant, and Cpl. B. E. Johnson as warden of the Civil Jail. Almost all of the patrol stay here for their full tour of Asiatic duty, and many extend to stay, although all hands are eligible to transfer to China after one year on this post. The fact that the patrol is on detached duty and draw subsistence and quarters may have something to do with it, but we prefer to believe that the duty and the congenial surroundings are the chief causes.

A new schedule of Post Routine has been established and seems to be causing quite a furor, as all hands, including cooks and messmen, fall out for troop and drill for forty-five minutes each day. Some of the dog-robbers had to turn in their muzzle-loaders and draw Springfields.

Again we say "Hafa," and you will probably hear from us later, unless the skipper of the next transport forgets to call.

Haiti Reports

BOWEN FIELD

By S. J. Toranich

The Grand Spree that pervaded the holiday season has left its resultant reaction during the past month. Men who imbibed moderately, are still "taking it" in moderation, but those who thought they could "take it" have gone up the pole and have taken to the soft stuff. Getting soft, eh?

Harry Hyman, the artist of our squadron and whose sketches have frequently appeared in THE LEATHERNECK, has won a complete course in cartooning and illustrating from the Federal Schools, Inc., worth \$185.00. Harry mentioned casually that he had entered his drawings for the

prize contest during the past five years and always received honorable mention, but had never entertained the idea that his competitive sketch would be selected as the best among thousands of entries and win for him this coveted prize. His ambition amply proves what persistence and perseverance will do.

Marine Corps Order No. 41 is surely taken up in earnest in this squadron. Not having the time during regular working hours to follow out the prescribed schedule of training in the various infantry weapons because of gunnery and bombing practice, classes are held in the afternoons for one hour twice weekly. The classes are divided into small groups of 8 to 10 men

(Continued on page 52)



INDIANAPOLIS INDITES

By Richards

A long time has elapsed since the *Indianapolis* has been mentioned in *THE LEATHERNECK*. I know of no better time to put us back in the running than right now.

For the past two months we have been maneuvering up and down the coast of California, holding short range battle practice, night battle practice, and all kinds of tactical exercises. I am sure that the whole detachment will join me in saying that we're glad it's all over—for a while.

Everyone was allotted a five-day leave during the holidays at the year's end, and what a relief that was! Among the first to leave were Privates First Class Ridenour, Walsh, and Hicks. Somewhere on Vernon Avenue they rented an apartment for five days. Walsh was the cook, Hicks, the housekeeper, and Ridenour, the overseer. All went well until Walsh tried to feed them the following ghastly combination: egg-nog, spaghetti, and raw oysters. "Sharlie's Club" saw them half the time, and the "Devil's Kitchen" the other half. The apartment was used merely as a base of operations.

Flash! Los Angeles goes Leatherneck! "Snake" Williamson was seen chasing one lone female—and "there was a million of 'em!" We couldn't help seeing "Gigolo" Kleber escorting a very attractive Corn Fed Kansas brunette to the Cabin Club one Saturday night—and our friend Private Crosby was there to greet them at the door with that good old Marine Corps slang. Poor girl! Privates Terry and Sims were in an upper berth at the Cabin Club drinking beer with the rest of the crowd—but more at a time. "Catfish" Covington, who dishes out our beans and spuds about twenty times a week, made a remark that there were a milli—what, again? Sergeant Knott, walking north on Main Street, turned west to find the railroad station, because, he said, the station is east of Main. He admits that the storm did confuse him a bit. Let's see, was there a storm? Oh, well—

Private First Class Matchett has recently received word that his girl back home is getting married in February—so Matchett is busy posing for photos, so he can snow under some other member of the fair sex with that Camden line. This time he intends to find one in a girls' school, miles

from male companionship. Good hunting, old fellow!

Sergeant "Liberty" Hines has not missed a liberty call since we have been on the West Coast. The reason lives in San Pedro. We wonder whether he is going to the East Coast with us, or whether these orange blossoms have proven too much for his sales resistance.

Corporals River and Johnson have been transferred to Philadelphia for duty. We all hated to see them leave, but we hope they like their new home better. Private First Class Wilson has just made Corporal—here's luck and prosperity to him! He'll need it. He has twenty-four years to do!

Flash! Illinois scores a touchback! Corporal Gahr is married! He now resides in Long Beach, though he is still attached to the *Indianapolis* and still gets his fan mail there. When he is not ashore, he is waiting for liberty call, so that he can be. We wonder what "Bridegroom" Gahr is going to do when they sound liberty call in Panama.

Well—I must say that we have a pretty good time, but to write it all down here is out of the question. Anyhow, there are some things which are better unwritten. We'll come around 'n' see you again s'm'time.

KINGFISHING WITH THE KINGFISH

By E. J. C.

Howdy, folks? Here we are, the KINGFISHES, breaking into print for the first time and as yet unknown to all of you. I can assure you that you will without a doubt hear plenty from us in the future.

Our Detachment is composed of approximately forty Marines and they are as fine a group of men as may be found in any place or clime; no foolin'. Perhaps you recall the extract from Dumas "One for all and all for one." I dare say this is applicable to our gang without any fabrication—that is, an intentional one.

First Lt. Mortimer S. Crawford, U.S.M.C., who is now attached to the office of the Chief of Naval Operations at Washington, D. C., is to be our Marine Officer, and he will be assisted by 2nd Lt. Howard J. Turton, U.S.M.C. Both are rated highly in the estimation of the enlisted men who have had the pleasure of serving under their respective commands in the past.

First Sgt. John B. (Fog-horn) Kelly,

formerly of the Guardia Nacional, Nicaragua, will be the enlisted "KINGFISH." Our Battery will be under the able supervision of Gy-Sgt. Angela J. LoGiudice and Sgt. Jack G. Williams, both experienced men on the 5-inch 25-calibre A. A. Batteries. Doubtlessly, many of the readers of this article will know of Gunny LoGiudice, who has sailed the "Seven Seas" and some parts of the "Spanish Main," and, incidentally, the man who bought the dead Chinaman in Peking way back in '22. Sergeant Williams, an "E" Gun Captain for two consecutive years, gives us without a doubt the right to expect from him the same results that he has previously shown on the *Chester*.

During the past month we have been undergoing intensive training. From this statement you may readily see that we intend being one of the best, if not the best detachment in the Scouting Force. No, gang, this is not egotism, only a VERY wide and frank statement of fact of what we KNOW we are capable of accomplishing.

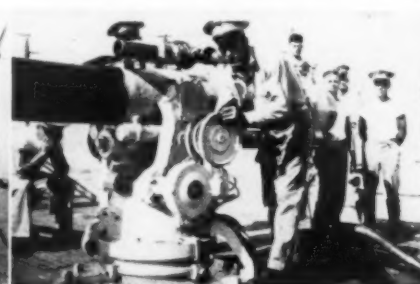
By the way, I am going to divulge a bit of a scuttlebutt rumor; here goes: Due to the fact that there will be several openings in the Detachment for promotion, an epidemic of "bucking" is prevalent. Who can blame a "bucking Marine" for trying to look pretty?

The 15th of February will find the Marine Detachment of the *New Orleans* on board in their own compartment, but until this date we shall be standing by at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York. The date for our departure for trial runs, etc., and our expected trip to New Orleans to receive the Silver Service from that city is tentative. Now as all the Detachment are anticipating their visit to this city, there MUST be something to the talk that New Orleans is a Bon Sector for the lonesome Marine. Our next appearance in these pages will cover more detailed account of the activities of the detachment, and until this time, we will raise SAIL HYPO WILLIAM and bid you all au revoir.

NORTHAMPTON NEWS

By E. G. H.

Boyooyoboy! Whatta week! One that probably never will be forgotten by the Detachment. You see, we were advised that no less a personage than Admiral Lackey,



Commander of Cruiser Division Four, was staging an inspection, and the good old scow had to be manuevered and marcelled and have her face lifted—which we did, in no uncertain fashion. We worked; and, gentlemen, when I say we worked, I mean just that! The results, however, more than justified the expenditure of so many ergs, and the inspection brought forth marks of excellence for every cleaning station where the Marines turned to. That goes for the catapults and a part of the quarter deck where they labored. After it was all over, we all were mighty proud of the results.

The Marine Detachment whaleboaters will start their work-outs again, under the supervision and direction of Gunny Hill, probably on the eleventh of the month. We hope to be right up in the lead when the All-Navy races occur. The *Northampton* Marines were beaten by only a few feet by the Marine crew from the *Chester* in the races last November.

Sergeant D. A. Davis was transferred recently to San Diego, where he will be paid off. The Detachment wishes him the best of cruises aboard the old USS. *Outside*.

We are pleased to announce the following promotions: To Sergeant, Private First Class Iverson; to Corporal, Privates First Class Horne and Badeye Bernot. The promotions were made to fill vacancies occurring with the transfer of Sergeant Davis and Corporals Warren and Bradley. Privates Skibbe, Barnhardt and Riley were elevated to the exalted position of Sport Model Privates, with deluxe equipment.

Corporal Rebel States wishes to make an announcement at this point to the effect that his gigolo business, which was seriously interrupted by the running watches during the holidays at the year's end is back on its feet again.

MARYLAND MURMURS

By H. G. Feagan and M. T. Schmidt

Well, here we are again. It has been some time since this Detachment was last heard from and think it about time to make our report.

This Detachment is commanded by Capt. Shaler Ladd, ably assisted by 2nd Lts. James T. Wibur and Frederick B. Winfree. Our First Sergeant is Harry A. Ervin, who helps to make this a Detachment of which we can well be proud.

Our Gunnery Sergeant is William E. Jefferson, who will coxswain the *Maryland* whale boat again this year. It might well be said that he is out to keep that cup that caused him to lose so much weight last year.

Who said that the *Maryland* Marines couldn't shoot a 5-inch gun? Gunnery has been at the head of the day's routine since the first of the year. Long range is to be fired within a short time and Gy-Sgt. Jefferson is molding some fine crews.

Jefferson showed his ability to turn out good gun crews this year as well as in preceding years. During practice for short range the Navy and Marines were nip and tuck up until the actual firing. Score: Marines 3 "E's"; Navy 0. Of course, Jeff said it should have been six E's.

Private First Class Robertson, 1st pointer on gun ten, turned in four hits, and Private First Class Kennedy, now at San Diego, had four hits in E time with three in the white. Some shooting, what?

As everyone knows, the *Maryland* won the Fleet football championship again this year, being coached by Captain Ladd. Four of our "Do or Die Men" were on it, and



Maryland Marines and Their Target. They'll Need a New One Now

gave a very good account of themselves. Our own "Barry" Barieau and "Viper" Feagan were usually in the starting lineup, Barieau taking over fullback, while Feagan took good care of right halfback position. Now who could beat a team with a combination like that?

Both Barieau and Feagan were recommended for the Battle Force football team. No doubt you have read about the excellent performance Barieau turned in. Barieau is now out to help Jefferson keep the whale boat trophy.

Since few of our members have made the East Coast trip, each one of them is eagerly awaiting the day of our departure, if we do depart.

Some of our members have shown that they can "Take 'em," by extending six months for this trip. Among these "Tarzan Understudies" are: Sergeant Sealey, Corporals Calomb, Hicks, Walpoott, and Gerschoffer, Privates First Class Caraway (our company presser, who takes good care of the Guards' Blues), Hoag, Ostermiller, Regnier and Skeels. The rest of the Detachment just "Take 'em and Like 'em."

Some of the well known "hate throwers" who are being transferred before this trip are: Corporal Perkins, who has been telling us about the easy life he expects to have working in the bake shop at Marine Barracks, Mare Island, and has invited us to "come up and see him some time;" we bring the cakes.

Imlay, second platoon messman, can give and receive more growls in five minutes than the rest of the Detachment can in two years. Private First Class (FM) Schmidt, Detachment runner and rifle range truck driver, better known as the third first sergeant and leading hate thrower, is another of the short timers counting the days until he leaves the "Big Mary." "Tony" Istanieh, outstanding "beer guzzler" and stroke oarsman of our whale boat, will also say adieu to "Our Mary."

Thinking that we have made a fairly good comeback after being unheard from for so long, we will say "Adios" and will be with you again soon.

ARGONNE NEWS

By "The Kid"

It has been a long time since THE LEATHERNECK has heard from the *Agony*—a well-named scow, by the way.

You see, in March, 1933, we left the *Agony* for the *Antares*. We enjoyed our stay aboard the latter; the only unsavory portion of the pie was the lack of butter at noon and evening chow. Between that and five-thirty reveille, we wished for the luxuries of the dear old Aggie. And in October our wishes were granted; we were transferred back aboard. Now it is, "What, beef again? We had that yesterday—and the day before—and the day—etc." But I suppose we have no real cause for complaint. 1300 liberty every day, and we rate five days one week and two the next.

First Lt. Con D. Sillard is our commanding officer—one of the very best. He is proud of his Leathernecks and he wants his detachment to be the best in the Corps. We do our best to make it so. First Sergeant (Jakie) Fine is okay, but he certainly can get under a person's skin with his hereditary bent for argumentation. How the company clown, Private First Class Healy, can stand it is beyond us.

We have been getting ready for our cruise to the East Coast via the land of sunshine and rain and the Big Ditch. We started in earnest, decks littered with sea bags, summer service, leggings, and other odds and ends designed to be a source of headaches to Marines since time immemorial. Cpl. Kayo Sears says, "Tarbert, my doughty follower, are you sending your khaki coats to the laundry?" Tarbert replies, "Aye, my courageous leader, I am!" And so it goes.

We have, among other things, our liberty hounds, our information bureau, and our married men with families. This is a great ship for liberty, and Corporals Caston and Hammond, Privates First Class Miller, Holmes, and Ferguson, and Privates Birch, Barrett and Beardsley make the most of it. Beardsley is now aboard the U.S.S. *Relief*, doing a bit of concentrated gold-



MARINE DETACHMENT, U.S.S. SAN FRANCISCO

Officers: 1st Lieutenant Alan Shapley, C. O.; 2nd Lieutenant H. W. Bauer (not in picture); N. C. O.'s, reading from left to right: Cpl. W. F. Morris, Sgt. R. F. Neel, 1st Sgt. Fred Stinson, Gy-Sgt. Carlos Martinez; Sgt. L. V. Raynes, Cpl. E. B. McKinney.

bricking, but he'll be back with us soon. Miller has a seven months old baby girl. and Barrett has a son eight months old. Holmes is about to become a father—and after all the razzing he dished out to Miller and Barrett. Tsk, tsk.

I am making an appeal at this point for the members of this detachment to furnish material for publication in THE LEATHERNECK each month, to show that the *Agony* really is in commission, and that there really are Marines aboard her. What say, men?

HQ. AND HQ. CO., SEVENTH MARINES

The Headquarters and Headquarters Company of the Second Battalion, Seventh Marines, aboard the USS. *Wyoming* is composed of men and officers known throughout the Corps. Among our numbers are counted the following: Lt-Col. John Potts, battalion commander; Maj. Clifton B. Cates, executive officer; Capt. William W. Rogers, battalion quartermaster; Capt. Frederick E. Stack, operations and training officer; 1st Lt. John C. Donohoo, Jr., battalion supply officer; 1st Lt. George F. Good, Jr., battalion adjutant and commanding officer of the company; 1st Lt. William J. Scheyer, battalion intelligence officer; Chf. Py-Clk. Charles W. Eaton, battalion paymaster; and QM-Clk. Ollie Bissett, assistant battalion quartermaster. These officers make this trip, training cruise, floating battalion, or what have you, a delight. In fact, the whole business is not too bad; BUT, the boys still like land.

Now for the dirt: Our battalion sergeant major is none other than Arthur H. Steele, a coming Culbertson with a bridge deck. He also works in the battalion office. The first sergeant of the company is none other than that famous Sea-goin' Moreen, Charles W. Case. Boy, can that man write letters? And how! Now—the battalion clerk, Sergeant Lucien Newport Hudson, of Marine Corps rifle team fame, who thinks that Sgt. Frederick G. Lewis, who is always talking about work, had better learn to play acy-deucey, so he can take on Cpl. William Thurman Guy ("Willie" to you), of the Marine Detachment. Sgt. William L. Foy, clerk in the battalion pay office, and Hudson are thinking about shipping over (What about transportation?). Sgt. John C. Deibert seems to be the hardest property sergeant to find on this ship. Just look in a corner—and there he is! Sgt. Joseph L. Carroll (Dit-dah-dit-dah-dah), radioman of this battalion, has one of "them, now, Vallee haircuts." Deah, deah, he REALLY will SIMPLY saLAY the WIMMEN. I MEAN he ACTUALLY WILL! Cpl. Marvin H. We-used-to-do-it-like-this-in-Quantico Fineberg is company clerk.

With Sergeant Lewis, Quartermaster Ser-

geant Cryts, and Quartermaster Sergeant Puckett on the job, just try to get anything out of the quartermaster! I still don't know what they use the expression "G. I." for. Paymaster Sergeant Zehngelot is always looking for mail; f'hevinsake somebody write him a letter! Pvt. R. B. Miller is the intelligence clerk; don't talk about law when he is within earshot. Ola Schoolcraft, Private, is in charge of the message center; that's why our mail is always late. He's thinking about writing to Charles Atlas.

Please pardon me for not mentioning 1st Lt. John F. Hough, battalion communication officer. He's here with us! Corporal Gunsalus is assistant to the assistant to the assistant assistant master-at-arms. That man is coming right up in this man's outfit.

Well, I think this is just about enough for the time being, so I shall sign off and give the air to someone else. *Auf wiedersehen* . . .

WEE-VEE MARINES

By Whoozit

Whitley has asked for advice on Bugling. . . . We recommend "Pretty Boy" Pardee. . . . He blows a mean note . . . We should know . . . Yowsah! . . . Lambert held the last roundup . . . started the New Year off . . . with the same old line . . . to the Exec . . . Why couldn't he get back? . . . We think blondes are preferable, too . . . aren't they, Kinney, ol' kid ol' kid? . . . When Sergeant . . . White . . . Private First Class Hutchinson . . . Private First Class Jacobs . . . (of the Santa Barbara JACOBS . . . sorta Boston Blue Bloods) . . . when that trio starts to play . . . well, well, well . . . get ready for a parlor game! Sgt. sneaks to No. 9 . . . Hutch to No. 8 . . . Jake to anywhere . . . Upon Sail Hypo William . . . Hutch dives to the double bottoms . . . and we think that the good Sarge follows . . . What is it, boys? . . . Oh, yes! . . . We suggest "Drop the Handkerchief" too . . . You're all dainty enough . . . We get more sleep then . . . Aren't the boys just too, too ducky, though? . . .

The local seamstress is now operating . . . plain and fancy embroidering . . . needlework and sewing machine work too. . . . Sasshh! . . . See "Jarhead" Edwards for dates . . . Yowsah . . . "Goofy" Walker was restricted last week . . . he must be a futurist . . . went out on liberty . . . just as though nothing had happened . . . must have thought that the Skipper meant next July . . . sometime . . . Sergeant Mureurio just reported for duty . . . an old friend of Walker's . . . Walker seems rather rattled . . . They did duty together in China . . . Extra! . . . Extra! . . . "S. E." Atkins came back sober . . . Doc, said so . . . Three rousing cheers (Bronx) for Atkins! . . . Mureurio reminds us of Faust

. . . he's that way too . . . like Faust! . . .

Heard around the ship . . . Awright, now, I'll fight you now . . . any time you say . . . I'm a Corporal now too! . . .

Sergeant Peterson started all rifle ranges up again . . . he fires away no less than twenty bucks a liberty . . . says he's learning to be a Mexican revolutionist . . . Eemagine! . . .

It is our pleasure to include at this point . . . the best tale of the month . . . Dramatis Personae . . . Our Hero, other members of the gun crew . . . Locale . . . Gun Three . . . Scene . . . L. R. B. P. . . . At command "Fire!" Our Hero quakes and shakes . . . but he is made of stern stuff . . . he holds them on . . . One . . . two . . . three . . . four salvos are fired . . . At the fourth salvo, Our Hero springs (like a monkey) from his perch . . . He tries to change places with the First Shellman . . . says, "Shift! Shift! Shift!" . . . Gun crew becomes agitated . . . thinks Notre Dame backfield is coming on the range . . . First Shellman muffs signals . . . Passes shell into breech . . . Hero waxes wroth . . . thinks he should have been allowed to make the touchdown . . . At a late hour Our Hero is interviewed by the Press . . . Says, "I have no statement to make . . . but you may quote me as having said that I thought . . . that it was S. R. B. P." . . . As an eyewitness to the action, "S. E." Atkins received not one cent for this testimony . . .

We find in Corporal Bob Huntoon . . . a flashy outfielder . . . we wonder how come . . . the Big Leagues are playing . . . without the services of this talented Marine . . . good work, Bob . . . Latest reports say that our "Sigie" is keeping his resolutions . . . the "Old Meanie" is okay . . . I hope. . . . I'm asking for leave tomorrow . . .

What . . . no Wimpies? . . . Well, have a Gedunk . . . on the Gunny . . . he's big-hearted . . . and easy . . .

NOW, ABOUT THE TEXAS—

By "The Admiral"

Well, all I know is what I read in THE LEATHERNECK and what I hear from the scuttlebutt (Thanx, Mr. Rogers), but it seems to me that it's been a long time since you've heard from the *Texas Maru*, so, here we go in a cloud of dust. But first let me tell you this: I, in common with my distinguished fellow-columnist, O. O. McIntyre, have about as much use for the editorial "we" as a hog has for Sunday, so don't be surprised if quite a bit of this is in the first person.

To begin with, since our company clown has gone to play pinochle with a few other corporals, I have the use of the typewriter. Before long I hope to have Private First Class Kestlensky, another good typist, detailed as "oil-into-the-mechanism-pourer."

The liberty party, with Sergeants Ragsdale and Searight well in the lead, has gone over the side, chowhounds Chadwell and Sunberg have finished supper, and the talk about the whaleboat race has died down, so there's practically nothing to interrupt me.

There's been lots of scandal and quite a few laughs floating around here in the last few days. Right up in the front is the story about the Pfc. from way down South who invited three friends out to the ship. Believe it or don't, a party of ten, including four unattended ladies, scrambled up the forward gangway out of an officer's boat, and was that Pfc. up a stump . . .

Private Pixley went up to L. A. the other day to see Ruth, and according to

his tale, was brutally assaulted by three "ringtails" who materialized out of an alleyway and demanded what little money he had left. The casualties included three gu-gus in the jug, one soiled white belt, and one badly bent belt buckle. Stout fella, Pix. He must have laid about him right willingly. But then, that cafe where he, Private First Class Brain, Corporal Casteel, and I hang out sells some powerful stuff. Even Corporal Krisch tried to wreck the place not long ago, but it turned out a draw.

Another of our detachment bad-boys almost had to pay eighty bucks for a plate-glass window up in Frisco. Rumor has it that it was a salt-shaker he so nonchalantly heaved through the window.

Lately we've been asking gun-striking Private First Class Keefer who his number one girl is now, since the one back in Georgia recently married someone else . . . and Private Strait is openly yearning for a girl in Phoenix, Arizona, who is really very, very, sweet and lovely and who is probably far too good for her "Evie." Me, I'm all excited over one who recently stopped writing to me—for no reason at all, mind you. Private First Class C—was just ready to go ashore last week to see one heart-throb when a letter hove in sight from another, saying she would be out to see him that very day. And Curler told me to tell her he had gone to San Diego.

(Continued on page 51)

WEST COAST CHRONICLES

MARINE CORPS BASE

It seems that the Commanding General's Staff has been hit rather hard of late because of illness of two members. Col. Rush R. Wallace, Chief of Staff, has been sick in the USNH, since January 28th. Chief QM-Clk. J. D. Brady, Base Adjutant, has been sick in USNH, since January 25th. We hope that they both are well and back to duty in a short time.

On the second of February General Bradman presented to each member of last season's football squad a gift that the football players truly appreciate—something that every one of them will prize very highly, the gift, a neat gold Elgin Wrist Watch. Engraved on the back of each watch is the man's name and 1933 Marine Base Football team. The athletic fund made it possible for this swell gift to be given to the Football Players. The interest created by the Football Team, causing enormous crowds to turn out for the games, made it possible for the Athletic Fund to be able to finance this nice gift. Fine work, football players, and here's hoping for another powerful team next season.

At this season of the year we Marines at San Diego hardly know how to sympathize with you brother Marines back on the East Coast, where the weather is cold and disagreeable. Now, of course, we don't like to enumerate too many good points about this sunny California, because there might be another wild rush to go West, so just forget about the old saying, "Go West Young Man—Go West." We California Marines realize that if too many Marines go West, there will also be Marines to go East.

We won't even mention California's vast vineyards, and to say nothing of the enormous orange groves with trees bowed from the weight of the famous "SunKist Oranges." The whole country is adorned with tall palm trees—but just skip that, thinking nothing of it, and also forget about Hollywood.

Some Marines, that is, those who have not yet had the pleasure of being stationed here, may have the idea that the Marine Base, San Diego is nothing more than a group of buildings. This is everything but true, because the Marine Base is known to be one of the most beautiful spots in San Diego. The many visitors who visit the Base marvel over the shrubbery and varieties of pretty flowers that add so much to the pleasant surroundings and which help

to make an environment that never grows monotonous. The green lawns are always mowed close, the many shade trees trimmed in perfect shape, flowers and shrubbery cared for by gardeners who have been on the job a long time. The Marine Base has the appearance of some well cared for private estate.

Just a little about recreation furnished at the Base. First, athletics are supported to the very utmost, from football down to bowling. There are tennis courts for those who like to play tennis, and also hand-ball courts and special lights for playing at night. Of course football, baseball and basketball are the major sports, but all sports are encouraged. The athletic store-room has ample equipment for those wishing to draw same. The season's leading sport always creates a big interest among the men at the Base, and this is evidenced by the large numbers that turn out to witness the competitive games.

During the swimming season Marines have the opportunity to spend pleasant liberties out on the beach; fifteen cents will buy a round trip ticket on the street-car

to either Mission Beach or Ocean Beach. Both places are fine, and only about ten minutes' ride from the Marine Base. A swell liberty can be had for the small amount of fifteen cents and a bathing suit during the swimming season.

The Base Library is known as one of the best if not the most complete library in the entire Marine Corps. There are over fifty current magazines available and the number of books total about 10,000. A steady stream of new books is flowing into the library each month which include the highest price books and those written by the best authors. The books are so arranged so that no one will have trouble in finding just the reading material desired.

There is a show in the Base every night except Wednesday and Saturday nights. A good selection of pictures are always made and Movie Programs furnished on the first of the month giving the Titles and Cast for shows during the entire month.

These are just a few things which induce men to sign on the dotted line for four more years in the U. S. MARINES.



Library, San Diego Marines

AIRCRAFT TWO, F. M. F.

By Pvt. O. D. Schert

The initials of our new designation represent "Fleet Marine Force" and not "Funny Monkey Faces" as has been bruited about by exponents of the lower type of humor.

Continual trouble was experienced with the lie detector recently acquired by Headquarters Office until the radio section evolved a heavy shield to surround Corporal Scofield's desk. Due to the proximity of the Service Company office, the "common liar" hand flickers frequently and reverberations from Operations Office give an occasional light reading on the "d—n liar" dial, but on the whole the machine is quite successful. Credit for the masterly solution of the difficulty goes to Stone and Benson, each of whom burst several hat-bands while concentrating on structural design of the shield.

Our new keyhole camera portrays Stuard, the music, penning the following epistle: "Dear Mr. Liederkantz: When I began your course three weeks ago I weighed eighty-seven pounds. Now I am six feet-four, am on the Sergeant Major list, and have nine breach-of-promise suits coming up."

Ye scribe is still a Private, notwithstanding the numerous compliments paid to those in high places last month. He repeats: "The popularity and efficiency of the local rank is without parallel in the glorious annals of the Corps."

Jack Mossman, talented plumber, has shipped over. He couldn't decide, should he retire to civil life, whether to start a frog farm in Arkansas or a skunk ranch in Indiana.

The prominent Scotchman, Al Adkinson, is back from furlough. The boys asked "How was the furlough?" He replied, "Fine," until some cluck queried, "How did you spend the furlough?"

Al's eyes bugged out. "Spend!" he gasped. "Spend!" The hospital reports that he will shortly regain consciousness. An identical case was that of Jack Diamond when he bought a new watch. He readily replied to "What time is it?" but only the boldest dared say "Give me the time."

Talley reiterates his determination to wear his blues to South California when he's discharged. Git the britch loader, gran'pup, them Union soldiers is back agin!

MARE ISLAND NEWS

On January 8, 1934, the Machine Gun Platoon, 5th Battalion (Reinforced) Fleet Marine Force was organized at this post. The Machine Gun platoon, consisting of one officer and forty-seven enlisted men, departed the same day via the U.S.S. *Decatour* for San Diego where it will participate in the maneuvers to be held afloat February 19 to 21, 1934.

The good ship U.S.S. *Chaumont* arrived in this Navy Yard on 11 January, 1934,

having aboard her a number of old China friends, of which fifty-five disembarked. They did not all remain here for duty. Twenty of them were transferred to Bremerton, Washington, and several others departed on furlough transfer to various posts on the East Coast.

On the same day that the *Chaumont* arrived the *Henderson* departed for Asiatic waters. Included in the draft for Cavite were Gy-Sgt. Everett Drury and Sgt. Tony Rosko; both old China hands. Cpl. Al Chenoweth, well known baseball player, was also a passenger with a through ticket to Cavite. Cpl. Anthony (NED) Thornton, former member of the 4th Marines, is returning to Shanghai for another tour of duty with that Regiment. The call of Avenue Joffre (Moscow Boulevard) is most appealing.

Several promotions on the 22nd. To the rank of Corporal: Ben C. Key, stenographer in the Commanding Officer's office, and Perry D. Kimball, star baseball hurler, now on furlough.

Sgt. Thomas (Paddy) Brennan, former MP of the 4th Marines, who returned from Shanghai on the *Chaumont*, was transferred to the Marine Barracks at Sunnysvale, for duty.

Sgt. Lonnie H. McLain was discharged on January 13th and reenlisted on the 14th. At the present writing Mac is chasing coons and possums down in Alabama. When he tires of that pleasant pastime he will return here for duty.

Cpls. Hugh M. Jolley and Lee D. Bolander were the next to be discharged and reenlisted. Jolley will go to Cavite upon the expiration of his furlough and Bolander was transferred by staff returns on furlough to Hawthorne, Nevada.

First Sgt. Austin J. (Derby) Ross, top kick of Headquarters Detachment reenlisted on the 23rd. Derby didn't avail himself of reenlistment furlough. After being sworn in he went back to his office and continued the good work with Headquarters Detachment. Who said that Marines enjoyed "gold-bricking?"

Gy-Sgt. Anthony Gerage, who recently returned from Shanghai, was transferred to Class II, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, on January 24th, having completed sixteen years' service in the Marine Corps. Tony is going to reside in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Another Marine to be transferred into Class II Reserve was Sgt. Albert F. (BALDY) Hoffman. Baldy recently returned from a short tour of duty in Haiti. He decided that twenty years was long enough to serve on active duty and consequently entered into an inactive status. His many friends (especially the sergeants) at these barracks were sorry to see him leave and will miss his smiling countenance and listening to his many stories of the old Marine Corps.

IN MEMORIAM

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Chief Marine Gunner Charles R. Nordstrom, which occurred at the Naval

Hospital, Mare Island, on January 29th. Gunner Nordstrom's death was a shock to all members of this command. At the time he was admitted to the hospital, only nine days prior to his death, he believed that his ailment was only of a minor nature. Mare Island was Gunner Nordstrom's first and last place of duty in the Marine Corps. He enlisted here almost 24 years ago, and from that time to his death he was devoted to the Marine Corps service. He will be remembered as one of the crack rifle shots of the service, having become a distinguished marksman many years ago.

He was born in Sweden 29 March, 1886, and after serving many years as an enlisted man was appointed a warrant gunner 29 August, 1923, and on 10 April, 1933, appointed a Chief Marine Gunner.

Mr. Nordstrom was held in high regard by all officers and enlisted men at this Post. His thoughtfulness for the welfare and comfort of the enlisted personnel was at all times an outstanding characteristic of our departed comrade and friend. To Mrs. Nordstrom the command expresses heartfelt sympathy in her hour of bereavement.

SAN FRANCISCO RECEIVING SHIP

By Frank Kupec, Jr.

It was some time ago since your favorite chronicler and his line o' type appeared in these pages. Well, I'm back in the folds of "journalism" after a glorious vacation (No, dear readers, I didn't spend it in the Brig), and feel in the proverbial "pink." Will continue to "dish" out in my mild manner, the "yens" and secret "pashes" of the detachment's complement.

The coveted position of leading off this strip for this ensuing month goes to none other than 1st Sgt. Dalton D. Farrar. The Top's household, on the second day of this year, was blest with the arrival of a eight-pound bouncing daughter. Congratulations, to you and yours, Top, and may all your troubles continue to be little ones.

Upon hearing of the blessed event's arrival, the men of the detachment helped to rejoice by digging down deep in their pockets and collected enough lucre to start a saving account for lil' Miss Farrar.

Captain C. T. Beecher is still our commanding officer, ably assisted by 1st Lt. W. H. Troxell. Mr. Troxell came to us via the U. S. S. *Texas* last September, as did Captain Beecher a year before. Both are doing this detachment proud.

Speaking about babies, they tell me Bazzell, an ex-cheer leader who used to tear his hair trying to get people to yell, is now married and tearing his hair out trying to stop the baby from yelling.

Private "Willie" B. Green (of the Atlanta, Ga., Greens) received a postcard and showed nearby "bunkie" same. "Whatta ya mean this postcard is from your girl—there's nothing on it!" "Ya



see, 's this way—" retorts "Willie"—
"we aren't speaking."

Heying, at this writing is contemplating stretching his enlistment for two more years. He's that way about chasing prisoners.

Ever since Vollmer became a telephone operator, his "social register" has increased considerably.

Two of a kind—Jimmie Durante and "Schnozzle" Shannon. The latter claims his proboscis is a money maker—It picks up scent. (Ed. NOTE: Phooey, Kupee, Try again.) Well, it won't be long now, E. C. Fox, of mess hall fame, sent his heart throb way up in Bellingham, Wash., a ring. According to the American custom, they're engaged, and latest reports sez the Fox will "middle-aisle it" next month as soon as he gets paid off.

Take Ewing for instance. The N. Carolina lad used to monopolize a certain nearby doorway to a w. k. night spot in 'Frisco, until he met the present girl of his dreams.

We now come to Mr. Harold E. Fleckenstein as he wishes to be called. Harold claims he is the best looking knave in the detachment—BUT—if he were a judge of masculine beauty, he would select as the "next best" in the persons of Gardner Williams and "Willie" Green.

Whooping it up with plenty of hair oil, tweezers and a "ducky" little powder puff, Plisco is running a close second to "Fleck" for the Clark Gable honors of the detachment.

It's strange how rejuvenated love can make a man. "Willie" Williams, the Glendale Gladiator, was such a woman hater, until he received a letter from his secret "pash," saying "All's forgiven."

Page, the latest newcomer from the U. S. S. *Chicago*, isn't doin' so bad—He manages to keep everyone guessin' as to whom that certain party is. Private First Class Woods, at this writing, has about forty-five days and a sleep to do.

Oswald, Gaddy, Kren, and Rodgers are sittin' on top of the world. And why not?—they "stand" watches in the Signal tower, high up on the hill.

Ex-musie Palmerlee, now Private, shipped over for four long years. No more shall thoust awaken the peaceful from their slumbers—Try blowin' THAT on your rifle!

The new Trumpeter, Sage, is showin' 'em how the game of handball should be played. Behey! is still silently cheering for that bonus. Private First Class Vinson is sleeping in the N. C. O. room now.

Corporals Stade and Norfleet are planning to challenge the Ely Culbertsons in a few rubbers of bridge.

Sergeant Jefferies is still hangin' around and Sergeant Burch makes out our pay roll. Wieland plays handball with some knave in bright red "shorts" who turns out to be Herrod, a newly made Private First Class.

Corporal Fee (Honey-Boy to his friends) after many moons, dashed into San Francisco on a tear. Rumors on the handball court say he purchased a "Coke" and did he go to town!!!

Pfes, Wolcott and Hodges still attached to the Brig as chaser and assistant turnkeys, respectively. Did you know that Odermatt uses business-like methods when he corresponds with the better half? Private Boss in heated conversation about various types of discharge with Bazzell.

"Chubby-Candy" Lamb, still holder of the "Sleepin' In" title, and is he a lover of cowboy parodies—specially the one



R. R. DETACHMENT, PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON

Front Row, left to right: Sgt. C. J. Anderson, Sgt. B. P. Corbin, Marine Gunner Tom Woody, "Tommy", Gy-Sgt. E. L. Vannice, Pvt. J. E. Nugent, Sgt. L. Strong, and "Oscar the goat." Center Row, left to right: Sgt. J. C. Blodgett, Pvt. C. V. Smith, Pfc. H. Trummer, Pvt. K. M. Bannister, Cpl. B. J. Salmon, PhM. 3rd Class M. Trimmer, Cpl. M. B. Hooper, Sgt. J. S. Bonner. Back Row, left to right: Cpl. H. King, Pfc. J. J. Johnson, Pfc. L. O. Nichols, Pfc. O. T. Lillo, Cpl. H. Arnold, Cpl. F. L. Farrell, and Pfc. C. E. Hebern.

that has the part about "drinkin' my coffee out of an ol' tin can?"

Corporal Linville is a possessor of a "cute" nigger-shirt. The "sorrel" relates to your humble writer that Bennett, an ex-bunkie of ours, now of the QM-Dept. in Philly, was promoted to Corporal. The gang here relay their congrats.

Callicott, "plunging" all his dough in a penny show-down game. Corporal Wood is still the ol' man of the mountain, standing watches in Tower. Corporal Auberle, who hails from the Department of Pacific, manages to make his two appearances on the Island to collect his dough each month.

Please don't think I'm suffering from a case of prolonged and chronic egomania—that's one thing I'm out of (although I have a knee that snaps out of joint nicely and can wiggle my ears—which any jack-ass can do) but I want to take this opportunity of letting a couple of Misses living in Rochester and Troy, N. Y., know how sorry I am for disappointing them 'cause I didn't write any "columns" (thank you, ladies) for the last couple of months, and thanx for the interestin' letter. So glad you like my "gossip strip" and remember, THE LEATHERNECK is a family mag and NOT a scandal rag. To ex-Gyrene Frank Nuttall, Jr.—you better ship over. They still serve butter with our chow. And if "R." B. Smith of the Paymasters Department at the Marine Base, San Diego, does not write his former shipmates at the Receiving Ship here, I will "expose" the true monicker that the initial "R" represents!!

Thar goes chow call, and until next month I'll be "LEATHERNECKING" you.

BROADCAST FOR THE APRIL
NUMBER SHOULD REACH
THE LEATHERNECK BEFORE
MARCH 10.

M. G. PLATOON, 5TH BATTALION

By J. Lowndes

On January 8, 1934, 1st Lt. M. F. Schneider embarked for San Diego on the U. S. S. *Decatur* with 48 Marines and three very able sergeants, Gunnery Sergeant Correll, Sgt. H. J. Thomas and Sgt. I. P. Johnson. With the three above mentioned sergeants we were doomed either to know something about the machine gun or else go over the hill.

The trip to San Diego was a very pleasant one and the Marines reported a *bon voyage*. Owing to the fact that the chow was so good, the detachment was afraid to be sea sick.

Upon our arrival at San Diego we were placed in the capable hands of Gunnery Sergeant Haubensack, one of the Corps' most able machine gun experts. What that man doesn't know about a machine gun is not worth knowing—so skip it.

After two weeks of hard drill the entire platoon was sent to the La Jolla Rifle Range to fire for record. Here the men showed their ability of being able to carry out instructions by giving the entire outfit a 98 per cent qualification. Even the Cream Puff of the outfit made Gunner First Class.

Private H. C. Ware organized a Volley Ball team and so far we have seen nothing but victory. We understand that he is a very able baseball player and is going to play ball this year for the base. Corp. "Pop" Haney also shows great skill along these lines and we hope to hear big things of him.

In the line of literature we wish to inform the detachment that Private Dennison has just completed a series of books entitled, "Myself as I See It," including 98 volumes and an index.

Private Gagnon, the One Man Iron Man—makes many a dull hour pass away very

(Continued on page 53)



THE CROSS-ROAD OF THE MARINE CORPS

By The Earl of Quantico

Since the appearance of the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK the life of your writer here has been a precarious one. It would seem that some of our comments have been taken too seriously. We assure all that we write to "pan" everyone that comes under our observation and with it we offer our equal assurance that it is all in good fun and that real criticism is never offered in this space.

The most outstanding event of the past month has been the organization of the "Legation Guard" for duty at Moscow, Russia. Just where the organization started is not known as your writer first got his information from a mess-mate who questioned him as to the possibilities of securing duty with the Guard. However, the report of its organization spread rapidly and before the end of the day it was evident that Russia and the Russians are held in highest esteem by the American Marines for I would say that no less than half of the command at Quantico had expressed a desire to be selected for this duty. A Marine's imagination is so vivid that one man, in making his application for the duty, went so far as to tell Sergeant Major Kloth that he had seen the order for the organization of the Guard. Staff Sgt. Mike Puskariet, our foremost debater on any subject, is not a candidate for a billet in Russia as he states that he is afraid that he would be exiled to the Siberian mines before he had been there a month.

Marine inventive genius came to the fore in Sgt. Willie Reese of Post Headquarters during the past month. His latest patent covers the idea of cutting a hole in the case for his eye-glasses so he can ascertain whether or not the glasses are in the case without opening it.

We have to report that 1st Sgt. "Don" Avery Graves has left our fireside, he having gone into the Reserves on the 20th of January upon the completion of sixteen years of active service. Avery left here for his home in Georgia but beta are being wagered that he will soon find some Spanish speaking community where he can really enjoy his retirement. His retirement has left a big gap in the forward line of that famous team that ran rough-shod over most all of the night clubs in Washington in the era when the game was played with speak-easies and barred doors.

It has been reported that Staff Sergeant "Billy" Mitchell of the Pay Department has reformed and is now staying at home. Upon checking up this was found to be correct but it was also discovered that since reforming he has worn out two mattresses at bunk fatigue.

The Post Fire Department came under our notice during the recent weeks. We were astonished to see the men on duty at

the Fire Department running around the post without their axes,—on one occasion we even saw another Marine hold the door of the barracks open for a member of the fire department because he didn't have an ax to cut his way through. A gunnery sergeant recently suggested for duty as Fire Chief gave opposition to the suggestion on the grounds that he could never accustom himself to an Ed Wynn hat.

First Sergeant Leonard Atkins, recently home from China and points in the Far East, has taken over the duties of First Sergeant of the Barracks Detachment, relieving First Sergeant "Curley" Carleton, who was banished to Haiti for the few remaining months of service required for the necessary "twenty years." Curley's departure from Quantico broke up several excellent running and blocking "backfield" combinations from this post. Atkins informs us that he is excellent material for the Russian Legation Guard as he acquired



A Marine Landing Party

a goodly knowledge of the Russian language while in China,—no explanations given or needed.

The late arrival of Sergeant Major Kloth at the office one morning recently carried all the earmarks of a story. Following his arrival at about ten o'clock our investigation started and it developed that he has become so deficient in reading the time from his clock that from now on he is going to depend on his wife to do it for him. On this particular morning, after eating breakfast, the Sergeant Major continued to loaf around the house as the clock ticked on its way towards ten o'clock. Finally, Mrs. Kloth, unable to fathom the reason for the Sergeant Major tarrying so long, questioned him as to why he was delaying his trip to the office and his answer was that he was waiting until eight o'clock. Just how much persuasion was necessary to convince the Sergeant Major that it was far past eight o'clock is not a matter of record.

The Navy Relief Auxiliary at this Post has undergone a rejuvenation with practically every member of the command contributing. While the pocket books of the men are a little lighter the record of assistance to officers and men of the Naval service since this organization's birth recommends it to all of us and no one regrets the small amount he has contributed.

MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS DETACHMENT

By "The Voice"

THINGS WE KNOW:

The Quantico winter weather has us down. Where can we find a day in June?

The Detachment basketball team has been striving in a big way to take some of the other post teams for a ride. So far the results have been anything but successful, although the boys say that they can't be so bad because they did win ONE game.

Some of these racing drivers that we have attached to the Schools now had better take lessons in Safety-First. From the number of accidents they have been having it seems to be a contest to find out just who is the WORST driver.

Staff Sergeant Merl S. Smith has recently reported here from Parris Island, and is now taking charge of the clerical section of the Correspondence Class. Good luck, Smith, you'll need it.

Private First Class John H. Welch is getting married this month. We all wish him lots of luck, and hope that he and Mrs. Welch will have a long and happy cruise on the good ship *Matrimony*.

Private First Class Joseph G. Arsenault recently went over the matrimonial hurdle. Best of luck to "Gus" and Mrs. Arsenault.

First Sergeant Leslie J. Burrows has returned to the Detachment after a short sojourn with the 7th Regiment.

Chief Marine Gunner Ryan, our company commander, has been figuring out the mileage from here to California.

Sergeant Major Charles Davis is doing much figuring in dollars and cents and gazing fondly at AAA literature on the Grand Canyon, and other points west.

Private First Class Michael Orlando, who still has several months to do, has a collection of notes on Homestead Sites in western states which he peruses occasionally. Can it be that he is going in for love, or is it adventure calling?

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW:

Why Pfc. Alvin J. Denson is getting Washington minded, and taking so many trips to the big city?

How Pvt. Ross L. Johnston enjoyed his week-end at Union Bridge, and the after effects thereof?

How Pfc. Clifton B. Groff can afford to smoke so many big, black cigars?

Why Cpl. Harry C. Thacker uses furniture polish on his hair (or should I say where his hair should be)?

How Pfc. Ernest C. Kaehler keeps that school-girl complexion?

Why Cpl. Everett Williams can never hear anyone ask him for anything, but can always hear chow-bumps and pay-call?

Whether Pfc. Earl C. Weir will extend or reenlist, and for what detachment?

Why Pfc. Carl L. Rice makes resolutions to stay in camp for three months, but breaks down inside of ten days?

Why Pfc. Earl E. Palmer has curtailed his liberties to Baltimore? Is someone cutting in on his territory?

Why Pvt. G. Parker Andrews is so enthusiastic about getting transferred to China?

Why Pfc. William M. Brady and Pvt. Homer L. Watkins have so "much trouble" with the "doahs"??

And last, but not by any means least, when is Congress going to get big hearted and jar loose with some of that very much missed "15%""????

COMPANY B, SEVENTH MARINES

By W. L. Pennington

You will probably be surprised to hear from fighting "B" Company, but here she is at last, trying to win public recognition by crashing the exclusive LEATHERNECK to let the world know of her existence 'way down south in Quantico.

Here is a brief history of the best company in the Seventh Marines: We were organized on the sixth day of September, 1933, and since that time, we have been undergoing extensive and intensive training—which we shall go into in detail later in this story.

Captain William D. Bassett is in command of the company, and there isn't a better skipper in the Corps. For proof, ask any member of the outfit. First Lieutenant Maxwell is leader of the first platoon, and First Lieutenant Stuart, leader of the second. The latter only recently joined the company, replacing Second Lieutenant Van Orden, who was transferred to the Wyoming.

We here present a list of our non-coms, so that their buddies at other stations may know their whereabouts and what they are doing: Gy-Sgt. Carl Duckworth is platoon sergeant of the first platoon, while Gy-Sgt. Roy O. Savage holds down the corresponding position in the second. 1st Sgt. J. F. Fitzgerald-Brown is the company "Top." Sgt. Paul Kirehefer is the property sergeant, having recently relieved Sgt. S. X. Swimme, who was transferred to Portsmouth, Virginia. The sergeants of the company are as follows: Zebulon P. Brundage, W. E. Quarter, Joseph L. Bonville, and Otto F. Robinson. The corporals are Howard E. Golden, J. L. Thompson, B. Bailey, Jetter A. Dunagan, C. K. Loper and W. L. Pennington. We have been short several corporals ever since the organization of the company. Golden was promoted from private about two months ago. We also have one field music corporal, Steve Galinsky, who directs and has charge of the drum and trumpet outfit.

Private Lillard has been holding down the job of company clerk for a number of weeks, and we couldn't wish for a better one. His smiling face always greets us whenever we drop in for a soul-satisfying weep on the shoulder of the first sergeant.

Here are a few old timers from Shanghai and points north, south, east, and west: First we have High Class Private Joe Trotter—who was heartbroken over the absence of "Dizzy," his pooch, who was AWOL for several days. "Dizzy" turned in on his own volition, however, and things

are rosy again. Then there is Sport Model Private Turcotte, an old timer in the back row of the last squad of the second platoon. As a matter of fact, practically the entire company is composed of old timers with the exception of a few boots who have joined in the last few weeks.

The routine is strenuous, to say the least. Reveille is at six, followed by roll call and physical drill at six fifteen. Breakfast is at six thirty. From seven until eight thirty we clean equipment for troop inspection, and police the barracks. From eight thirty until nine fifteen we are inspected and drilled. From nine thirty until eleven thirty we engage in various drills. Because of inclement weather, we have been forced to spend the greater part of the time indoors; consequently, men were detailed to fill and carry sandbags into the basements of B, C, and E barracks to form barricades for smallbore shooting galleries, and considerable time is spent in practice at landscape targets, affording an opportunity to become acquainted with the principles of fire distribution and target designation.

So—B Company will get off the wire at this point; this seems to be all the news we can get together at this time. But we shall do our best to have another item in THE LEATHERNECK if this one gets by the censors.

BLUE NOTES

By Johnson

Well fellows, one month of the new year has passed away. The band is running on schedule again and we hope to see good crowds at our concerts in the gym every Tuesday and Thursday evening.

There will be specialties from time to time. Solos by the cornets, trombones, etc. Last Thursday evening a specialty was put on bringing in the musics who also work with us. They marched to the stage and played the bugle parts to "Semper Fidelis" and "The Thunderer." There is also community singing on concert nights. We are going to try to bring in the more modern numbers as well as the good old favorites of our fathers.

Thirty years ago when Capt. Harry Lee, now General Lee, was in command of C 1st in Olongapo, P. I., his company sang a song which was dedicated to their captain, on all hikes, etc., entitled "Hail to Our Captain," which he enjoyed very much hearing his men sing. It was his pleasure recently to hear the old song again, this time played by the Quantico Marine Band. The song was incorporated into a delightful march that the General never fails to listen to when the occasion presents itself. The words, "Hail to Our Captain" have been changed to "Hail to Our General" and are as follows:

Hail to our General, General,
Long live our General, General,
Three cheers for our General,
The first in Peace and the first in War,
Rah for our General, General,
Shout for our General, General,
Glory to our General,
General Lee, Hip, Hip Hooray.
"Bill" Krause, our genial and promising piccolo and flute player has now inherited a farm near Buffalo, New York,

and is catching up on his studies as he intends to be a real farmer in the near future. Here's luck, Bill.

Next time fellows we hope to be able to give you a program of some of our concerts.

The members of the band had the pleasant surprise of hearing The United States Marine Band play a new military march written by Balfourt, our baritone player. The name of the march is the "U. S. Marines." Balfourt is a recent arrival from Port Au Prince, Haiti, and has written several other numbers which are equally as delightful as his U. S. Marine march.

One of Carl Fischer's, Music Publishers, latest releases is "The Leathernecks" march which contains the Marines' Hymn, "The Halls of Montezuma."

The boys have been playing in the snow today. Looks like they will have more to play in before long.

Wonder why the two young fellows in the Dodge sedan are seen heading in a general Southerly direction so much of late?

Does Ballard like popcorn? Just ask the rest of us who also indulge in it quite frequently.

See you next month.



Having drawn two blanks in a row (to me, any issue of THE LEATHERNECK which contains no Brown Field news is a BLANK) this youthful scribe is taking steps to avoid the third.

Since every other reporter from this neck-of-the-woods will probably mention the record-breaking cold wave and snow storm, there is no reason why we can't do the same thing. January went out with a record low of two and one-half degrees above zero. Car owners made mad dashes for more radiator alcohol, everyone made mad dashes for more clothing, and the Potomac, being unable to obtain either, froze over in wide areas. When the temperature broke, so did a snow storm and we now have a blanket of about one foot. Since a little rain preceded the snow, roads are allee sance belly slick.

Gunnery and bombing practice is now at its height. VF-9M will go to Norfolk for the record practices on February 14th (what a Valentine Norfolk will get. A couple of comic ones in the bargain, seeing as how "Salty" May, "Pop" Towles, "Dave" Shenk, and "Jimmy" Bradley will be in the crew).

One of our outstanding bombers is Lieutenant Kreiser. Last year when dropping the hundred pound water filled bombs, he destroyed the target with a direct hit. Last month while a member of the formation at the Miami Air Show, he again destroyed a four-foot target with a direct hit. While he may have made other direct hits during this period, these two are mentioned as being the most spectacular.

The Marine Corps in general, and Brown



Field in particular, can feel mighty proud of the records made by two recent graduates of the Naval Radio Materiel School. Any radioman who has been there knows, and we don't mind telling you, that the six-month course given by that School will test the best a man has in him. Gunnery Sergeant "Bob" Lillie graduated in first place in a class of 39 men (14 other men were given certificates of completion of the course), with the high mark of 98.4 per cent. Sergeant "Dave" Forde finished close behind him, in 9th place. Congratulations, men!!

Two additional men entered the School in January and promise to uphold the high standards set by Lillie and Forde. In a group of some 56 aspirants, Pvt. William A. Jones was number two man in the entrance examinations and Staff Sgt. Edwin O. Billings, a naval aviation pilot, was number sixteen. This is an excellent showing in any class, and especially so when there are a number of men of higher rank and longer service (which means greater experience) in the class.

We believe our communications section to be second to none in the Marine Corps. Under the able direction of Lieutenant Plachta, and with MT-Sergeant Brock, Gunnery-Sergeant Lillie, Sergeant Forde, Corporals Allen, DeHaan, and Hileman, Private First Class Wallace and Privates Giles, O'Reilly, Peel and Stiska on hand with plenty of ambition and ideas, all radio installations have been made in short order and all sets work with a minimum of trouble and maximum performance. Pilots of the fighting planes have reported hearing signals as far away as Miami, and the sets in the VF planes supposedly have a 35-mile radius.

Next door to the Communications the Ordnance Section can be found. Lieutenant Kreiser, assisted by Lieutenant Abel and Chief Marine Gunner Roeller, is the Officer in Charge. MT-Sergeant Jordan is the NCO in charge and is as good an armorer as can be found. He is well supplied with seasoned helpers in Sergeant Rowden, a man who first received training with the Army, and knows his guns from A to Z; Corporal Pawloski, a graduate of the Navy Ordnancemen's School and a veteran of Haiti; Pvt. Edward W. Ashmann, a recently re-enlisted man, who on

his first cruise saw service in Nicaragua during the time when bandits were numerous and hostile; and Pvt. Eddie Lee, a short timer, who during his enlistment has

been an armorer both at this station and in Nicaragua. Besides this veteran help, Pvt. Chauncey Harrell, Louis J. LaValle, (Continued on page 52)

Miscellany

CUBA IN 1907

The accompanying picture was taken at Camp Columbia, Cuba, in 1907.

The officers were on duty with the First Regiment of Marines, attached to the Army of Cuban Pacification.

Lower row, left to right; Capt. Frank Robards, killed in service in Haiti in 1916; with the false face, the famous leader and soldier, Lt-Col. John A. "Johnny the Hard" Hughes, now a leader in Ohio politics. Colonel Hughes was a history maker in the Marine Corps, his services at Vera Cruz, Santo Domingo, and in France being outstanding; Maj. Robert Tittoni, retired; Col. Harold C. Reisinger, the Assistant to the Paymaster of the Marine

Corps. Second row, left to right: Col. W. W. Buckley, now second in command of the detachment at Pekin, China, and, at the time the picture was taken, a second lieutenant, pitcher of the Marine Corps nine which defeated all comers in Cuba; Capt. Clarence Owen, who died in service at Vera Cruz; Colonel James J. Meade, officer in charge of recruiting and of the Marine Corps Reserve, now stationed at Headquarters, Washington, D. C.; Capt. Allen Sumner, killed in service in France; Lt-Col. Sydney Smith Lee, commanding the Marine Corps Institute, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.; and, standing, Col. Edward W. Banker, Quartermaster on the staff at Quantico, Virginia.

GERMAN NAVAL OFFICER INSPECTS BARRACKS

H RECENT distinguished guest of Col. Charles B. Taylor, Commanding the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., was Capt. Robert Witthoefft, German Navy.

Captain Witthoefft commanded a German cruiser during the World War in Asiatic stations. He has been in the Capital only a short time; recently taking up duties as Naval Attache at the German Embassy.

Captain Witthoefft was escorted by Captain Dessez, USMC, to the barracks where

a guard of honor was turned out for him while the Marine Band saluted with the German national anthem. Colonel Taylor conducted Captain Witthoefft through our trophy room in the band hall and with him made a general tour of inspection of the garrison. The visitor seemed impressed with our welcome and we believe, from what we gather from Captain Gover, our Post Adjutant, that he went away with a high regard for this particular post.

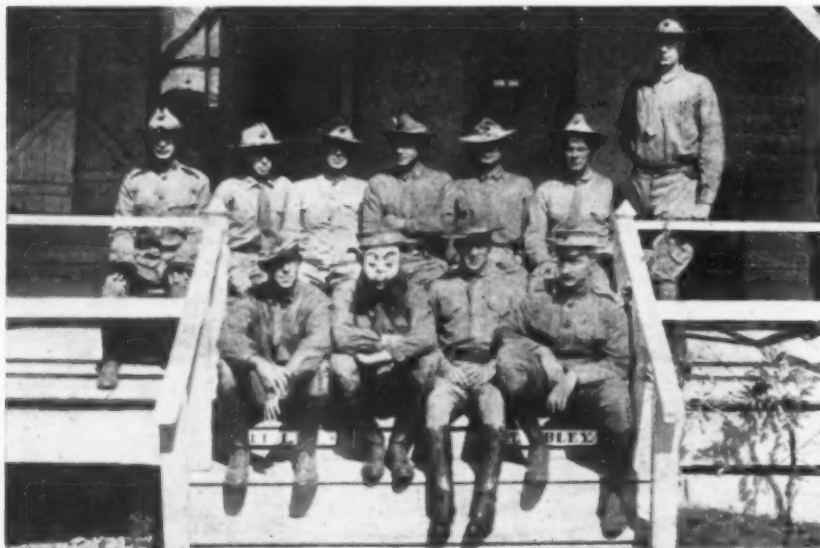
THE GARAND SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE

THE supplanting of the present service rifle now in use in the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps with a simple, rugged semi-automatic shoulder weapon has long been the dream of military stu-

dents and tacticians. Such a rifle would increase the fire power of the rifle squad beyond that of any such unit now in existence—if it were practicable to equip the squad with such an arm. For years, ordnance engineers have been coping with the problem with varying success, but it remained for Mr. Garand, of the Springfield Armory, to develop a rifle which seems to fulfill all requirements for such a weapon.

The Garand rifle, which has been tentatively adopted by an Army testing board for trial, has thus far been found to be eminently satisfactory. It is sturdily built, and its construction and action are extremely simple. It weighs no more than the present rifle—thus overcoming the chief objection to the Browning. It is gas-operated, but the gas is taken from the end of the barrel, resulting in lowered pressures in both the gas tube and the breech, and, consequently, lessening to a marked degree the violence of the action. Naturally, the decreased gas pressure results in much slower action than is encountered in the Browning, but since the rifle is not intended to operate as a fully automatic arm, the loss of action speed is inappreciable.

Major Hatcher, United States Army, in discussing the rifle, says, "This new Garand rifle seems to be the fulfillment of about thirty years' effort on the part of the Army to make a semi-automatic shoulder rifle that would be as light as the Springfield and at the same time as simple and rugged in all its parts."



Cuba in 1907



PHILLY MARINES HAVE FAST-STEPPING QUINTET

BY W. CARMEL SPARKS

PHILADELPHIA, PA., February 1. **E**D by lanky Sidney McMichael, who in twenty-one games, netted over 500 points to 447 points for the Marines' opponents in this area, the Marine basketball team of the Receiving Barracks, at the Navy Yard here, has scored over 1,200 points, to outscore all teams in the Philadelphia District.

While the Leathernecks are playing independent basketball, they are, without doubt, one of the classiest teams that ever trod the local court in a basketball uniform.

With only a small contingent to select from at the local Receiving Barracks, and in one sense of the word, a "pick-up" team, they have developed into a smooth-working aggregation under the able leadership of Capt. Amor L. Sims, USMC. It seems rather unfair to say they have developed, inasmuch as they play together like "naturals."

Although Captain Sims is at present the guiding hand, honorable mention must go to First Sergeant Frey, of the Receiving Barracks, who modestly says, "Oh! I helped them get started." And it only takes one look at their impressive record to see the kind of start he gave them. As your correspondent sees it, it must have been a push. And to show you I'm not from the northernmost tip of the British Isles, I'll say it was a "big push."

Let's review the six players who make up this basketball tossing sextette, and then, perhaps, you won't gasp at the munificent scores they chalked up after the final whistle.

Sidney McMichael, began his court career up in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, where everything is built along anthracite lines. Playing with the Tamaqua (Pa.) High School squad he developed into one of the finest scholastic centers in Pennsylvania. One year his team tangled with the Hazleton (Pa.) High School team for the district championship, only to be beaten out. After coming to the Marines, he has played with some of the finest Marine teams in the United States.

He centered the U.S.S. *Saratoga*, which won the fleet championship for 1931-32. You

can also list the San Francisco Marines, the Mare Island Marines, the San Diego Marines and the Central Y. M. C. A. team at San Francisco. And biographically reading, I would say that is some record.

Next comes Paul Rowan, who got his net

two years. At present he has annexed more than three hundred points. He is a fine co-operative forward.

Sgt. Edward T. Budzick did his basket shooting first for a local Detroit (Mich.) High School and later played one year with a Michigan Normal School. Since coming to the Marines he has played company and regimental ball and at present he is doing fine work for the locals.

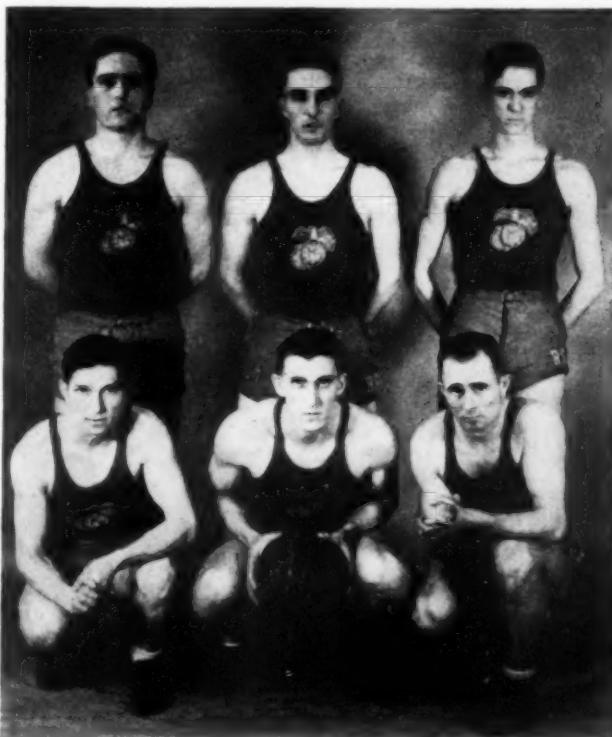
Herman Taylor, another scintillating forward, played with the Pollokville (N. C.) High School team for four years before joining the sea soldiers. He has proven to be one of the most consistent netters on the squad.

Cpl. Glen Keefe, who first saw the light of day in the corn regions of Iowa, is a bone of contention to the opposition's shooters. His work at guard has been nothing short of spectacular. He first played with the Creston (Ia.) High School, where he played for four years and then matriculated at Creston Normal School, prior to enlisting with the Marines, where he has an excellent record, not only on the basketball court, but as a world voyager, having made the home-bound trip on the *Pittsburgh*, which landed him in many of the out-of-the-way places of the world, before depositing him safe ashore at Norfolk, Va.

Pledging their cooperation with the NAVY, the Marines signed up Third Class Hospital Corpsman John Fiori, who has been playing a bang-up game at guard. He played with the Long Branch (N. J.) High School team and the Cardinal A. C. in the same city prior to donning the Navy Blues.

Opening up their season with the local Navy Hospital five, the Leathernecks bowled them over, 45 to 33, routed the U.S.S. *Annapolis* squad, 52 to 37, and then did a repeat job on the "medicos," 30 to 17.

Their first civilian game was with Pierce A. C., which they swamped, 60 to 16; the Wanoa A. C. banged around, 49 to 12; the Jewels A. C. ran up 42 points while the Marines netted 70, and then Kaymor A. C. ducked home with an 82 to 34 blot on their escutcheon. The Mack A. C. had high hopes, so they said, but saw them blasted by a 60 to



PHILLY MARINE TEAM WINS TWENTY-ONE COURT GAMES

Captained by Sidney McMichael, star center, who has rolled up an individual score of 503 points, the Marine team has won twenty-one straight games and amassed a total of over 1,200 points, thus far this season. With nine games remaining of their schedule they have an excellent opportunity to run their total near the 2,000 mark. Standing, left to right: John Fiore, guard; John Keefe, guard; Herman Taylor, forward. Kneeling, left to right: Edward Budzick, forward; Sidney McMichael, captain and center, and Paul Rowan, forward.

start at the La Blanca (Texas) High School, where he played for three years, much to the gratification of the local high school coach. After joining the Leathernecks he has played most of his basketball in New York State, where he led the Service League scorers for

15 tally, and the Westminster Squad was dropped by a 74 to 16 score, and were followed by the Eastman Company team, who dropped a 67 to 13 struggle. Dougherty C. C., Mayfair A. A., and the R. K. O. five lost, 38 to 13, 90 to 10, and 39 to 26, respectively.

And in order not to bore you too much I'll just say that practically each game they have played since has been a positive depiction of their former games. And your correspondent feels that they have a fine chance to roll up at least 2,000 points, which should be enough points to win two or three tournaments.

QUANTICO CAGEMEN

The end of the first half of the intra post basketball league found Aviation "A," led by Arndt, ex-Purdue University frosh basketball, at the top of the list with five victories against no losses.

Three teams, the Tenth Marines, the First Battalion, Seventh Marines, and Aviation "B" are deadlocked in a triple tie for second place as the second round gets underway the first week in February. The Post Service Battalion is fifth, and the Marine Corps Schools in sixth place.

Pre-season speculation placed the Seventh Marines near the top of the heap, but Aviation "A" piled up a surprisingly large score against the artillerymen—46 to 23, to be explicit—early in the season, tumbling the stock of the Tenth to a new low. With the Seventh strengthened by additional players, after boasting one of the most powerful crews in the league, the Tenth was counted out of the league. But, playing with the frenzy of inspired under dogs, the Tenth furnished the most surprising upset of the race when they toppled over the Seventh to the tune of 39-36. The Seventh couldn't overcome the staggering first-half lead of 27-14 that one of the most unorthodox but brilliant exhibitions of goal-shooting ever seen in Quantico had given the Tenth. Carrington and Kissane were largely instrumental in winning the game for their team.

It remained for the Seventh to down Aviation "A" which had been weakened by the double loss of Dillman and Shultice, two splendid guards, and for the Tenth to go through the formality of defeating the supposedly mediocre Aviation "B" team to leave the three apparently strongest teams in a triple tie for first place. But the biggest surprise of a hectic week of basketball occurred when the Aviation "B" team blasted out an upset victory over the Tenth by a score of 32 to 28.

The Seventh, carrying on their roster such dashing basketweavers as Muth, Umbenhowar, Aldridge, Deason, and Trees, met the Aviation "A" team for their third game in four days. Arndt's bewildering offensive tactics coupled with the excellent ball-hustling of Giles, who is, incidentally, one of the hardest and most sportsmanlike players in the league, spelled defeat for the Seventh by a score of 29 to 20.

In the final game of the season the Seventh drubbed the Post Service Battalion by a score of 39 to 27.

Some of the players who have been outstanding for their respective teams during the first half are Arndt and Giles of Aviation "A," and Kissane and Carrington, of the Tenth Marines. Carrington, a famous veteran in Marine Corps play, is known wherever basketball is talked in the Corps. Bill Muth, the scoring genius of the Seventh Regiment, and Ankrom and Smith of the Post Service Battalion, have

caused no end of trouble for the opposing guards during the first half. Craig, of Aviation "B," and Groff, of the Marine Corps Schools, have both obtained excellent results as forwards for their respective teams.

Following are the line-ups and summaries of the deciding games which were played near the close of the first half:

AVIATION "A"				FIRST BN., 7TH			
	FG.	FG.	TL.		FG.	FG.	TL.
Powell, f.....	0	0	0	Umben'r, f....	3	0	6
Walton, f.....	5	1	11	Bailey, f.....	2	1	5
Arndt, c.....	5	4	14	Aldridge, f....	0	0	0
Giles, g.....	2	0	4	Muth, c.....	2	1	5
Cox, g.....	0	0	0	Sharitt, g.....	0	0	0
Totals.....	12	5	29	Trees, g.....	0	0	0
				Coombs, g.....	2	0	4
				Totals.....	9	2	20

FIRST BN., 7TH				M. C. S. D.			
	FG.	FG.	TL.		FG.	FG.	TL.
Umben'r, f....	2	0	4	Weir, f.....	1	0	2
Trees, f.....	2	0	4	Collins, f-g...	1	1	3
Bailey, f....	3	0	6	Groff, f.....	4	0	5
Reeves, f....	0	0	0	Brady, c.....	1	0	2
Muth, c.....	5	2	12	Orlando, g....	0	1	1
Sharitt, g....	2	0	4	Smith, g.....	1	0	2
Coombs, g....	1	0	2	Welch, g.....	0	0	0
Epstein, g....	0	0	0	Totals.....	8	2	16
Deason, g....	2	0	4				
Totals.....	17	2	36				

TENTH REGIMENT				FIRST BN., 7TH			
	FG.	FG.	TL.		FG.	FG.	TL.
Barnett, f....	7	2	16	Umben'r, f....	5	0	10
Brown, f....	2	0	4	Bailey, f.....	4	1	9
Rust, c.....	1	0	2	Reeves, f....	0	0	0
Carrington, g.	5	1	11	Johnson, f....	0	0	0
Kissane, g....	3	0	6	Muth, c.....	5	1	11
Jacobs, g....	0	0	0	Deason, g....	2	0	4
Diaz, g.....	0	0	0	Trees, g.....	0	0	0
Totals.....	18	3	39	Sharitt, g....	1	0	2
				Totals.....	17	2	36

TENTH REGIMENT				POST SER. BN.			
	FG.	FG.	TL.		FG.	FG.	TL.
Barnett, f....	10	1	21	Ankrom, f....	4	3	11
Brown, f....	2	0	4	Barnes, f....	3	0	6
Rust, c.....	1	0	2	Demers, c....	3	0	6
Carrington, g.	1	3	5	Ambrecht, g.	1	0	2
Jacobs, g....	0	0	0	Stewart, g....	0	0	0
Kissane, g....	1	0	2	Totals.....	11	3	25
Diaz, g.....	0	0	0				
Totals.....	15	3	34				

AVIATION "B"				TENTH REGIMENT			
	FG.	FG.	TL.		FG.	FG.	TL.
Sester, f....	1	2	4	Barnett, f....	8	0	16
Craig, f....	7	2	16	Carrington, f.	4	3	11
Jenake, c....	6	0	12	Brown, f....	0	0	0
Bowen, g....	0	0	0	Rust, c.....	0	0	0
Petros, g....	0	0	0	Kissane, g....	0	1	1
Totals.....	14	4	32	Diaz, g.....	0	0	0
				Jacobs, g....	0	0	0
				Totals.....	12	4	28

AVIATION "B"				POST SER. BN.			
	FG.	FG.	TL.		FG.	FG.	TL.
Sester, f....	2	0	4	Ankrom, f....	7	0	14
German, f....	2	0	4	Smith, f.....	0	0	0
Craig, f....	2	2	6	Demers, c....	1	0	2
Janake, c....	0	0	0	Crow, c.....	0	0	0
Walker, c....	0	0	0	Varconi, g....	0	0	0
Brown, g....	0	0	0	Santee, g....	0	1	1
Petros, g....	5	0	10	Stewart, g....	0	0	0
Bowen, g....	1	0	2	Rutz, g.....	1	0	2
Totals.....	12	2	26	Knopes, g....	2	1	5
				Totals.....	11	2	24

HOOP-LA!

By E. J. L.

After a number of so-so seasons the basketball team of the Marine Corps Institute has come to life. Private Thompson from Parris Island proved a needed spark, and with Captain Fleming doing his stuff as coach, the team has made a good record, winning twenty of the twenty-five games played, with the season not yet over.

The data at hand show that we have twelve players: Harris and Thompson from the Business School, Deckard from Industrial, Crozier from Headquarters Garage, Kronenberg, Brewer, Berry, Ritter, Ross,

and McClellan from the Barracks Detachment, and Goldsmith from the Q. M. Tim Konopa from the Registrar's started the season and was going great when he suddenly joined the I. C. T. I. (I can't take it!) Club.

In comparison with many of the teams, our boys are small. In one of the games at Fort Humphreys, Va., our gang couldn't throw the ball high enough to avoid the squid-like tentacles of the opponents, who averaged six feet two.

Deckard's expert "snowbird" shots have helped to ring up his record as high scorer, with Thompson a close second. Brewer, smallest man on the squad, has taken some bad bumps, but always manages to worry his man. Berry and Ross have managed to do well at center, although they would welcome an opponent of equal height. McClellan, our only southpaw, is plenty fast, and how he sinks those one-handed looping shots! Hemingway shows lots of improvement and is coming along. Crozier just reported, but we expect much from what criteria we have. Ritter and Goldsmith have played in few games but show ability. "Box-car" Kronenberg proved the hero of at least one game. Against Catholic University's Five Giants he locomoted down the deck and popped a two-pointer from mid-way in the last few seconds to give us the game.

The scores:		Opponents	
Marines			
32	N. E. Cardinals	30	
41	Coast Artillery	21	
28	Flying Eagles	20	
49	Gov. Print. Office	39	
43	Naval Hospital	19	
49	Swann Service	35	
44	Fort Humphreys	32	
36	Fort Myers	23	
29	Catholic U.	28	
43	Bureau Standards	28	
43	Petworth Baptists	19	
32	Atlas Sport Shop	28	
25	Trinity M. E.	51	
38	Army Medical	31	
22	Boat Club	30	
53	Boyd's Pharmacy	21	
16	Tremont A. C.	15	
16	Warwicks	25	
23	Boat Club	53	
30	Heurich Flashes	22	
32	Bolling Field	25	
36	Kenilworth A. C.	23	
28	Fort Humphreys	58	
35	Naval Air	33	
28	Fort Myers	38	
Totals: Marines 851		Opponents 747	

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS CAPTURES HIGH HONORS WITH RIFLE; SECOND MARINES TAKE PISTOL TROPHY AT 1ST BRIGADE MATCHES

By Henry G. Spencer

A five point margin separated the team scores of the first and second place winners in rifle competition in the Intra-Brigade Rifle and Pistol Matches of the First Brigade held on January 4th and 5th at the Garde d'Haiti Rifle Range at Hasco, Haiti, that was captured by the Brigade Headquarters team with a score of 1,316 points. Men from the Brigade Motor Transport, Brigade Signal, Brigade Headquarters and Headquarters Company, and the VO-9M Squadron composed this team. The team from the Second Marines tallied 1,311 points for second place, and the squad from the First Battalion, Second Ma-

rines, M. B., Cape Haitien, Haiti, was third with 1,268 points.

The pistol competition was won by the Second Marines team with a score of 1,751 points. Brigade Headquarters was second with 1,647 points and the Cape Haitien team third with 1,585.

Trumpeter Olen H. Strickland of Hq. and Hq. Company, shooting on the Second Marines teams, was high point man with the rifle, knocking out 227 points out of a 250 possible under match conditions, which prohibited the use of the sling at 200 yards off-hand, allowed no sand bag rest at 600 yards prone and no star gauge rifles permitted. Rules for Marine Corps competition and National Matches governed.

Corporal Carl Ulrich, also of the Second Marines team, won high honors with the pistol with 466 out of 600 possible over the match course.

The matches were conducted under the supervision of Capt. Carl W. Meigs, Brigade Range Officer, and his able assistant, Gy-Sgt. Joseph R. Tiete.

SHANGHAI SPORTS

Basketball

With the winter schedule of basketball in full swing, the Fourth Marines have entered three teams in the various divisions of the Foreign Y. M. C. A. League, which is the outstanding competition of the season. To date all three teams have given an excellent account of themselves and two of them look like sure winners of their respective divisions.

The Regimental team is having the best season that they have ever experienced. With a veteran team, led by "Gash" Bishop, they have won all four games played to date and seem well on their way to an unblemished record. Murray, forward, Lock, center, and Bishop, guard are the big guns of the team. The secret of their success is their teamwork as each and every one of the quintet is playing heads up baseball.

The Marine Officers have entered a team in the "B" Division for the first time since the Marines have been in Shanghai. From an unknown quantity, this team has developed into a smooth working outfit and are a threat to every team in their league. With two victories to date, one of them over the team which was favored to cop divisional honors, they also look like a good bet to bring another pennant to the Regiment. The team is led by Lieutenant Fagan and he has done yeoman's work in bringing them into a contending position.

After a lapse of one season the Marine Ladies are once again in the fore of the Shanghai basketball world. Starting from scratch, the team has played three games and lost two of them, but are still feared by all teams. Considering the fact that only two players had played within recent years and that their two losses were exceptionally close games to two of the leading Chinese teams in the city, they still are in the contender class. Mrs. Van Ness has been elected to lead the team and is playing a whale of a game besides.

This is only a brief resume of the activities but we shall give you a full account as soon as the season reaches the mid-way point and at the present time predict that it will be a very excellent account from a Fourth Marines standpoint.

Rugby

With the start of the 1933-34 rugby season just a matter of days away, the Fourth

Marines are looking forward to the best rugby season in years. In addition to the play for the Spunt Cup, which is in the hands of the Marine "Blues," games are being booked with the outstanding foreign teams in Shanghai.

RIFLE MATCHES

Strickland, Olen H., Tpr.	227
Darnell, Ernest D., Cpl.	226
Moore, Floyd E., Sgt.	226
Ulrich, Carl, Cpl.	226
Coffey, Alfred, Cpl.	226
Martinides, Joseph, Pvt.	225
Owsley, Hubbert E., Pvt.	224
Dulaney, John A., Cpl.	222
Woods, Arnold M., Pvt.	222
Anderson, Bertram, Sgt.	222

PISTOL MATCHES

Ulrich, Carl, Cpl.	466
Mann, Raymond W., Cpl.	445
Coffey, Alfred, Cpl.	445
Brannock, Avant M., Pfc.	442
Owsley, Hubbert R., Pvt.	436
Bishop, Vernis, E. Pvt.	416
Harris, James J., Cpl.	411
Moore, Floyd E. Sgt.	410

Marines are looking forward to the best rugby season in years. In addition to the play for the Spunt Cup, which is in the hands of the Marine "Blues," games are being booked with the outstanding foreign teams in Shanghai.

Captain Skinner, rugby mentor, has grouped two teams which, on paper, are outstanding. The "Blues" will defend their Spunt Cup laurels and be known as the Marine "A" for the outside games. The "Whites," runners-up last season, are again favored to make it an all-Marine "B."

The "Blue" line-up presents the strongest paper strength since the "Thundering Herd" pranced on local rugby fields in 1929 and 1930. Lewandowski will be hooker, with Dixon and Morgan as front rankers. Ford and Painter will again combine in the second rank and Urbaniak at lock, H.

Smith and Tubie are slated for breakaways to complete the scrum. "Red" Lee, recently elected team captain, will direct the play from the scrum half position. As he was known as the best in the City last season he should be a power this year. Rasmussen will be at stand-off with a three quarters line of Cogsdell and Burk. Alard and Lawless will play wings with Misitis at fullback. All these fifteen are veterans of two or more years experience with a Marine first team and should sweep the city.

The "Whites," while not as experienced, present a much younger line-up that has undeveloped strength that should increase as they gain in wisdom. Zawadski at hooker, Swinehart and Brooks, front rank, Marvin and Zatkoff, second rank, and Aleumbreck, lock, are with the exception of Marvin, youngsters and are giving an excellent account of themselves. Lindquist, who looks

like a find, and Derwae are breakaways. Booth is again at scrum half with Laughridge at a stand-off. Oakie and Giargiari are two three-quarters that will push the veterans all the time. Cajarian and Yarashes combine experience and speed on the wings with Vandevender at fullback.

These two combinations are giving a great exhibition in practice and should they continue to do so, the Fourth Marines will have their best season of rugby since they landed.

GOLF NOTES

By Tony

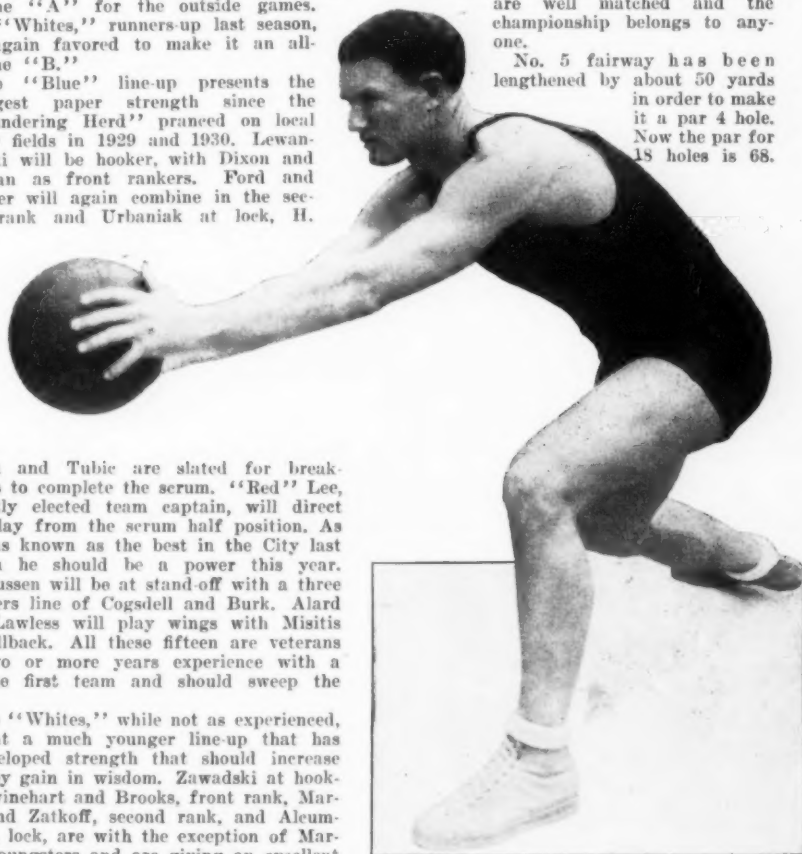
At the annual meeting of the members of the Golf Club, Brig. Gen. L. McCarty Little was reelected president; Lt.-Comdr. E. H. Sparkman was elected chairman of the greens committee, and Mr. W. F. Voorhies and Mr. Tom Henry were reelected chairmen of the finance and house committees, respectively.

Dr. Sparkman soon after election to office began making preparations for the annual tournament, the qualifying round of which is now in progress.

At the present writing, it was still undecided who had qualified for the first and second flights as the scores had not been posted. However, from remarks overheard, Mr. W. K. Horton seems to have turned in the lowest score to date with a 75, 7 over par.

The tournament will be quite interesting this year as there is not a single outstanding golfer who can be picked as a sure winner. All the entries in the first flight are well matched and the championship belongs to anyone.

No. 5 fairway has been lengthened by about 50 yards in order to make it a par 4 hole. Now the par for 18 holes is 68.



Don Beeson

Ch. Ph. C. R. Holmes won the weekly tournament twice during the past month, playing exceptionally fine golf.

There is an interesting story—A Cure for Lumbago, by Charles Van Loan—in the *Golden Book* for February which ought to be of special interest to golfers.

PHILADELPHIA SMALL-BORE TEAM

In the matter of small-bore rifle matches, interest has run high at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. From January 15 to February 5, three shoulder-to-shoulder matches have been entered, of which the Philadelphia team won two, placing second in the third. We present the scores:

At Philadelphia, January 12, 1934.
Philadelphia Marines

Name	Total score
Cpl. J. Ballough	270
1st Lt. J. D. Blanchard	267
Sgt. O. A. Guilmet	266
Cpl. R. G. Chaney	264
Cpl. S. A. Custer	263
Total	1,330

University of Pennsylvania

Name	Total score
Paist	275
Allen	268
Lucas	267
Koblitz	259
Patey	256
Total	1,325

At Philadelphia, January 21, 1934.
Philadelphia Marines

Name	Total score
Cpl. R. G. Chaney	371
Sgt. O. A. Guilmet	363
Cpl. J. Ballough	360
Cpl. S. A. Custer	358
Cpl. S. Pederson	354
Total	1,806

Frankford Arsenal Rifle Club

Name	Total score
Joseph Mysas	382
Wm. T. Bryan	370
Otto Henningsen	353
H. E. Schofield	345
S. W. Rawlins	345
Total	1,795

At Annapolis, February 3, 1934.
Midshipmen

Name	Total score
W. Blenman	284
C. Blenman	282
Strickler	280
Burdick	278
Lynch	272
Total	1,396

Philadelphia Marines

Name	Total score
McDougal	284
Snell	278
Barrett	275
Chaney	274
Custer	270
Total	1,381

Reina Mercedes Marines

Name	Total score
Henderson	256
Krasowski	251
Oswick	249
Lippold	248
Barton	243
Total	1,247

HINGHAM SPORTS

HINGHAM MARINES WIN

February 1.—The Hingham Marines basketball team defeated the Wollaston Congregational Church five, 39-28, at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. gym, Charlestown, last night. Herman Braske and

Waldo Phinney scored 26 of the Marine's points between them. The summary:

HINGHAM			WOLLASTON				
G.	F.	P.	G.	F.	P.		
Isdell, rf.	1	1	3	McM'ikin, lg.	0	0	0
Chan'gn, rf.	2	0	4	Myer, lg.	3	2	8
Lawson, lf.	2	0	4	Bassett, rg.	2	0	4
Gosselyn, lf.	0	0	0	Milhall, c.	2	0	4
Braske, c.	8	0	16	McGregor, lf.	0	0	0
Wallace, rg.	1	0	2	Staton, lf.	4	0	8
Phinney, lg.	5	0	10	Davis, lf.	1	0	2
Totals	19	1	39	Morgan, rf.	1	0	2
Totals	13	2	28	Totals	13	2	28

Referee: Conahay.

HINGHAM MARINES CHALK UP SEASON'S SEVENTEENTH WIN

February 5.—The Hingham Marines basketball team won its seventeenth victory of the season last night, defeating the Makaria team of the Quincy Bethany Church at the Charleston Army and Navy Y. M. C. A., 29-25. The summary:

MARINES			MAKARIA				
G.	F.	P.	G.	F.	P.		
London, rf.....	6	2	14	Sullivan, lg.....	2	1	5
Lawson, lf.....	0	1	1	Tirri, lg.....	1	2	4
Isdell, lf.....	0	0	0	Emsall, c.....	2	2	6
Braske, c.....	5	0	10	Morehead, lf.....	3	0	6
Wallace, rg.....	1	0	2	Bohiker, rf.....	2	0	4
Phinney, lg.....	1	0	2	Thom'son, rf.....	0	0	0
Totals.....	13	3	29	Totals.....	10	5	25

Referee: Talon.

STRIKES TO SPARE

By E. John L.

The Marine Barracks Duckpin League of twelve two-men teams wound up its schedule this month and the winners are now spending their gains. Originally there were fourteen teams, but for one reason or another two dropped out and one team had to bowl with a dummy score of 85 in lieu of a partner. The bowling created much amusement and healthful recreation as well

as uncovering some talent, pointing to the fact that as bowlers, some of the men could crochet nice doilies.

We now have a singles league, each man for himself with a two-thirds handicap agreement. We expect to uncover some more antagonism, strained muscles, Alibi licks and maybe a couple really good pin spillers. More about that "After the Ball."

The summary of the Doubles League:

	Team	Won	Lost	Game	Set	Strikes	Spares	Ave.
3	Rawlings	30	9	138	368	17	50	103
	Bennett, Jr.			118	316	4	64	98
6	Ernst	28	11	124	330	14	60	100
	Hood			132	362	8	49	94
9	Werner	*25	14	109	306	3	23	95
	Harris			109	288	12	39	93
2	Eldridge	25	14	120	320	5	45	90
	(Dummy)			85	85
7	Ahern	24	15	124	325	14	55	102
	Bozell			126	336	6	34	100
14	Konopa	24	15	147	366	14	40	95
	Bennett, Sr.			126	333	5	50	95
4	Kapauke	*21	18	131	355	15	62	99
	Brown			103	286	2	20	87
10	Curran	21	18	137	385	8	64	100
	Lakin			115	294	8	30	88
8	Goldsmith	20	19	135	345	7	44	102
	Rausch			120	310	9	44	90
1	McElroy	19	20	137	368	14	74	105
	Lanigan			121	316	5	43	92
13	Groves	17	22	115	298	5	57	94
	Fields			129	315	8	28	96
11	Ramsey	10	29	112	294	15	38	92
	Deckard			115	311	9	41	93

*Denotes team placed ahead by reason of pinfall.

Some of the highlights were Ramsey's flat game of 93; Konopa's 147 game; Curran's 385 set; 256 team game of team number 6, and McElroy's 105 average for 39 games.



The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

COLONEL MEADE MAKES PLEA FOR RESERVES

The appropriation bill as submitted by the House of Representatives of the Senate provided for drill pay for only 132 officers and about 2,200 enlisted men of the Marine Corps Reserve.

Colonel Meade, USMC, officer in charge of recruiting, and officer in charge of Reserves, appeared before the sub-committee of appropriations and made the following plea:

"I would like to take a few minutes of your time to tell you what the Marine Corps Reserve can accomplish under present budget estimates that you are now considering.

"As you know the MISSION of the Marine Corps Reserve is to provide a trained force of officers and men to reinforce the regular Marine Corps in time of war or national emergency.

"The training mission of this force is,—to comply with the established general Naval Policy which among other things, is to build up, train and maintain a Naval and Marine Corps Reserve to provide the personnel necessary for mobilization. Stated in other words, the Marine Corps Reserve with the Marine Corps, as part of the Naval establishment, is expected to stand prepared for their duties in connection with major fleet operations in the event of war. To accomplish this, it is necessary to have Reserves trained thoroughly in such basic phases of military training as are practicable and economical in peace time. The present laws require officers and men of the Fleet Reserve to take 15 days training each year and provide they shall receive pay for not more than 60 drills in any one fiscal year.

"The Navy considers 48 armory drills per annum to be the minimum to effect a reasonable amount of training, that a less number means deterioration rather than improvement in the Reserve and is not in accordance with the ideas of Congress when it passed the National Defense Act (Page 192 Hearings Sub-Com. Appro. 1934).

"The Marine Corps is a highly specialized arm of the National Defense. Its personnel must be trained on land and sea, and it must furnish the fleet in war, or in advance of war, a part of the fleet's tactical organization. The Marine Corps Reserve is an essential part of the fleet as reinforcements for the accomplishment of certain Naval Missions. In order to secure the degree of training necessary, 48 armory drills and 15 days field training per annum have been considered reasonable.

"The Marine Corps Reserve goes along with the Naval Reserve in this respect and requests funds for 15 days training and 36 drills and you can be assured that our Reserve will be present for at least 48 drills.

"The size of the Reserve is based on the requirements of the Marine Corps in providing the fleet with a fleet force at the

time when the fleet is ready to operate. Due to economic conditions the Reserve will necessarily be restricted to a trained nucleus of the actual strength required. Thus the size of the Reserve, and, as well, its efficiency depends entirely on the amount of the appropriation received for its maintenance and training. These funds, as provided in this budget, are limited and provide only two weeks' training for 267 officers and 3,400 men annually, exclusive of aviation, with a uniform clothing issue reduced to the barest necessity (the clothing issue costing \$7.45 per man on enlisting and \$3.73 each succeeding year). This means that each man gets his campaign hat, two khaki shirts, two pairs of trousers, leggings, scarf, and web belt. He buys his shoes and all the rest of his clothing. It need hardly be mentioned that this clothing is inadequate for all weather conditions; therefore, the Reservists must provide uniforms from their own personal funds. Provision is made in this budget for drill pay for only 132 officers and 2,267 men. The totals carried on the rolls of the organizations are 202 officers and 3,400 enlisted men. This leaves 70 officers and 1,133 men who will not receive drill pay although these officers and men have been giving their best to the Marine Corps for many years. You can see what an unhealthy and regrettable condition this is.

"Comparing the above with the National Guard and Naval Reserve we find members of these organizations receiving, in addition to training pay, pay for drills and a

complete issue of summer and winter uniforms. Illustrative of the spirit of the Marine Reservists it might be remarked that we have a great many men paying their own transportation to and from drills and week-end classes of instruction. This fine and patriotic spirit should be continued and enhanced and it is believed that one thing to aid this will be to put the Marine Corps Reserve on the same basis regarding pay and allowances as is done for other Reserve defense forces of the country.

"The Marine Corps Reserve is proud of its record and proud of the fact that its members have carried on with little expense to the government. If necessary this can be continued but it does seem reasonable, especially during these times, that these officers and men should be accorded the same consideration as other branches of the service and receive the same pay and allowances. In a like manner these conditions apply to the Marine Corps Aviation Reserve."

COMPANY "E" 2ND BN. 24TH RESERVE MARINES

Detroit, Michigan

Company "E" (the old 306th) will now speak for itself. We have been mentioned in the dispatches of other outfits, for which we give our thanks, but it's about time to step out and have our say. What with the target season upon us, we will have to revert to the old practice of doing it ourselves. Old Man economy has deemed that our old friend Corporal Easley, USMC, will not be with us this year. All of which means more work for the Range Detachment.

What a sight to see the Non-coms chewing on the business end of a pencil trying to figure out how many "Banners, trumpet" Company "J" rates. By the looks



U. S. NAVAL RESERVE ARMORY, DETROIT, MICH.
The Home of Company "E," 24th Reserve Marines

of things the company clerk better look to his laurels; some embryo clerks may have some ideas of their own after so much pencil pushing. A couple weeks ago we were called upon to put on a show for the Navy and our civilian friends, which I am told went over with the usual Marine bang. Exhibition close order drills, silent manual, formal guard mount, etc. We wondered if and when we would use all the knowledge Lieutenant Hagerman had given us (in easy doses) in this special branch, but it was well worth the time and effort. Most of the guests had never seen anything like it before and the applause and comment was fine. It must have been good; the Navy said so. Shades of Company "P," but no apologies for your blunder.

See by the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK that our old friend Lucander is now aboard the U.S.S. *New Mexico*. Something must be wrong, you know he was one of our very good Supply Sergeants. Always glad to fix him up; I know that he likes property work so well. His old understudy is still hoarding patches and sperm oil for the Federal Government—namely Sergeant Harvey Van Buhler, the prize "Survey Sergeant." We were all glad to hear from First Sergeant "Dutch" Miller, 4th Regiment, USMC. The China Christmas card was posted on the B. B. for all the stay at homes to gaze at with longing eyes. A fine chance for the old timers to tell about the time when "I was in the old Marine Corps and had to shine hooks on my leggings."

It has been a very busy winter for us; one inspection after another. Capt. M. H. Silverhorn, USMC, started it all and we have been on the jump ever since.

We are always glad to see our friends from that other good outfit, Company F, Toledo, Ohio, even though they may be with Major Stickney, C. O., 2nd Battalion, 24th, on his regular inspection trip. But as we all know, inspections are a very necessary part of the game. The ranks of the 2nd platoon have been depleted, 9 men to C.C.C. Hope the wood peckers release them in time for the summer training cruise.

Everyone here hopes that the New Deal will include training at Quantico for all hands this year. We have been told by the lucky NCO's who made Quantico last year, that there have been so many changes we would never know the place except for the weather.

Will cover a few personal items that may be of interest to their friends elsewhere. The skipper is none other than 1st Lt. B. Hagerman, who puts us through our paces at the double, but sees to it that "Chow" is available and any other thing that will help to make this outfit a "Happy Detachment." First Sgt. Wm. P. Ritchie signs the payroll first, as per usual. He has 9 years' regular service to his credit; Gy-Sgt. C. E. Coates heads the range detachment; Sgt. J. W. Erickson is now a captain of the Detroit Fire Department. Sergeant Thorpe, our mess sergeant; Sergeant Douglass, who has the

shooting badges chrome-plated for the outfit; Corporal Hamilton, .22-calibre fame, in the Navy matches last year; his score 348, possible, 350. Will write up the rest of the NCO's next time; until then hope to see you at Quantico.

THE 19TH RESERVE MARINES

On recent orders from Marine Corps Headquarters, the Battalions of this Regiment were placed on detached duty as follows:

1st Battalion: Maj. Harry C. Grafton, USMCR, commanding. Composed of Company "A" (Boston, Mass.) and Company "D" (Portland, Me.).

1st Provisional Battalion: Maj. John J. Mulligan, USMCR, commanding. Composed of Companies "B" and "C" (New York).

2nd Battalion: Maj. Melvin L. Krulwich, USMCR, commanding. Composed of Company "E" (Linden, N. J.), Company "F" (Jersey City, N. J.), Company "G" and Company "H" (Newark, N. J. and vicinity).

Major John J. Mulligan, USMCR., Regimental Executive Officer, has been assigned additional duties as Battalion Commander, 1st Provisional Battalion with Headquarters in the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Captain Paul A. Sheely, USMCR., has been detached as Commanding Officer, Company "G" and granted leave of absence to visit his family in Bremerton, Washington.

Captain Otto Lessing, USMCR., has been detached as Commanding Officer, Company "E" and assigned as Commanding Officer, Company "G."

Captain Howard W. Houck, USMCR., has been promoted from 1st Lieutenant. Captain Houck commands Company "C" with headquarters in the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Captain John J. Dolan, USMCR., has been detached from the Regimental Staff and assigned as Commanding Officer, Company "B," relieving 1st Lt. Frederick W. Lindlaw, USMCR. Lieutenant Lindlaw remains with Company "B" as Company Officer.

First Lieutenant Richard G. Ahern, USMCR., has been transferred to this Regiment from the First Battalion, USMCR-NY., and has been assigned to duty with Company "C."

First Lieutenant Edward F. Venn, USMCR., Regimental Commissary Officer, has been assigned additional duties as Publicity Officer.

Second Lieutenant Charles E. Baltz, USMCR., has been assigned as Commanding Officer, Company "E."

Company "F" commanded by 1st Lt. Robert P. Davidson, USMCR., has been assigned quarters aboard the U. S. S. *Newton*, stationed at Jersey City, N. J. Ample space has been made available for drilling and storage. This Company will also make use of the small-bore range which is another of the *Newton's* facilities.

SPEECH TO RECRUITS

Talk Delivered to Newly Enlisted Reserve in 462nd Company

You men, voluntarily, are about to become members of the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve. To all intents and purposes, and almost in fact, you will be members of the regular establishment, for you will be sworn to serve your country in time of national emergency.

The Marine Corps was the first American military unit. It was first in point of time—it has remained first in point of efficiency and accomplishment. It is—and has been for many years—recognized as the finest military organization of the world. Its record of accomplishment, wherever it has served, is such as to bring a glow of pride to all who are part, directly or indirectly, of it. Its history is replete with heroism, gallantry, bravery, courage and sacrifice. Its uniform is honored and respected wherever the brave assemble.

This record of the Corps, its traditions and glories, even its uniform, are all yours. You, by your enlistment, are being invested with all this and more. No insignia of any kind distinguishes the reservist from the regular. So much greater, therefore, your obligation in this uniform to so conduct yourselves as not to bring any discredit to it.

As your service in this organization continues you will learn more of the exploits of the Marines in Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, Mexico, The Philippines, France and elsewhere. You will become imbued with its esprit, with its pride in itself and those who compose it. You will learn the splendid attributes of obedience, cooperation, courage and patriotism. You will learn that the service is a joint and not a single contribution. You will learn the true meaning of the flag and all that it exemplifies and having learned that, you will appreciate, more readily, why men have given their lives and their heart's blood so generously and spiritedly in its defence and protection.

All this will be yours by virtue of your enlistment. Cherish and maintain it. Remember that everything that you do reflects credit or discredit. It lies within your power to bring greater glory to the Corps or to detract from the reputation so painstakingly erected by those, who before you, have given to it their last full measure of devotion. I desire to bring all this home to you before you take the oath of enlistment. If you are unworthy, you have no place in the Marine Corps. If you are, you will welcome the opportunity of service to carry the Eagle, Globe and Anchor to even greater heights than that which it has already attained.

Our motto—*SEMPER FIDELIS*—always faithful—is not to be considered lightly. It must be rigidly adhered to and in its adherence you will learn more fully that the statement "Once a Marine—Always a Marine" is true. You will realize that the slogan "First to Fight" was not adopted by the Marine Corps but was an honor bestowed upon it by virtue of its daring and accomplishments, earned for it by those who put courage and gallantry and sacrifice above material and selfish gain.

If you understand and appreciate all this and are ready to subscribe to it, I shall administer the oath of enlistment to you and in so doing welcome you into the world's most glorious military fraternity.





AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BOOT-TOP

NOTE: The following letter was received by the national chief of staff from Wm. C. Sutton, Jr., national vice commander, of Kansas City, Mo., and will be unanswered this month, but, we assure you, we will answer with another open letter, in the April issue of THE LEATHERNECK. All members are requested to send in their opinions to the national C of S, and let him have the scallions along with any accidental orchids you have. This is YOUR paper, Marines; and your wishes are the law, but we must remember that putting burrs in a "pulling-horse's" collar, sometimes causes him to balk:

"DEAR OL' BOOT-TOP:

"I read your letter in the February issue with such interest, and need I say with very much disapproval? There was lots of good common sense in it, also a certain tone that didn't set so well with me. Shall I say sort of a dictatorial tone?

"I realize that you have a most grave responsibility, that of making the best use of the space we are allowed in THE LEATHERNECK. But are you making the best use of this space? I do not think so, particularly if you are going to follow the rules as set out by you in your letter.

"As one who has been in the publishing business for many years let me say that when one speaks of 'editing' it is instantly called to mind that, in the course of editing, the article being edited will be rewritten, changed or cut. A certain amount of this is necessary and you must be careful that nothing offensive, nothing detrimental to the League, or Corps, appears. You must cut long rambling letters that don't say much, in order to conserve space. But, John, no one likes to have his letter changed. Often the mere changing of one word will give an entirely different meaning to the letter. After all, our department in THE LEATHERNECK was meant for the dissemination of the news and views of our membership. No one man's style, no matter how charming and witty it may be, will please all, so don't edit letters too closely. Let them keep their individuality. Let the letter from Mr. Zilech keep its Zilechian personality. Let the columns of the League News express the views and sentiments of Tom, Dick or Harry rather than the views of the editor.

"And now about the statement that you made relative to the order in which the letters will be used. You say that they will be used in the order in which they are received. I think that is very bad. Must some really fine letter be doomed to the waste basket just because of 'whoop an' holler got his letter about his outfit's latest Whing-ding in to you first? Must we read about Mr. Whoosis and the number of hot dogs he consumed at the party? Who except Mr. Whoosis cares about that? What we want and need are inspirational articles

and letters that will help us to build up our detachments. Letters that are of interest to the League at large and not only to certain localities. Sure, we all like to see our names mentioned, we all like to see the names of our friends in print. But that should wait until we have more space available. Give us letters from prominent members, or give us autobiographical sketches of our officers and active workers. For instance, there are lots of things I would like to know about you. Things that would let me know you better. Why do you work so hard for the League? What do you get out of it to repay you for the time, work, worry and money that you spend? These things interest us more than how many it took to carry Stewey Jones in after his last party.

"Now please, John, take this in the

spirit that it was written, that of friendly disagreement. Let us hear from some of the other members on the subject. Who knows, I may be wrong.

"The copy sent me was given to the daily papers here and some of it was used. At that time I was very sick and couldn't follow up as I wanted to, however, I have received several inquiries about the League. Why can't we have some small leaflets printed setting forth the ideals, aims and intentions of the League. Also the qualifications for membership. How many times have you been asked "What is the League—What does it stand for?"

"You are given permission to edit this Growl, only so far as grammar, spelling and punctuation are concerned.

"Most sincerely,

"BILL SUTTON."

STATE CONVENTION DEPT. OF CALIFORNIA

IT'S all over but the get-down-to-business part. All candidates for office ran unopposed, which means they were unanimously elected. Earle Gilbertson, better known as "Gil," went over the top like a real Marine, for department commandant, and believe us, he is always on the job. Immediately after the election, the commandant gave an outline of his proposed plans for organizing the league in this state. He was well pleased to note the other state officers were in thorough accord with his plans and policy. He lost no time in telling the new state chief of staff to get the San Francisco detachment going, and that, by the way, will soon be a fact. The roster of state officers is as follows: Earle Gilbertson, Commandant; T. M. Rogerson, of San Jose Detachment, Senior Vice Commandant, and, by the way, we expect some mighty fine ideas from him, as he sure has "plenty on the ball;" R. B. Westlake, Attorney-at-Law, was elected Judge Advocate, and Ralph, as he is known, is well respected for his level headed ideas and advice, and no better leaguer can be found. Next we elected as Chief of Staff the boy from "the south of Market," who is pounding the keys for this story, and whose name may be found below. One of our later members, but a real leaguer, and one who is coming right up on the top, C. E. Bartlett, was elected as Sergeant at Arms, and he will also assist your scribe as Assistant Chief of Staff, in organizing. Another we can not boost too highly is Bill Parsons, and our congratulations are extended to the commandant for his wise selection in making him the Adjutant. Bill is always on the job and may be seen working nights on a system for progress and increased membership.

Have you ever heard of an Aide-de-Camp? Well, believe it or not, we have one here, and he is no other than Henry Ruskofsky, past commandant of the Oakland Detachment, and campaign manager for Gil. We could write a book about him, but some day will look upon Henry as one of the MCL's best leaguers. Speaking of all the state officers elected, there isn't a "yes-man" amongst them, and everyone had ideas of his own, and expresses them, but harmony is the keynote with them, and when one has a constructive idea, the others support him. The state commandant is desirous of reviving all detachments in this state that have fallen by the wayside, and the writer believes that no better choice could have been made than that of Gil for state commandant for California.

JOHN E. BROCK,
State Chief of Staff.

N. E. DIVISION CONFERENCE

The New England division held its first conference at the Hotel Nonotuck, Holyoke, Mass., on Sunday, January 20, 1934, with the division commandant, John F. Manning presiding. The conference opened at 1:45 P. M., with every detachment in the division being represented. A brief talk as to object of the conference was given by the commandant after which he introduced his associate divisional officers: James L. Corbett, Division Vice Commandant; John B. Hinekey, Division Adjutant; Roy A. Rowlee, Judge Advocate; and R. W. Robertson, Sergeant at Arms. Dept. Commd. S. L. Spottswood, of Mass.; Detachment Commandants: Goglin, of Holyoke; Welch, of Lawrence, Anderson, of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, Boston,

and Carlson, of Worcester, were introduced. Several detachments were represented by others than their commandant. A telegram from National Commandant Fisher, was read stating that he was held up at New Haven, Conn., while on his way to attend the conference, and the installation of the Holyoke, Mass., Detachment, but assuring that he would arrive before the close of festivities.

Feeling that a better feeling and more action would ensue with all detachments having representation on the divisional staff, the commandant requested all his temporary appointments (made at convention held earlier in the year) to resign, which was done, and these resignations being accepted, the commandant asked the several detachments present to hold a caucus and recommend their choice for divisional appointments. After a brief recess, the following permanent appointments to serve during the present administration were made and approved: John B. Hineckley, of Boston, Division Adjutant; R. A. Rowlee, of Cape Cod, Judge Advocate; C. W. Cresser, of Boston, Chaplain; Earl E. Frank, of Holyoke, Chief of Staff; John G. Kapowich, of Worcester, Paymaster; and Herve Morrel, of Lawrence, as Sergeant at Arms.

At this time Senior National Vice Commandant Ilch, of Albany, N. Y.; Dan Conway and Jos. O'Rourke, of Troy, N. Y., entered and were introduced. Miss Veronica McCormick, the ONLY female member of the league, and paymaster of the Theodore Roosevelt detachment entered and was properly introduced and received. Past National Commandant Lattons, of Worcester, attended with the following members of his detachment: Comm. H. J. Carlson, Past Comm. Al Banks, John G. Kapowich and five others whose names were missed by your scribe. Department of Massachusetts Commandant Spottswood, spoke on Marine activities and need of full cooperation from members and officers, and pleaded for the making of the All-Marine

Week a huge success. Commandant Welch, of Lawrence, spoke on activities of his detachment and pledged 50 per cent of the profits from all affairs run by his detachment during February, 1934, to national treasury. Merton Lowe, of Worcester, Past Division Commandant, was present and spoke enthusiastically on outlook for the league in the New England division. Remarks were made by Commandant Anderson, of Boston; Division Vice Commandant Corbett, of Cape Cod; National Supply Officer Robertson (who said if he could get front page publicity in Boston papers for the league, every detachment should be able to get from their local papers all publicity needed, and all it needed was a little work on part of the local officers); Karl Lattons, Past National Commandant, urged support of national staff; and Department Commandant Spottswood mentioned that plans were under way in his detachment to "wash out the national debt." As the time for installation of Holyoke detachment officers had arrived, the conference adjourned to assemble again upon call of the division commandant.

E. E. FRANK,
Division Chief of Staff.

WILLIAM H. McNALLY DETACHMENT Holyoke, Mass.

This detachment held its first installation at the Nonotuck hotel, Holyoke, Mass., on Sunday, January 20, and we were honored by having the Nat. Comm. Carlton A. Fisher of Buffalo, N. Y.; Past Nat. Comm. Karl Lattons of Worcester, Mass.; Senior National Vice Commander Ilch of Albany, N. Y.; Nat. Chief of Staff John F. Manning of Methuen, Mass.; Nat. Supply Officer R. W. Robertson of Boston, Mass.; Dept. of Mass. Comm. S. L. Spottswood of Watertown, Mass.; Detachment Commandants Welch of Lawrence, Carlson of Worcester and Anderson of Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, Mass.,

with us. Several divisional, state and detachment officers were in attendance, as were also Joe O'Rourke and Dan Conway of Troy, N. Y. The installation was followed by a banquet with over 65 present, including city, county and state dignitaries. The commandant elect, Walter C. Gaglin, opened the meeting, and after introducing the guests, requested that the installing officer and his suite be brought in. Prior to the installation the division commandant, John F. Manning, presented the charter of the Wm. H. McNally detachment to the Nat. Comm. Carlton A. Fisher, who in turn presented it to the commandant of the detachment. Department Commandant Spottswood was installing officer, and was assisted by a degree team consisting of J. L. Corbett of Cape Cod Detachment as sergeant of the guard, and R. A. Rowlee of Cape Cod Detachment; Paul Sargent and John B. Hineckley of Boston Detachment. A very pretty and effective drill was presented by the installing team, and the following officers were installed: Commandant, Walter C. Gaglin; Senior Vice Commandant, James Finn; Junior Vice Commandant, Dr. Cleary; Judge Advocate, Atty. Hugh Lacey; Chaplain, Del Grandchamp; Adjutant and Paymaster, Francis Golden, and Sergeant at Arms, E. E. Frank.

Mayor Henry Toepfert of Holyoke; State Senator Frank Hurley and Representative Wm. Kirkpatrick, were present during the installation. After the installation a bounteous banquet was served of chicken and what goes with it, and after all present had enjoyed themselves and satisfied the inner man an entertaining program of speeches, songs and stories was enjoyed. Doc Leary was master of ceremonies and handled this difficult task to the Queen's taste. The Marions entertained with a few songs which were received in an enthusiastic manner. Walter Moynihan of Holyoke, recited several pieces with "The Dandy Fifth" and "Gunga Din" being the highlights. An acrobatic dance was put on by



TENTH ANNUAL DINNER-DANCE, NEW YORK DETACHMENT

Top Row, reading left to right: Jesse A. Rodgers, State Commandant, New Jersey; Capt. George Hamilton, U.S.M.C.; Milton Solomon, Past National Vice-Commandant; Grant E. Culver, State Commandant, New York; Col. William A. Dawkins, Kings County Commander, United Spanish War Veterans; Spencer C. Young, Department Vice Commander, American Legion; William E. Griffin, Past Commander, Old Glory Naval Post. Seated, reading left to right: Frank X. Lambert, Commandant, New York Detachment; Colonel Gerard M. Kincade, U.S.M.C., Commanding Officer Marine Barracks, Brooklyn Navy Yard; Hon. John J. Bennett, Jr. (guest of honor), Attorney General State of New York; Capt. Angelo John Cincotta, U.S.M.C.R. (toastmaster), National Judge Advocate, and Capt. Carlton A. Fisher, U.S.M.C.R., National Commandant.

one of the Marion Entertainers and registered a big hit. Mr. Marion accompanied on the piano for singing and dancing, while Mrs. Robertson, played for the installation ceremonies, and the singing of the Marines Hymn. The Boot Top, John F. Manning, National Chief of Staff and Division Commandant, made a few remarks as did the following officers: Department Commandant Spottswood; Commandress Mrs. Robinson, of Auxiliary to Theodore Roosevelt Detachment; Commandant Anderson, of Theodore Roosevelt Detachment; Commandant Welch, of Lawrence Detachment; National Supply Officer Robertson; Division Judge Advocate Rowler, of Quincy; Senior National Vice Commandant Ilch and Past National Commandant Lations. State Senator Hurley spoke feelingly of his interest in veterans and offered his cooperation to them in their problems, as also did Representative Kirkpatrick, and His Honor the Mayor, Henry Toepfert, of Holyoke. Commandant Cauley, of Holyoke Post, American Legion, spoke and offered the aid of his post whenever needed by the new detachment of Marines in Holyoke. The Nat. Comm. Carlton A. Fisher spoke and created quite a lot of enthusiasm with his talk, and his speech was received in a vociferous manner with all pledging their united support to him and the league he so faithfully serves. The festivities were brought to a close with all joining in singing the Marine Hymn, after Al Banks, of Worcester had caused sore sides from laughter over his jokes and witticisms, and all adjourned to their homes voting this days program as the best ever.

HUGH J. LACEY,
Chief of Staff.

"CARLEN-BO" COLUMN

The Headquarters Staff, consisting of National Commandant, Carlton A. Fisher (Carl); National Adjutant and Paymaster, B. O. Edwards (Bo) and Miss M. J. B. (Marie), blushing bow themselves into the pages of THE LEATHERNECK.

The month just passed has seen a decided up-turn in League affairs throughout the country. Our baby detachments, the James E. Owens of Denver, Col., the Lt. Col. John Lloyd Broome of Binghamton, N. Y., the Frank Allen Bevers of Lawrence, Mass., the Wm. H. McNally of Holyoke, Mass., and the Passaic County of Paterson, N. J., have shown gratifying progress. The re-organization of the Lucien P. Waldron Detachment of Akron, Ohio, was a red-letter event that warmed the cockles of our hearts.

The old wheel-horse detachments are again very much in evidence, led by that stalwart of stalwarts, the Hudson-Mohawk, of Albany, the Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment, of Newark, New York No. 1, and Simpson-Hogatt, of Kansas City.

In circulation during the month were several members of the National Staff, including Carl; National Chief-of-Staff, John F. Manning; Senior Vice-Commandant, Maurice A. Ilch; and Junior Vice-Commandant, W. C. Sutton. With the exception of the latter, the circulation was mostly in the East, taking in the Dinner Dance of the New York Detachment, the Military Ball of the Hudson County Detachment of Jersey City, and the Charter Presentation of the McNally Detachment at Holyoke.

The California State Convention, held on January 13, was another outstanding event of the month, resulting in the election of A. E. Gilbertson as State Commandant. During the month the Hudson-Mohawk De-

tachment passed a resolution requesting Bo to submit a report of receipts each month. Here they are for January (report covers money actually deposited during the month; two or three checks received on the 30th and 31st are not included):

Frank Allen Bevers Det. (dues).....	\$12.50
Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Det. (dues).....	10.00
Dept. of New Jersey (supplies).....	17.50
Hudson-Mohawk Detachment (dues).....	30.50
Members-at-Large (dues).....	2.00
New York Detachment No. 1 (dues).....	16.50
James E. Owens Detachment (dues).....	13.50
Simpson-Hogatt Detachment (dues).....	27.50
Theodore Roosevelt Det. (dues).....	7.00
Theodore Roosevelt Det. (supplies).....	1.50
Theodore Roosevelt Det. (5% tax).....	.79

Total \$139.29

Member-at-Large, Edward B. Mullaney, who hails from Manila, P. I., sent in a money order for \$3.20, which comes under last month's business, but the remittance was so unusual that it certainly deserves mention here. Comrade Mullaney wrote: "\$2.00 to be applied as dues and the amount of \$1.20 the cost of sending THE LEATHERNECK to me. I understand that the \$1.20 is supposed to come out of the dues paid by each member. However, as the League is not over-flushed with money, I feel as though I would rather help share the expense of sending THE LEATHERNECK to me. Sorry that I overlooked sending my dues in on time." You're forgiven, Comrade Mullaney,—and how! With two more members like you finances would not be a chronic Headquarters headache.

The Headquarters Staff are all squeezing their left ear-lobes looking for the reports on ALL MARINE WEEK.—February 11 to 17. Let's hope it goes over with a bang and more power to Old Man Manning (the "Old Man" sobriquet was wished on Manning by our 80-year young National Sergeant-at-Arms, James W. Eikeman, of Florida)!

RICHLAND DETACHMENT

Mansfield, Ohio

Breaking back into print is like learning to swim all over, but we guess we can make it. We were 18 strong last year and, in a way, it looked as if we were not active, but just try to round up a gang that works all hours of the day and night, and you'll find the adjutant's job is like being mother of a brood of chickens, and makes one feel he has missed his calling, and should have been a chaplain in the navy. Acting as nurse maid to a gang of Marines is some job, especially when the nurse has the job of rounding them up for meetings. We held our first meeting of the year January 12th, and met at a night club conducted by Gyrene Bill Untiet, and enjoyed a pig roast, since the occasion was in honor of the marinettes. We break our rules occasionally and indulge in politics at our meetings as we feel it is good for the "Semper Fidelis" spirit. A gala time was had by all, and the roast was supplied by Gyrene Tom Crabbe, with Untiet doing a squads-right and falling right back into harness (He used to be a mess sergeant). Gyrene Osborne found an oyster in his dressing and showed it to Untiet, who informed him someone made a bad mistake, and thereupon cut the oyster in two and returned half to Osborne. Evidently, Untiet cares no more for an oyster than he does for his right eye.

Thanks to the CWA, many Marines are working these days, so dues should start

coming in heavy shortly. Our paymaster, Gyrene Walery, is on the job and has the boys running, but as he is some runner himself, we look for many happy returns of the "pay" day. During the past week Commandant Ziegler has been in the sick bay and in pretty bad shape, but we look for his early recovery. He has returned to consciousness sufficiently to insist that the toughest place to serve in the Marines was at a foreign place called League Island. Evidently he never heard of P. I. and some of the animals we had to coax out of the soup, did he? Well, we wish him an early recovery as he is the backbone of this outfit.

Due to cooperation of local papers it will be possible for us to carry out national's ideas regarding All-Marine Week, and the local editors say the material is all good stuff and of national interest as it informs the public about the armed forces of this country at a time when this information is sadly needed. Through this column we wish to thank the Lucien P. Waldron detachment for their invitation to participate with them in organizing a drill patrol, but fortunately, we were unable to attend. The members of this detachment believe there should be cooperation between their neighbor detachments, and are anxious to meet with the Cleveland outfit some Saturday evening at some suitable rendezvous. What say, Cleveland? Since 1934 is to be the banner year of the Marine Corps League, we wish to state that again, Richland can be counted upon to the last Marine, to uphold all the traditions of the corps that has been instilled in them by their service in the U. S. Marine Corps, and are out to back the league 100 per cent.

J. M. BUCHANAN,
Adjutant.

CHARLES RUDICK DETACHMENT

Elmira, N. Y.

Things are looking fine for this detachment, and even though for some time, we have been in "the red," the "blue" is shining through for us now. We expect to increase our membership by five this month, and have several other prospects. George French, one of our Montour Falls members, sent in the names of three Marines who are anxious to sign up with us in the league. Fine work, George. Arrangements for the banquet we are planning for Saturday, February 17th to celebrate All-Marine Week, are getting along in fine shape. Comrade Cirulli is in charge of the menu, and from past experience, we know it will be of the best. Capt. Harding, U.S.M.C., who is commanding officer at a nearby C.C.C. camp, has been invited to honor us as a guest speaker that evening. All Marines and their friends, besides the officers of the various veterans' organizations here, who always enjoy themselves at Marine get-togethers, have also been invited, and we are anticipating a wonderful evening. A detailed report will be made in our next.

This detachment was saddened lately by the death of the wife of our commandant, George Kretchman, and the heartfelt sympathy of every Marine goes out to him in his hour of sorrow. George is an energetic and hard-working fellow, who is always willing to help a veteran, and we grieve with him. Besides being our detachment commandant, he is also senior state vice commandant for New York, M. C. L., and

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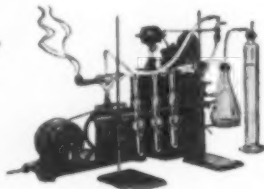
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also post commander of Elmira post, Amer-
ican Legion, so you see he has his hands
full. Guess this is all for this time, so till
next month, we bid you adieu.

JULIAN C. BULLICK,
Adjutant.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The sympathy of all of-
ficers and members of the Marine Corps
League go out to Comrade Kretchman in
his irreparable loss, and we trust he will
accept this as an expression of the entire
League.

MORRIS COUNTY DETACHMENT

Morristown, N. J.

At our last meeting held Thursday, Jan-
uary 25th, at Morristown, N. J., a resolu-
tion expressing the thanks of the Morris
County Marines to the Governor of New
Jersey for his stand in reference to vet-
erans' preference in this state was voted
and ordered sent to His Excellency, The
Governor. This detachment is going out
100 per cent strong to support Essex Coun-
ty in its dedication of the plaque to the
memory of Capt. Burwell H. Clarke, who
was killed at the arsenal explosion down
at Dover, N. J., in 1926. Our Command-
ant Burns, and Department Chaplain
Mooney attended the Eastern Seaboard and
New Jersey state conference at Jersey
City, Saturday, January 27th and later at-
tended the ball under the auspices of the
Hudson County detachment, of Jersey
City, N. J. Commandant Hughie Murtha
and his aids extended themselves to give
our representatives a regular he-man Ma-
rine reception. Commandant Oliver Kelly,
of Essex County detachment, invited them
to attend the ball to be given by his de-
tachment at Newark on February 21st, and
it looks as if they'll be there to spend
another enjoyable evening with fellow
gyrenes. Guess this is all for now, except
that all members of Morris County de-
tachment are requested to attend the next
meeting as some important information is
to be given, and these members are invited
to contact the commandant at 7 Ames
Place, Morristown. Morris County is out
to make this the biggest year in the his-
tory of the league, and with the support
rendered by the national staff now, it is up
to each detachment to show its merit.

AL BURNS,
Commandant.

NIAGARA-FRONTIER DETACHMENT

Buffalo, N. Y.

At a meeting held at the home of the
national commandant, Carlton A. Fisher,
on January 12th (for which privilege this
opportunity is taken to thank him and his
father) it was voted to change the name
of this detachment to the Niagara-Frontier
Detachment, instead of the Oscar Swan
Detachment. The following officers were
elected to guide the destinies of the de-
tachment for the ensuing year: George
Robertson, commandant; Chas. Brill, Sr.,
vice commandant; Stanley Konieczny, Jr.,
vice commandant; James Barber, adju-
tant; Vincent McCarthy, paymaster; John
Johnson, sergeant at arms; Dean Snedick-
er, chaplain, and Edward Foody, chief of
staff. We meet the first Friday of each
month at 16 E. Tupper Street, in the of-
fice of the national adjutant's printing es-
tablishment, and thanks are herewith ex-
tended him for his kindness. After see-
ing the turnout at the January meeting,

it was voted to have a feed after each
meeting hereafter and we wonder if it will
be necessary to turn the navy out to hold
the chow hounds back. This detachment
will be on the air via radio station WBEN
for ten minutes each week during which
period a description of the heroic deeds
of Marines will be described. Day and
hour will be stated later. There are sev-
eral bills before Congress at this time per-
taining to the Marine Corps, and it is up
to every Marine who is still *Semper Fi-*
delis to investigate these bills and support
them to the limit. We who have served
are still obligated to aid those who may
be now serving under the Globe and An-
chor. We will be with you regularly here-
after so until next month we will sign off.

EDWARD FOODY,
Chief of Staff.

OAKLAND DETACHMENT

Oakland, Cal.

We are to hold a State Commandants'
night at our next meeting, February 8, and
the feature of the evening will be "Who
has the best line of Bull." Members are
to tell their *imaginative* experiences in the
Corps, wherein they tell their heroic and
hair-raising deeds while in active service,
and after the contest, a prize will be
awarded the winner. It has been suggested
the prize be a rope to hang the winner. All
kidding aside, we wish to announce that
we are receiving requests from all the state
for membership, and one, Geo. F. Flock,
of Glendale, is very desirous of starting a
detachment there. All information has been
sent this Marine (Editor's note: The na-
tional chief of staff has also contacted this
Marine and sent full information). We
plan to run newspaper articles regularly,
and will appreciate cooperation from na-
tional headquarters. We are to run a get-
together affair every month. Suggestions
are solicited from the "Old Boot-top" by
his aide out here. This state has a pass
word and the new commandant issued the
new one recently. Leaguers who are going
places are Westlake, DeCosta, Bartlett and
some recruits you will hear of later. Re-
gards to all Marines and the National office.

JOHN E. BROCK,
Chief of Staff.

CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARKE DETACHMENT

Newark, N. J.

Here we are again this month with our
old line of chatter. Who are we? Oh,
yes; we're the Capt. Burwell H. Clarke
Detachment, of Newark, N. J., with head-
quarters at 42 Pennington Street, and we
are getting to be quite a large outfit—
thanks to our ambitious personnel. To give
you Devil Dogs some news, this outfit held
its 12th Annual Charity Ball, at the Hotel
Riviera, Newark, N. J., and it was a very
successful affair, and, of course, swelled
our coffers. Thanks go to our hustling
dance committee. We have our own rooms
now at above address, and anytime any of
you Marines are in this neighborhood, drop
in and see us, and you will find a welcome
waits for you. We meet the first and third
Friday of each month, and there never is
a dull minute at our meetings. Our
worthy commandant, Oliver Kelly, presides,
and boy, does he wield a wicked gavel!
And how! He is a hard worker for the
outfit. Assisting him to run the meetings
is our able-bodied sergeant at arms, Ray
Bates (and is he able-bodied?). The gal-

ley is presided over by a few former galley rats, who know how to dish out the chow, and bring back memories of "them thar good old days" in the service. (How about them thar beans, grease-balls?) Our finances are kept under lock and key by our paymaster, Ray Kaiser (The name sounds familiar and German, but, personally, I think there is a little Scotch in him. How about it, Ray?). Quite frequently we have little get-togethers, and have real good times. We're still wondering who the "harp" is that got "rugged" one night, and put his fist through the window (How's the fist, Jimmie?). Old Dan Cupid must be working overtime in our detachment as three of our prominent members are "that way" about the "girl friends," and going around singing "Have you ever seen a dream walking?" and they can not wait till after the meetings to go see their "big moments." Ho, hum; well we were young ourselves once, so can not blame them—much. We all wish them luck but are wondering whether we'll get an invite when they "embark on the matrimonial seas."

Guess we'll have to put on the old roller skates and actually live the song "Rolling Down to Rio." Candidly, this outfit is very proud it is progressing so rapidly in all things. The past month, our chaplain, Frank Serpico, who, by the way, is a member of the police department here, brought his 4-year-old son, all decked out in blues, to the meeting, and we initiated him as our mascot. And is he proud? We had to tighten his belt so he wouldn't burst the buttons off his blouse. Well, Marines, this is our first contribution to these columns, so we think we've said enough, but don't go away—we'll be back next month.

LOUIS PHILLIPS, JR.,
Chief of Staff.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

We regret to report that activities in this detachment have taken a respite this month, and outside of telling that about 20 of our members made a trip of over 225 miles to attend the division conference and installation at Holyoke, there isn't much to report. There are plans under way to put over something big for the league shortly, but until plans are beyond the speculative position, there is no need to write on them. At Holyoke we all had a swell time and met many representative Marines, and we are sure that things will boom shortly for our league, but we must all keep plugging if we want to go places. We saw Chappie Robertson, our national supply officer, and he has had prepared some charters which are works of art. They are all hand-work, and done by a Marine, and any detachment desiring one may procure it by addressing him at 62 Summer Street, Boston, Mass. This is different from the one issued by national, but is in conformity with regulations. The price is \$3.50 each. Be sure to send names of charter members with order. We attended the military services for Dave King, of the Kearsage Naval Veterans, who passed away recently, and Mrs. Theresa Robinson, commandant of our auxiliary represented her organization. Guess this is all, so until next month, we will sign off.

LOUIS S. BERGSTROM,
Chief of Staff.

BERGEN COUNTY DETACHMENT

Hackensack, N. J.

This detachment meets the first and third Mondays of each month, in the "Old Dominion," on Johnson Avenue, Hackensack, N. J. The past month has shown a big improvement in the spirit of the Marines in this section. The boys are beginning to turn out for meetings, and are taking a more active interest in the detachment affairs. We wonder what's up. We had a ghost walk in on us one evening, in the person of Bill Fay, and right away, the boys started after that old "ball of fire"—the ladies auxiliary. Being a single man, we agree with Bill's view on this subject, and we think we should have one for the "girls" and we also believe it would do the league a lot of good. On another evening, another ghost came in and it turned out to be the world famous "cymbal soloist," John A. Elliott, Jr. Comrade Elliott suggested the formation of a drum and bugle corps. This matter has been given considerable consideration in the past, and we have several talented musicians in our outfit. Amongst them are Elliott, Stull, Wherenberg, Calabrese, and Manning, and if we ever get this gang together at one time, we don't think we'll have much trouble "taking off." Two new members signed up the other night, and they are Paul R. West, Private First Class, from the Navy Yard Detachment, and Walter Fetzter, from Maywood, N. J. It appears as if the membership committee had waked up. We now have a permanent entertainment committee whose duty is to put some life into the meetings. Last month they presented "The Leatherneck Trio," composed of Alex B. King, piano; J. P. Manning, violin, and Adolph Lander, piccolo (the more he got "pickled," the better he'd blow). John Elliott, Clarence Petty, Paul West and Walt Fetzter rendered several vocal selections during the evening. Refreshments were served and all voted it the most successful and constructive meeting we ever held in this detachment.

ROBERT A. SMITH,
Chief of Staff.

NEW YORK DETACHMENT, NO. 1

New York, N. Y.

This detachment held its Tenth Annual Dinner Dance in the Towers Hotel, Brooklyn, N. Y., on January 20th, and proved to be the season's big social success in Marine Corps League circles, and a large representation of dignitaries was in attendance. The guest of honor was the Hon. John J. Bennett, Jr., Atty. General of the State of New York, who is also an honorary commandant of this detachment. The tables were tastefully decorated with flowers and leaves, as was the entire hall and dining room. Capt. Angelo J. Cincotta, U.S.M.C.R., who is National Judge Advocate of the M. C. L., was master of ceremonies and toastmaster. Seated at the head table were Carlton A. Fisher, National Commandant of the M. C. L.; Frank X. Lambert, Commandant of the New York Detachment; Spencer C. Young, State Vice Commandant of the American Legion; Col. Wm. A. Dawkins, Commandant Kings County S. W. V.; H. R. Reynolds, Past Cty. Commandant of the American Legion; Wm. E. Griffen, secretary to the Park Commissioners of the Borough of Brooklyn and Post Commander of Old Glory Naval Post, American Legion; Col. Gerard M. Kincaide,



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Harry Burgess and his Melody Boys furnished the music for dancing, which lasted till 3 A. M. A tasty dinner was served and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, with the several dishes bearing titles pertaining to events in Marine history and the names of celebrities in attendance.

After the dinner had been served the toastmaster called upon the Hon. John J. Bennett, Attorney General, to make a few remarks and his speech was full of flowery and well-put compliments for the U. S. Marine Corps and the Marine Corps League. His remarks were received vociferously. The National Commandant, Carlton A. Fisher, was then called upon and he registered a great hit with his witticisms and the impression he made upon his hearers can only rebound to the credit of the league he represents. Colonel Kincaide was the next speaker, and he spoke in his usual after-dinner style and registered quite a hit with his hearers. Department Commander Young, of the American Legion, then spoke and paid the tribute of his chief, the Department Commander, to the league, and his remarks bore out the belief that only good-feeling exists between the American Legion and the Marine Corps League. After the speeches were done the league medal for 1933 was presented to Wm. E. Griffin for his efforts in behalf of Marines. The next affair under the auspices of this detachment will be their annual military ball to be conducted at the Hotel Commodore, Lexington Avenue and 42nd Street, New York City, on March 14, 1934. Serving on the honorary committee arranging for this affair are the Hon. Herbert Lehman, Governor of New York; Gen. John J. Bennett, Jr., Attorney General; Hon. John C. McCrate, Justice of the Supreme Court, and Borough President Harvey, of Queens County, who is a Lieutenant Colonel in the organized reserve. Manning T. Taylor is chairman of the active committee, and is assisted by the following good Marines: Chas. J. Duber, Chas. N. Miller, John E. LaSage, Harold L. Walk, Jos. B. Vanslet, Martin C. Palmer, Chris Wilkinson, John J. Diskin, Milton Solomon, Walter R. Hart and Stanley Sadauskie.

A. J. CINCOTTA,
 Past Commandant.

HINGHAM SALVOS

(Continued from page 24)

the honors in keeping the dishes well filled for seconds.

"Dinty" Hatch continues to keep his Model "T" perking while the others drop by the wayside. Dube has his new plates and the "Chevy" will soon be making weekly trips to Springfield with Stretch Brazko as passenger. Congratulations are in order for Corporal and Mrs. Brazko upon the birth of a son, Robert Lee.

I haven't been able to check up on Gethins in the past couple of weeks although I know there must be a female in the case. It must be down Cohasset way. Which brings to my memory that there must be something wrong in the romances of Dube and Lawson since we see no more of the girls in question at the movies. And judging from Burnham's gasoline account

it may be another romance has been blasted. Whynaught continues a straight and normal life.

Corporals Stone and Vallery, formerly of Hingham and now attached to New London, find these old stamping grounds a good place since they are seen here frequently. I'd like to see them back since I lost two good sales of THE LEATHERNECK when they were transferred. New London agent take notice.

And now I'll have to bring this chin chatter to a close or I may have the whole detachment on my neck.

Sgt. Major Harry W. McCune, U. S. M. C., retired after 30 years' active service in the U. S. Army and Marine Corps. No doubt a number of his old friends will be pleased to see this picture of McCune and Mac felt mighty proud of the gift presented to him upon his retirement, from the men of the detachment. He now resides at New Galilee, Penna., and mail addressed to him at that place will reach him.

MARINE BREVITIES NAVAL WAR COLLEGE

By J. E. L.

It has been some time since we sent in an article—due to the absence of our former writer—who by the way, has said his "Good-bye's" to the Gang and gone back to his native Tennessee. We lost a good man when Corporal Stinnett left the Corps to make his fortunes upon the outside. We all know that no matter what vocation he may choose—he is bound to make good, be it as a scribe or humble laborer. To him, "The Old Gang" extends their heartiest wishes and the best of luck.

As no one thenceforth has shown any inclination or enthusiasm towards givin' you all the low-down—I have taken it upon myself to wrestle with this ancient typewriter for a spell and see if I have the making's of a scribe within me—Here Goes!—

There have been many changes 'round here lately, and it almost makes one feel like a stranger. It seems as if the endless parade of new faces will never cease, with this one getting transferred and that one being paid off, but as all things must come to an end sooner or later, it is bound to end shortly as there are only a few short timers remaining . . . when they have gone we expect to have a nice rest after the detachment settles down to a daily routine and the new men get broken in to their new surroundings.

Many will be surprised to note here that Cpl. Harris F. "Nap" Twohey, decided that it was about time he made another trip abroad and by this time is probably on his way back to China or other points East. "Nap" spent a little over four years in our midst and during that time made many friends who still remember and perhaps grieve his absence.

Former shipmates might be interested to know that Pfc. Thomas E. "Red" Burns, was transferred from this post for duty in Haiti. Burns was with us quite a while and in partnership with one (Whom I shall name later) topped the list as the Detachment's leading sheiks; and many are the sad, brokenhearted maidens left behind. To him, "The Old Gang" also extends their heartiest wishes and the best of luck in his new billet.

By the time this goes to print Private "Blubber" Mallett will have said his "Goodbye's" to the "Ol' Battle University" and headed for Minnesota out where the depression has ended (So he says).

Mallett was overheard to say that he can now go back and take life easy and rest in comfort, having just got word that his old man has received a raise in pay.

Sergeant Beckley, as you all know, is the NCO commanding our small detachment of twenty-three men, and doin' a darn good job, too. Recently he made the suggestion that this outfit needed some kind of sport and recreation to occupy our leisure hours—and with a little encouraging and a bit of enthusiastic talk here and there—the die was cast and a basketball team was formed. With just a couple of times on the courts . . . it did not take long nor an expert eye to see that the team has promise . . . They have played three games to date and won easy victories in them all.

We have two important games coming up in the near future . . . and it is sincerely hoped that the team will maintain the standard of excellence in both these games. Let's go, Team! The Gang is backing you to the limit.

Sergeant William Seyler, the able NCO-in-charge of the causeway guard, is a likeable guy and gets along with the men, plays on the Basketball Team, and in general is a jolly good fellow.

According to recent rumor and reports our sheik Norman "Girl-Crazy" Rudolph (Burns' pal), has been seen taking in that "Notorious Eagle Restaurant" up the creek aways in company with one . . . "Miss. Fall River '33." It has also been quite noticeable that letters from that vicinity grace the daily mail pouch . . . Why all this sudden and inexplicable avalanche of mail? Is it getting to the serious stage, Norm?

It was unsuspected that we have a night owl among our midst, but we are forced to believe it now. "Baldy" didn't get in from Boston the past Monday morning till 'round seven o'clock; he was traveling by air way (Air ya goin' m' way?). But never you mind, "Baldy," maybe next time it will not be raining so hard.

We have quite a few followers of the terpsichorean art in the detachment and they may be seen down at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. any Thursday night shaking a mean hoof with the good lookin' gals of Newport and the outlying vicinities.

Well, here's another little stranger. We've just got to let him in . . . Private Thomas F. Humes, an ex-dough-boy, better known as the Ca-poop-a-ral. Humes came to us from Phillia. And though he's been in the city but a brief period, he has already taken the town by storm and won many fair damsels with his humor and wit. What a "technique!" How do you do it, Humes?

That, just about winds up the brevities for this time, so will take my leave while the goin' is yet good. Will probably make another contribution next month.

SEA-GOING

(Continued from page 33)

Here's a laugh for you. Private Bachman wore Private First Class stripes for two whole days. Another laugh—Private Knox was busted for talking out of turn, and now he has his old chevrons glued inside his locker door with the following words under them: "Private Knox used decidedly profane and abusive language to a corporal. He is now satisfied, I hope." Then you should hear Private "Arkansas" Brock, of the whaleboat crew, telling how he caught an abalone going up a tree on

San Clemente Island. The crew, coxwained by Corporal Buss, made several trips to the island while we anchored out there, and now they're busy cleaning abalone shells for the folks at home.

Before I say good-bye to you, perhaps this would be as good a place as any to say *adios* to Captain Louis R. Jones, as fine an "old man" as we ever had. So help me, his medals and decorations knocking together sounded like a boiler factory. We all welcome Capt. A. D. Challacombe, who was preceded by plenty of compliments. Also we're due to lose 1st Sgt. Gordon L. Shadbolt soon, and some outfit will be mighty lucky when he's transferred there. He is being replaced by 1st Sgt. Jim Scott, another one of whom we have heard compliments.

And now, people, I'm going to the movies. If my one and only girlfriend is there, the day will be complete. I'm referring to Betty Boop, the only one I'll always be true to. I'll see you next month.

IDAHO SPUDS

By High Hat

Football has passed into the limbo of forgotten things while basketball lolls in the spotlight of popularity at present. The Idaho was extremely fortunate in having aboard all the members of last year's unbeaten team. However, that team was composed entirely of Navy men, and though all Marines aboard supported it enthusiastically and staunchly, there was ever the disappointment of the lack of Marine talent shown. This year one of our football heroes has stepped into basketball limelight and captured a secure position with the team. Hance has returned to the detachment, the lost pride of last year. Go to it, Hance! We're all depending on you!

The team has played a rather strenuous schedule of games, facing, to date, only one loss; and, we're proud to state,—it took the Marines to do it! The Navy Yard Marines walloped us to the tune of 58-51, but the Norva Novelty Shop, the Blue Devils, Swensons, the fives from the U. S. S. *New Mexico*, and U. S. S. *Antares* and the Park Place Baptists all felt the sting of defeat, due to the clever, swift, and excellent brand of basketball displayed by Piper, the captain, and Le Tournenu, Bence, Wilton, Fukes, Timberlake, and MacFarland, who are the basis of the team, supported by the brilliant play of the lone Marine representative, Hance.

"Idaho Night," an entertainment given to the members of the ship by the Navy Y.M.C.A. of Norfolk, was received enthusiastically and the number of people who arrived that night, including Captain Todd, attested to the success of the affair. Perhaps because all refreshment and entertainment was free . . . !

Griffith and Gould have but a few days to do, and Pender entertains hopes. Upon the departure of these men, the oldtimers will number but few, nearly all but three or four men having less than a year under their belts; that is, all but our non-coms. "The old order changeth . . ."

The mention of a phone call from a young lady to the "Top" seems to have borne further fruit. Lately he has discarded his liberty uniform in favor of "civvies" while ashore, and has returned humming popular love ditties of the day, murmuring of the "moon" and . . . Aren't thinking of leaping, are you, Top?

O'Connor was seen escorting a beautiful matron up the boulevard . . . with a babe

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in her arms . . . his face wreathed in a beatific smile . . . what's up, John? . . . Those fatherly attitudes do become you so!

Several of our new lady-killers attended the "Idaho Night" festival and enjoyed sundry experiences . . . for instance, . . . Kemp wandered disconsolately in the wake of a beautiful blonde who took him for everything but the moths in his pocket-book . . . and while "Rose Marie" ogled the moon, Yingling played pool . . . Reems became really popular and arrived with three blushing maids but spotted one he thought better, and tried to become acquainted . . . as a consequence, all four deserted him. Reems is soon to go to the *Ranger*.

"Red" Waggoner has taken up with "Lillian" again . . . the girl whose auburn locks seems to be of the transient type . . . Land's voyage in the liberty boat proved to be disastrous . . . he "fed the fishes!" . . . Butler has been sporting a black eye for days . . . the result of Cofield's playful tap in the gym the other afternoon . . . Sanders returned, much worn from "whoop-pee" while on leave and arrived just in time to see Koehler made Private First. And who tried to beat Pender's time with the O. A. O. . . . and failed? Anonymous sources have twitted Ike Breakfield on his baseball ability . . . re pedal extremities . . . so Ike is awaiting the chance to wallop his accuser at handball . . . without success as yet.

The Idaho went into dry-dock the latter part of the month and all hands went overside to scrape and wash the bottom. Hilarity ran rampant but the chill of eve-

ning offered excuse enough to scamper for coffee when the job was done.

Really cold weather here! . . . Nineteen degrees! Byrd should have remained in Norfolk to conduct his Arctic experiments and saved time and money!

Lieutenant Paige, our new C. O., is O. K. Everyone likes him. An athlete himself (football, Academy and Parris Island), he is interested in all things athletic. "Pretty good egg," seems to be the general consensus of the detachment.

Handball has become the popular game of the moment once more, and most any time arguments are flying thick and fast. However, "ye olde gyme of chequers" still intrigues the interest of Sergeant Coates, who spent a profitable evening under the coaching of an old greybeard in the Navy Y. M. C. A.

All things must come to an end eventually, and this should have ended long ago . . . C'm up and see us s'mtime! . . .

HAITI REPORTS

(Continued from page 29)

in charge of a senior non-com and supervised by the various officers detailed.

One unique feature and a distinct improvement over the old type drawings are to be had in the Training Regulations, are the drawings made of the various infantry weapons under instruction with the names of the parts inserted in place of the numerals. This arrangement is a time-saver for the instructors and was made up by Capt. J. A. Nelson, who is the Officer in Charge of Training.

For the past three weeks no one appeared interested in taking a rest cure at Kenscoff, our mountain resort probably because of a hectic holiday season.

Private Burns, our second cook, in one of his bright moods made this witty remark to one of the men when he explained to him his success in the galley and the methods he uses—"When it's brown, it's cooking, but when it burns, it's done." We wonder if this is supposed to be dry wit or if it is his "Philosophy of Cooking?"

Private "Whitey" Johnson is so proud of his pocket Baby-Ben that he is constantly pulling it out and letting us know the correct time. Personally, we think that he ought to put it on a chain and twirl it around his finger. He says it was made under the NRA (not running anymore).

By the way, "Whitey" is quite a versatile young man—a qualified parachute rigger, an airplane mechanic and because

of his experience as a photographer, he has been helping out in the Photo Lab until Private First Class Scheetz arrived. During his spare time "Whitey" runs the cobbling shop and he says that when he finishes this cruise, he intends to open up a shoe repair shop in Elyria, Ohio.

The U.S.S. *Sirius* brought 14 new men for this squadron on the 26th. Among those to arrive were Corporals Hill and Godwin, Private First Class Scheetz, Privates Dillman, Edelston, Hanna, Jonasson, B. C. Jones, Lockhart, Metz, Murphy, Powell, Walton and Zimmerman. Privates Jones and Zimmerman are two old-timers who have recently shipped over. The rest of the privates are just "Boots" who have from 5 to 6 months' service but want to be pilots.

Cpl. Gaston D. Davis and Pvt. Paul R. Paquin, both pilots who finished their training about 8 months ago, arrived here for duty on the U.S.S. *Vega* on the 10th.

Corporal Davis has made a few trips to Pignon and seems to get quite a thrill from the way the natives talk this creole and incidentally has picked up a few words which he is springing on us all the time. He saw the great Baron of Pignon in full regalia performing the duties of his office and to date Don has not ceased to wonder at the way the Baron goes among his people joking, laughing and holding intimate converse while at the same time striking a hard bargain.

Sgt. Frank P. M. Eagan will leave for the States on the *Chaumont* when she passes through here on the 16th. Corporal Anderson will probably accompany him as he is anxious to return as soon as possible. Good luck, Andy!

The past month has brought us two basketball players, Cpl. G. D. Davis and Private Dillman, who have greatly strengthened our team. When the first half of the season ended, we found ourselves in 3rd place with the Second Marines leading the league. Now, with the addition of these new men, we have hopes of maneuvering into first place and with Private McIntire back in the line-up, who had received a sprained ankle in the game with Signal in December, our hopes are almost certainties.

Some men wonder why they always make the page of THE LEATHERNECK, while others are entirely neglected! When people do the unusual, the unexpected—they always make good copy for any writer which makes interesting reading.

Take, for instance, Tpr. Childers. Whatever he does or wherever he goes, it is

always epoch making. A few days ago he went down the barracks with both arms extended. One hand was closed and the other open with the palm up and every now and then he would open the one and close the other. Evidently, it had aroused some interest for several questions were asked him as to the kind of trained animal he had. A crowd began to gather around to see this strange creature perform its trick but Corporal Wilhelm busted up the party and put the crowd into hysterics when with a calm and deliberate voice he drawled, "I saw a flea circus once."

Well, a few nights later, the ex-fire chief, was cruising around the barracks and asking everyone, "Who stole my flea circus?"

Privates Britten and Sherwin seem to vie with each other when they go horse-back riding as to which one can dive furthest into the muddy ditches which they are forced to jump while riding in the "Bundocks."

Questions but no answers:

Who is our phantom corporal?

Why do so many writers pay us friendly visits and leave behind unfavorable impressions only?

Why Walter Winchell has not paid us a call?

What is the Shadow doing these days? Have those barking .45's been muzzled by the enemy. We are anxious for the next issue.

Who is the aspiring pilot that runs up and down "C" street yelling "poop, poop a doop—whoopee?"

Who has our ex-fire chief's flea circus?

Do you think the 15 per cent will be returned to us with interest?

With these few questions, we shall leave the reader supposedly baffled till next month like a continued story, only we shall "End" here.

BROWN FIELD

(Continued from page 38)

Teddy C. Neach, Gerald D. Poitras, and Jimmie Calhoun are rendering valuable service in the Section. If past performances have any bearing on the matter, there is no reason why the ordnance material should not work 100 per cent and contribute materially to the winning of the Gunnery Trophy. All other Squadrons please note; we have our hearts set on coming out on top of the heap this season.

Across the tracks from these two busy Sections, you will find the Aerological Sec-



tion doing more than its share in this business of flying. MT-Sgt. Charles C. Campbell, a past instructor in Aerology and a man who knows his clouds and pressure areas, heads this busy office. There are six other men in this Section, including three strikers. The qualified men are Cpl. Lester D. Lansing, recently stationed at Guantanamo Bay, Pfc. Vincent J. Odziejewski and Pvt. Maurice I. Sale, recent graduates of the Lakehurst School. The strikers include Pvts. Henry B. Peacock, Edward F. Shelton, and William D. Turner. With three 8 hour watches to be stood each day and innumerable maps to be drawn, these men are always on the job. Their big task right now is to keep a large supply of fair weather on hand for use during gunnery.

True to the words of Napoleon (or some other chow-hound), it has been found that an army does indeed march on its stomach. Or, if there is little marching to do, as is the case where an organization is in a permanent garrison, the army works well only when the stomach never lacks for plenty of well prepared food. In spite of this proven fact, the man who really keeps the outfit on its feet and ready for the thickest of weather seldom gets any recognition. Here at Brown Field we are indeed fortunate in having one of the best, if not the best, Mess Sergeants in the service, Sgt. Erwin C. Briesemeister. "Breezie," as he is known to one and all, certainly knows how to handle a ration allowance to the best advantage. You will find no mess keep polished brighter than ours. Meals are always served hot, on time, and in quantities to satisfy the most voracious of our number.

Now here is a tip to you fellows who can very often find something about which to complain. You know as well as we that you never lose an opportunity to "sound off" when you find anything wrong. If you will persist in doing that, why not add another habit, and when you find something good tell the man responsible for it. If you will do this, why not go a few steps out of your way and say "Breezie, that surely was a good supper" or breakfast, or luncheon, as the case may be.) You will feel better for it, and "Breezie" will feel that he is no longer one of the "forgotten men."

And now that is off our manly chest.

Brown Field was represented in the smoker on January 26th by Pvt. James M. "Wop" Ranallo, who fought in the final four-round bout. Ranallo weighs 175 pounds and packs a wallop like an Army mule (he is an ex-Army man and probably comes by the punch honestly). Fighting Tpr. Eastley of the Post, Ranallo scored a knock-down in the first round. Eastley, however, came back to last the fight out and gain enough points to get a draw with Ranallo.

Some of you fellows will probably be surprised to hear that Oscar McBride is again with us, in person. He re-enlisted last month.

About the same time Pvt. Malcolm M. Kirk, one time candidate for the Post football team, and who saw service in Nicaragua, re-appeared on the scene. Asked why he re-enlisted, the reply was, "Well, I kinda got into the habit of eating three times a day." We forgot to ask him what section of the country he was in.

Cpl. E. B. Green, he who snaps the camera and develops a mean film, won first honors for the calendar year 1934 by becoming the daddy of a fine baby girl.

Sergeant Major Lang ran a close second,

and is now the proud daddy of his fourth daughter. The Sergeant Major says the rumor that he is vying with Eddie Cantor has a foundation. Mothers and daughters are doing nicely.

To those of you who may be contemplating coming to Brown Field, let me introduce Pvt. Henry M. McGuire. McGuire is an old-timer, with plenty of time on Paris Island to his service, who runs a wicked clipper and keen razor. He is our latest addition in the tonsorial parlor, and takes care of all the aviation trade. We have long hoped for a Marine barber and have found our hopes come true.

Pvt. Ray McClain is our Post Exchange steward, being assisted by Pvts. Maynard Harper and Carey Anderson. Mac repairs radios in his spare time and finds that his experience in the radio section some years ago comes in handy.

Altogether, this is as good a station as you will find. We have a group of most excellent officers and a quota of enlisted men hard to beat as all-around good fellows.

When this is checked, it is not a cinch. If you doubt it, ask Staff Sgt. Charles G. Brown, who should know one when he sees it. We'll be seeing you next month and will try to improve the brand of fodder dished out. Cheerio.

WEST COAST NEWS

(Continued from page 35)

quickly by his PURE WOOL. He is the chief character in our Kangaroo Courts and will take any part in them, including the janitor. The other night he brought charges against Private Lowndes for being a Cream Puff. For further details see Private Lowndes' latest book—"The Acme of Life."

Private J. White was high man at the range. This was rather odd for a ex-sailor who spent most of his time on a submarine. We are glad that the Marines have been able to show him the light, or perhaps it was Private Ballard.

"Schnozzle" Smith (our back seat champion) has informed the platoon that he can take them. His latest book on the market is "Eight Hours Leave—or Bring- ing Them Back Alive."

Private Keck has just discovered a new position in machine gun tactics—this position is known as the Curbstone Crouch. This position is very effective while guarding machine guns while the detachment is having chow.

Corporal Maxwell (the Walter Wenchell of the Marine Corps) informs us that he is an active church member. We wonder if they let him take up the collection? Most churches use one-armed men.

After all is said and done the 5th Bn. M. G. Platoon has a group of men whose work if carried out in the future as it has in the past will carve a worthy nick for them.

A TWO PARTY LINE

(Continued from page 8)

"Yes, I have. I'm all packed."

His head dropped dejectedly. He sank into the chair.

A rather timid knock sounded on the door, and Helen's face suddenly became grim. "Come in!" she invited.

A sweet young thing entered and Helen's figure stiffened. "Pardon me," the visitor said, suddenly startled at something in

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Helen's manner, "but I've been trying for hours to find you people in. The clothesline between these two upper apartments works on pulleys so both can use it. And you know, this afternoon your maid pulled in all our clothes!"

HOBBY

(Continued from page 9)

over a last whisky and soda, bade farewells, and retired. The fellow, accompanied by his Anamese servant, was to plunge early into the dawn and his trek into the interior.

Several months later, Hennig ran up to Shanghai. He met Banion. They drank, and the talk led to the introductory note. "That fellow?" Banion laughed. "Wealthy nut. Going your way. Thought you'd like to observe him, so I gave him the note. Was a prosecuting attorney back in the States. Hanging prosecutor, they called him."

Hennig mentioned the odd hobby. Banion knew about it, added that the collection was in the keeping of a local scientific club.

"I'm a member," he said. "Come on

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up. I'll show you something very interesting."

In a dark room, Banion switched on a light. A picture flashed on a screen. "This is not part of the collection," he said. "Club got it from a coolie. It's not well done, but not bad."

There was a confusion of hurrying figures, jumpy, slightly out of focus, poorly lighted. Figures shuffled, clustered in the background. A figure in a quilted robe obtruded, blotted out the huddle, moved aside, and the huddle split.

There was a kneeling figure with hands tied behind. The shoulder muscles, knotted and strained, glistened. The sun came out. The figure was pushed down until only its buttocks and the soles of its feet were visible. A slit-eyed giant, stripped to the waist, stepped up, swung a blade down. "Watch the hands," came the voice of Banion.

Hennig watched the bound, writhing hands. They were pudgy, powerful, with stubby fingers, squared and spatulate at their tips.

"Very interesting, don't you think?" said Banion, switching on the lights.

"Very," said Hennig, thinking about a rosary with one gap where a skull should be, and no toad-like Buddha to mourn the gap.

LET US CONSIDER THE MARINES

(Continued from page 5)

were put aboard ship to act as an armed guard over the officers and protect the powder and the guns and the rest of the king's property on board. These soldiers were the beginning of the Marines, and so well did they do their work that it is claimed that the greatness of the English navy today, organized, disciplined and trained to the maximum of efficiency, is due to the Marine Corps.

But, because the bayonets of Marines have always confronted the sailor when he wanted to indulge in a little mutiny on board ship, or do some skylarking with grog on shore, the old-time sailor hated the Marine. But times changed, press gangs passed away, and a different and finer class of men came into the Navy.

Still traditions linger, and the sailor-man on Clark Street, in the city of Chicago, in the year of grace, 1917, assumes a scornful

smile and calls a Marine a "gravel-cruncher," because the Marine's great-great-grandfather told the sailor's great-great-grandfather in Dover Straits in 1665 that if he dropped another belaying pin down on the ship's captain he would jolly well bash his bloomin' head off with 'is bally muskit. Thus do old feuds die hard.

But being neither soldier nor sailor, fish, flesh nor pickled herring, was what developed in the Marines their loyalty and devotion to their Corps, their great pride in it and their determination to excel anything else that walks or creeps upon the earth or swims in the water.

Uncle Sam's Marines always insist upon being first, and they have succeeded pretty well in that because they were the first branch of Uncle Sam's fighting force to be organized, having been formed in 1775, ahead of either the army or the navy. Also the Marines were first in Tripoli, when the United States captured that pirate stronghold in 1805; first to enter the fortress of Chapultepec in Mexico City in 1847; first to land in Cuba in 1898; first to enter Peking, China, in 1900, and first ashore at Vera Cruz in 1914.

Also, every famous American fighting man, from George Washington down to General Barry, is accredited with being the man who said during a great war crisis, "We will succeed with the help of God and a few Marines."

MORAL—The Marine Corps recruiting station in Chicago is at 628 South State Street.

THE SIEGE OF BUZZARD'S ROOST

(Continued from page 7)

"Our woman-hatin' playmate is snowed under already."

"Perhaps I'd better introduce myself. This," she said flipping her hand in the direction of her aerial companion, "is Mister Davidson, the only flyer in the world to make a perfect three-point landing in a treetop."

Davidson flushed, but there was no bitterness in her musical voice. "And I'm Molly Dolan, the first aviatrix to be rescued by a handsome Marine sergeant."

O'Neill bowed slightly but no change came over his expression.

"I'm Jerry O'Neill," he said, shaking

hands with them. "This is Shorty McQuade and that's Harry Anderson."

Shorty enveloped her hand in his massive paw and grinned like a child as he stammered to find words expressing his delight.

O'Neill studied the girl and reluctantly conceded that her bearing suggested courage and reliability. But before them lay at least five days of battling their way through the jungles, ascending tiring, hazardous mountain trails, and the fatiguing tension of being constantly on the alert for attacks by marauding bandits.

"You're not rescued yet, Miss Dolan," said the sergeant.

"What?" she laughed, "eleven fighting Marines and I'm not to consider myself rescued?"

"Them ain't Marines, Miss," said Shorty, waving his hand in the direction of the Guardia troops. "Them's gook soldiers. There's only three Marines here."

"Judging from appearances that should be sufficient," she returned with a mischievous toss of her curly head.

Shorty puffed out like a gamecock in a barnyard and grinned at O'Neill who was studying her with intense eyes.

"Trim little craft, ain't she?" Shorty expatiated under his breath. "A lot of brightwork and plenty of speed without drawin' too much water. Built on destroyer lines."

"Destroyer lines is right," agreed the sergeant.

Molly thrust her hands deep into the pockets of her tailored breeches and insolently returned Jerry's stare.

"Well," she said, "do I meet the approval of the mighty Marine?"

"My approval or disapproval is of no importance. Neither can alter the fact that you are hardly the companion one would choose for a five-day hike through these jungles."

She sobered slightly.

"It can't be that far, can it? We were almost due in Ocof when we crashed."

O'Neill couldn't suppress a smile. "It's no farther by land than by air," he said drily; "but sometimes it takes longer."

Supper over, the native troopers, with the exception of one posted as sentry, unrolled their blankets and lay down to sleep. Anderson made a bed for Davidson and himself beneath the projecting wing of the plane. Shorty, seated on the ground, watched the shadowy form of his friend and the girl sitting close together. Molly was outlining her brief experience as an aviatrix.

"I was sent out by a newspaper," she explained.

It was too dark for her to notice Jerry's change of color and expression, nor could she see his hands clenching and unclenching nervously.

"They thought it would be a good publicity stunt for them," she went on. "We were supposed to fly to Argentine and took off from Chicago ten days ago."

Jerry caught his breath as if her words stifled him. He felt an urge to leap to his feet and scream out a protest against his self-immolation. His mind leaped over the spanning sea to a newspaper office and he wondered who was occupying the desk that once was his. Molly was still talking, but he had almost forgotten her. She mentioned the name of the great daily into whose lair she dragged her freshly killed news each day.

Jerry gasped: "I used . . . used to . . . Never mind. Go ahead."

She sprang to her feet.

"My Lord!" she ejaculated; "Jerry

O'Neill!" I knew I had heard that name somewhere before, but I couldn't remember. So this is where you disappeared to when you left the 'Journal'? And you've buried yourself in this place all these years?"

The deeply-rooted maternal instinct that Molly thought she had submerged in a well of world wisdom, bobbed to the surface. She placed a friendly hand upon his shoulder.

"Poor kid," she said impulsively. "No wonder I sensed a bitterness toward women. You've had a tough break, boy, I know; but you are not the first man who was ever jilted at the church door. Just try to forget—and remember, all women are not alike."

O'Neill made a strange noise; it was not a laugh, it was too bitter for that.

"No," he answered gruffly, "they are not all alike. Some are bad and the rest are worse. I think we'd better turn in, there's a five-day trip ahead of us. Shorty, get a blanket for Miss Dolan."

"Good night . . . misogynist," she said laughingly.

"Good night."

All through the heat of the following day she trudged along in the column. With stubborn courage she refused any aid, grimly determined to prove she would be no encumbrance. Unassisted she scrambled up the steep declivities. Once her city-bred feet slipped from a precarious rock. She would have tumbled headlong into the ravine had not the watchful Shorty clutched her belt.

"Steady," he said lightly. "We're ridin' a rough sea. You nearly went overboard that time."

"Thank you," she said in a tremulous voice.

Shorty was elated. She had assumed a different role in his heart; something to be cherished—a fragile idol to be protected. He had lived a man's life and in his infrequent contact with women in the far-flung corners of the world, he had never encountered one of her kind. It was a revelation. He watched her with hungry eyes, like some court jester might his queen, hovering ever close to be of any assistance she might need.

To O'Neill it was different. She was from his world; of his own kind. She brought back poignant memories and a strange, chilled feeling of loneliness. He was homesick. He longed for the city, the rumble and roar of busy traffic and the quest of news for his paper. Only six months remained for him to serve out his enlistment, but they seemed to stretch into eternity. For a long time he had felt that way; but he had subdued it, choked it back. And now the sudden appearance of this woman brought his emotions tumbling out like released schoolboys. She was like some inexorable Nemesis. He wished to God she had chosen a different route to Argentine.

The afternoon of the second day found Molly pale and worn. Her tiny boots, never designed for jungle tramping, cut cruelly into her feet. Her shirt, of fabric too fine to withstand the ravaging of needle-like thorns, had been ripped to tatters. Shorty had stripped his heavy service shirt from his back and insisted that she wear it. She remonstrated, but a hurt look came into his eyes and she permitted him to throw it across her shoulders. His muscular arms were bared to the knitting of keen-edged grass and were soon lacerated and bleeding. Mosquitoes, attracted by the blood, swarmed over them in countless numbers. Molly shuddered and pleaded with

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Shorty to cover himself with the garment, but he only laughed. He was as strange to her as she to him. She had met many types of man, most of them she dominated by her dynamic personality; but in Shorty's presence she felt helpless. He was a sort of Neanderthal, with the simple faith and heart of a child.

The attack came suddenly. A rippling burst of fire blazed from the hillside. One of the native troopers screamed as he spun about drunkenly. Another dropped without a sound.

"Down! Down! Hit th' deck!" cried Jerry as he swept Molly to the earth.

"Stand by for a ram!" yelled Shorty in savage exultation. "Get your slings fixed for prone position!"

Molly turned her eyes toward Jerry in a mute appeal for enlightenment.

"Bandits," he said simply. "I am afraid you are an exceptionally attractive incentive."

For an instance the blood left her face and she choked back a frightened sob.

Another fusillade splattered against the rocks and ricocheted with weird noises through the air. O'Neill, stunned by the suddenness of the attack, came to his senses and began looking about for a more suitable position of defense. A ledge jetted out above them; a sort of shelf that commanded a thorough view of the trail and valley. A natural rampart reared its stony protection along the edge.

"That's the place!" Jerry cried. "Two of you birds get that wounded man up there. We'll have to leave the other where he is. Shorty, help Miss Dolan. Anderson, you stay here with me to cover the movement. The rest of you grab that stuff from the mules and get up there as fast as you can. Take off—shake a leg. Anderson! Where in hell is that man Anderson?" The lanky Marine had disappeared.

"Poor devil," said Jerry to himself. "He was up there with the mules and the specks cut him down without a chance." He raised his voice and called Anderson's name, but there was no response.

"Hey!" exploded Shorty, bursting through the bushes, "That broadside scared them

mules and they stampeded—took off with all our rations and ammunition."

O'Neill's grip on his rifle stock tightened and his lips curled back in horror. Their only means of a prolonged defense, water, food and ammunition, was gone. A hundred rounds filled the belt of each man, a little water was left in the canteens, but not a crumb of food remained. The loss staggered the sergeant.

"Good Gee's," he groaned.

A bullet clipped the rock in front of him and gravel bit into his face. Time was precious.

"Grab the belt and canteen from that bird who got bumped, you fellows, and get up there as quick as you can. Hurry up while they can't see you. Sound off when you get settled and we'll come pronto. You, Jose, stay here with me. I wish to God I knew what became of Anderson."

The native soldier, Jose, slipped to O'Neill's side, and together they wormed their way out from the trail to obtain a clearer vision of the valley. Crawling to the protection of a fallen tree, they stopped.

"Savvy bad luck, Jose?"

"Si. Si. Senorita bad luck," replied the native with conviction.

"Check," answered Jerry as he pushed his rifle through the branches of the tree and waited.

A tongue of flame darted out from a small bush and a shower of leaves spilled down on the native's head. The rumbling echo was drowned by the explosion of his own weapon. The distant bush shook violently, an arm rose in the air and then jerked back suddenly.

Jose grinned. "One," he said laconically.

An answering volley testified the guerrillas' displeasure. The air was filled with strange noises, like the cracking of whips and the drone of countless bees.

"Those gooks aren't such poor shots at that," commented O'Neill as he instinctively ducked from one of the snarling slugs.

He peered through the screen of branches and saw spurts of flame and small, iso-



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lated clouds of smoke drifting lazily upward from the green smudge that coated the hillside. A man leaped up suddenly and sprinted for the protection of a boulder. Jerry fired without effect.

"What range are you using, Jose?"

"Four hun'ed yard."

"So that's the trouble," mused Jerry, adjusting his sights, "these valleys are sure deceiving."

Shorty's voice sounded above them.

"All right, Jerry, lay aloft. We're here to an' standin' by to repel boarders."

"Listen," O'Neill instructed Jose, "cut loose with two quick shots at that clump of bushes over there and so will I. That might make them keep their heads down so they won't see us when we take off for the ledge."

The four shots cracked in quick succession and Jerry and Jose turned and dashed for the trail. Scrambling up the slope, they swung themselves over on to the ledge. It was about thirty feet long and half as deep. Several huge boulders near the edge offered protection for the defenders, and, by retiring against the mountain side, anyone would be safe from rifle fire coming up from the valley.

Jerry looked about for Molly. She was kneeling beside the wounded native, deftly bandaging a ragged tear in his breast. There were crimson stains on her face where she had pushed back her hair with her bloody hands. It accentuated the pallor of her cheeks; otherwise she betrayed no fear.

"I may be of some use yet," she remarked as she noticed the sergeant observing her.

"You know first aid?"

"I've had some training."

"Well, you'll probably get enough to hang out a shingle before this mess is over."

He left her abruptly and wormed his way over to where Shorty lay prone behind a rock.

"How are conditions?" asked O'Neill.

"Not so hot."

"Have the gooks discovered where we went to yet?"

"No, I don't think . . ."

An exultant cry surged up from the valley. A bullet flattened itself against a rock by Shorty's head.

"I might say 'yes,'" he amended.

Jerry's teeth snapped together harshly as he dove to safety. "See anything?" he asked.

"Not a damn thing," replied Shorty.

"They're pretty well under cover."

O'Neill quickly estimated the possibilities of a successful defense; they were not great. Pitted against his meager force of six Guardia troops, Shorty, Davidson and himself, was a band of some three-score outlaws. Ammunition and water was scarce, and there was no food at all. Without further casualties they could probably withstand a series of attacks from their natural fort, but even a short siege would reduce them to submission. If Molly hadn't been the important factor in the situation, Jerry would have been tempted to apply for terms of surrender to save his command from certain annihilation; but her presence made such a course impossible.

Shorty swore softly beneath his breath. He had caught sight of a native squirming along a distant trail. The Marine smiled as he snuggled the rifle stock against his cheek. He drew a long, careful aim, squeezing gradually against the trigger. The weapon exploded with startling sud-

denness. The bandit jerked spasmodically, then relaxed.

"Shorty McQuade's first shot for record is a five," Shorty intoned in the stereotype vernacular of the rifle range. "I guess I can still earn my five bucks a month for expert."

A hail of lead throbbed toward the defenders, screaming and zipping. A machine gun barked in a long ripple, like the tearing of some canvas sail. The Guardia soldier by Shorty's side jerked himself erect. An expression of surprise flecked over his face as he slumped forward and toppled over the ledge. There was a sickening thud as he landed on the trail below. Molly emitted a little, frightened scream. Jerry peered over the edge at the inert figure and then pulled his head back as a bullet zipped close by.

"He's done for. If you fellows see anything to shoot at, go ahead, but don't waste ammunition."

Davidson snaked his way over to Shorty and touched his shoulder.

"Let me have that man's rifle. I served with the Eighteenth Infantry in France and I don't think I've forgotten how to use one of those things."

"Good boy! Range about three-fifty; no windage . . . Give 'em hell."

"Here they come!" cried Jerry as he pumped three shots into a squad that was sweeping forward. "They're going to rush us!"

The bandits began advancing in short spurts. The tangled underbrush slowed their movements, but it also served to conceal them. They worked forward steadily, shooting as they moved from cover to cover. Two Guardias were slightly wounded, but they remained at their posts, firing at the oncoming bandits. Jose fell back, clawing at a scarlet fountain spurting from his throat, and died with a Spanish curse on his lips.

But the defenders were exacting a heavy toll. Shorty had discovered the location of the machine gun. Its utility ceased and his accuracy prevented anyone from replacing the dead crew. Davidson had blazed away twice at a man, obviously a "jefe" who wore a gigantic hat with a broad, red band. He missed both times, but the second shot dropped a bandit directly behind and the leader dived into the bushes.

Molly cowered against the mountain side. Her patient had died and she sat there in a horrified daze. Her career on the newspaper had brought her in contact with many forms of death and violence, but this savagery was beyond her imagination. These men, who a short time ago had smiled gently at her, were now waging a battle with all the primitive brutality of their wild forebears. Davidson's laugh came to her. It was harsh and metallic and his face was flushed in the dying sunlight. The thin veneer of civilization was gone. All the labor of centuries had been swept away in a brief instant. Once more he was a primitive savage, fighting for his life against other savages. He was no longer the suave, gentlemanly flyer she had met in Chicago. He had reverted to his pristine instincts. Then she heard Shorty exclaim in an exultant voice:

"They won't rush us again in a hurry, I'll betcha. I potted that last bird right through the riggin'!"

"I'm getting the hang of this thing now," said Davidson, patting the weapon he held. "I was off on the mechanical zero at first."

"Here's two customers for you, Miss Dolan," Jerry said as he aided the wound-

ed troopers toward her. "Patch 'em up and put 'em back in circulation. They'll be needed if we get rushed again."

Molly repelled her natural repugnance for the sight of blood and examined the injuries of her charges. One was a minor flesh wound, probably made by a bullet from the modern machine gun; but the other had been inflicted by some heavy-calibered weapon. It had penetrated just below the collar bone. The wounded man smiled into Molly's face. "Muchas Gracias, Señorita," he gasped as he lapsed into unconsciousness.

The bandits evidently decided that the price to be paid for rushing the ledge was no bargain. The larger body withdrew to their original position, leaving only a few snipers to maintain a desultory fire against the defenders. The shadows lengthened and the sun went down behind the hills. A refreshing coolness sprang up. A little later, stars began winking, and the moon rode high in the sky. A brooding, sepulchral stillness pervaded the valley. The silence was ghastly and ominous. Molly lay curled up in exhausted sleep, Jerry dozing fitfully by her side. The rest, with the exception of Shorty who watched over them like a shepherd, lay like the dead.

It was nearly midnight when O'Neill felt Shorty shaking him by the shoulder. He sat up, instantly conscious that something was wrong.

"Somebody's sneakin' up the trail," Shorty warned in a whisper.

Jerry leaped to the edge of the shelf and looked down. He could see nothing in the dark smudge below. He cocked his head, listening intently. For a time he heard nothing. Then he was rewarded by the sound of loosened shale trickling from rocks, and the light scratch of a foot that had slipped. Wrenching his forty-five from the holster, he drew back the slide. A cartridge snapped into the chamber with a sharp click. A voice whispered up from the darkness below:

"Don't shoot—it's me—Anderson."

"I'll be damned," Shorty ejaculated.

Anderson ascended more rapidly now that he knew he would not be fired on by mistake. He struggled over the ledge and stood up, presenting a strangely distorted silhouette in the moonlight.

"Them jar heads took off," he explained, "and they lost the stuff that was lashed on their backs. I salvaged some an' I been layin' out there in the bushes till I could get here. I brung all I could tote."

Around his neck Anderson had slung half a dozen bandoliers. His pockets were filled with tins of hardtack, and he hugged a ease of corned beef close to his skinny body.

"There weren't no water, though," he said mournfully.

Jerry slapped him on the back.

"You old rebel, you," he said. "This makes up for all the grief and gray hair you've caused me. Welcome to Buzzards' Roost."

The sudden crack of Shorty's rifle bit into the night air and an unearthly scream echoed up from the valley.

"Some chump took a chance on smokin'," he grunted. "I'll bet he does his smokin' in hell from now on."

The night wore on in passive silence and the sun crept up to brighten another day. Molly awakened and the sudden remembrance of the situation dispersed the little smile that had been playing at the corners of her mouth.

Shorty beamed upon her. "Good morning, Miss Dolan," he said.

"Good morning, everybody. Why, there's Mister Anderson. Where did you come from? You popped up like a jack-in-the-box."

"Like Santa Claus," corrected Davidson. "Anderson arrived here last night with lots of food and ammunition."

"Oh, I'm glad; I'm so hungry."

Shorty ripped open a box of hardtack, and with his bayonet cut the tin jacket from around a can of beef. Extracting his mess gear from the haversack pouch, he dumped the food in the aluminum plate and offered it to the girl. He poured some water into his cup, turning his back upon her so she couldn't see how empty the canteen was.

Something welled up in Molly's throat and her eyes became dim. She had never realized such men existed.

"You'd better put on my campaign hat. Miss Dolan," he said. "The sun'll get hotter than . . . than . . . the devil in a few minutes."

The others were sitting about, munching on the hard, tasteless crackers. They sat moodily, staring out of eyes that were framed in dark circles. No one spoke. Suddenly a shadow streaked across the sun and a small, hard object hit the ground with a thud. A look of horror flashed in Shorty's face.

"Grenade!" he screamed. In an instant he had leaped at Molly, bore her to the earth and was shielding her frail body behind his own burly one. Clenching his teeth he waited for the explosion. Another grenade hit and rolled toward them, then the third.

He looked over his shoulder at the grim objects. For a moment he studied them, looking puzzled. Then he grinned. The spoons were still held in place by the pins.

"I'll be damned," he grunted as he crawled toward them. "Them gooks didn't savvy how they work. They thought all they had to do was chuck 'em and wait for the fireworks."

He picked one up and squirmed to the edge. He looked over and saw a calico sleeve being withdrawn behind a rock just as another grenade thudded beside him.

"I better put a stop to that nonsense before he finds out the combination," remarked Shorty as he pulled the pin from the one he held in his hand. He judged the distance carefully and threw it with a stiff-armed motion. There was a thunderous explosion. After that no more grenades were tossed up from below.

A sudden flutter of color in the valley caught O'Neill's eye. He looked out and saw that the bandits were crawling forward, almost hidden in the tall grasses that swayed above them. Somewhere on the hill side the machine gun opened up again and a line of leaden splashes appeared on the mountain wall behind the ledge. Rifle bullets began clipping out from the wood.

Anderson, who was still eating, flopped forward like an empty sack, his mess kit clattering from his lap. Jerry leaped for the fallen Marine, but there was nothing he could do but cover the man's shattered head from Molly's sight. Suddenly Jerry felt as if someone had slapped him in the face with a wet rag. He had the sensation of falling through an infinite black space, smoothly, without a shock, as he crumpled up at Molly's feet. There was a tense, hushed instant before she found her voice.

"Jerry! Jerry!" she moaned.

All the tears she had struggled to withhold burst out like a released torrent. She



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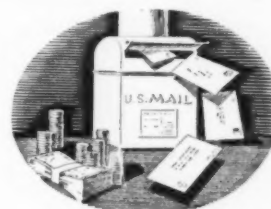
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gathered his bleeding head to her breast and rocked back and forth, crooning in a half hysterical way. She could hear Shorty cursing brokenly as his rifle spat at the advancing foe. Somehow, she felt, she didn't care what happened now. The sooner it was all over, the better. Then she felt Jerry move his head and she looked down into his open eyes.

"Oh," she gasped incredulously.

O'Neill struggled to his knees, wiping the blood from his face where it poured down from a gash over his eye. Molly snatched the first aid packet from his belt, and with trembling fingers applied the bandage to his head. He placed his hands upon her shoulders and smiled weakly.

"You're a wonderful girl, Molly," he said, and she began crying harder. Jerry, still dazed, looked at her in bewilderment. How was he to know she was crying because her heart was filled with thankfulness at his escape?

Shorty grinned as O'Neill crawled to his side to examine the valley. The bandits were closer than ever, less than a hundred yards from the trail, and still advancing. Both sides were shooting more accurately now. One of the wounded troopers died silently as a leaden slug smashed into his face and came out his throat. Shorty was firing with cool, methodical precision, and Davidson was hanging away at everything he saw.

Eighty yards, then seventy, separated the two factions, and the gap was growing smaller and smaller. O'Neill felt a sinking sensation in his heart. It looked like the end. Exactly one half of his fighting force lay dead, and he and the native guardsman had been wounded. He looked at the buzzards soaring above them. They seemed like an ill-omen. He turned and crawled to Molly.

"Molly," he said, "I don't think we can beat them off this time. I'm afraid it's all up."

She said nothing, but gazed past him with staring eyes.

"Capture would be worse than death for you," he continued hoarsely. Slowly she turned her eyes upon him, but she continued to stare far into the distance. Almost imperceptibly she nodded her head.

The clamor in the valley grew louder and louder. Savage cries were borne on the bullet-laden air. She shuddered a little and looked into O'Neill's face.

"Jerry, don't let them get me, please, please."

Some undefinable emotion surged through him. She seemed so small and helpless. In an instant he had encircled her waist with his brown arms, drawing her tight to his breast.

"Not alive," he murmured as he kissed her tear-stained cheek.

He was not conscious of the fact that Davidson was lying on his back, coughing up scarlet foam as blood welled from a wound in his chest. Everything seemed forgotten until Shorty's warning that the bandits were on the trail below, brought him to his senses.

"Bomb them!" he screamed. "You've got three grenades left. Bomb them!"

Suddenly a throbbing sound rose over the noise of battle. It was like the buzzing of some gigantic mosquito high above them. They looked up to see a hawk-like plane sweeping through the sky. Swifter and swifter it seemed to approach.

"Well, I'll be damned," Shorty burst out.

Consternation seized the attackers and they began falling back to the wooded protection across the valley. The plane dove at them, splattering the woods with fire from its machine gun. One bandit fell, but the rest were well under cover. They fired one or two shots at the plane, more as a defiant demonstration than with the hope of bringing it down. It rose again in the air.

Jerry went to Davidson. "Hit bad, old man?" he asked.

The wounded man nodded weakly. "Fini," he replied through his clenched teeth, "and it's damned ironic, too. I went through the World War without getting scratched, just to get snuffed out in a brush like this." His glance fell upon the rifle he had used and he smiled a little, as if to say, "Well, I didn't go out alone, anyway."

Over their heads soared the plane. It made Molly think of a mother bird hovering above her nest.

"Boy, did you see them would be bad men take off!" gloated Shorty. "They sure made plenty knots. Well, old-timer O'Neill, it looks as if we pulled through another, don't it? I guess I'm too mean to die."

Jerry looked grave.

"Yes," he admitted, "we've pulled through for the time being at least; but has it done more than prolong the ordeal? What have we gained except a slight reprieve? That flyer can do nothing except drive the bandits into the woods. He can't fly above us indefinitely, and what's to prevent them from attacking us as soon as he shoves off?" He ran his eye about the position. "There are five of us left, and two of those are wounded. We have no water left, and very little food."

"He can report us at Ocotai," Shorty replied stubbornly.

"True; but we must be twenty-five miles from there. It would take at least two full days for a detachment to reach us. By that time our friends, the buzzards who are soaring about so impatiently and feasting so gloriously down there in the valley, will have finished their banquet. No, it is not very encouraging."

Late that afternoon the plane flew above them once more, dropping as low as possible to the walls of Buzzards' Roost. Jerry looked up. He could see the pilot lean out of the cockpit, raise his hand and fling some small object over the side. It landed at Jerry's feet, a piece of paper, weighted with a machine gun cartridge. He picked it up and spread it out before him. His face turned white. "Good God!" he said.

"What's up?" asked Shorty.

"Sandino has attacked Ocotai," explained O'Neill. "He tried an early morning surprise but it failed. He's in the town, though, and laying siege to the barracks, but the Marines are gaining control. It won't last long, but too long for us. We can expect no help from there. And our friend the pilot had to fly back to Managua for more gas. I guess we . . ."

Molly's scream cut him short. He turned and saw her pointing at the ledge. A swarthy face, scowling hatefully, was peering above it. Then another appeared by the side of the first. Shorty started forward with a curse, then stopped, as if surprised at the sudden explosion of a revolver in front of him. He staggered on, kicking viciously into the face until it disappeared. A Guardia soldier swept the other away with a single swing of his rifle.

O'Neill and the three remaining guardsmen flung themselves behind the rocks. Below them were a dozen natives who had noiselessly reached the trail, and more were advancing through the woods behind. Reinforcements must have arrived for they seemed as great in number as when they first attacked.

The four men began pumping lead into the natives on the trail. Shorty staggered up, pulling a pin from a grenade. He tossed it down and it exploded in their midst. They broke and ran for the protection of the woods. Once more the air was filled with zipping, snarling sounds. The defenders worked their bolts as fast as they could. Shorty laid down his unused grenade and reached for his rifle. He collapsed suddenly in a little heap.

Molly flung herself beside him, oblivious to the bullets snarling about.

"Shorty, what's the matter?"

He grinned up into her moist eyes. "A minute ago I said I was too mean to die;

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I guess I meant I was too mean to live."

She shook her head in protest and a tear splashed on his weatherbeaten cheek.

"Belay the weepin', Molly," he said, "I'm satisfied. There ain't many Marines that had someone like you to cry over them when they shipped on the long cruise; an' I ain't worth even one of them tears. I don't mind passin' out, but I wisht I was certain you'd get through before I go. Maybe I'll fin' out when I get wherever I'm clearin' for."

Jerry rushed to his side.

"Shorty, are you hit bad?" there was a sob in his voice.

"Sunk with all hands."

"God! And I can't stay here with you. They're coming—they're almost to the trail now. Let me get your ammunition, mine's all gone. I'll make the lousy skunks pay, Shorty Boy, I'll make 'em pay." In another instant he was at his place behind the rocks, firing with demoniacal ferocity.

"Good lad, that," Shorty commented. "Shoot square with him, Molly, and he'll make you the happiest girl in the world. He loves you, I know."

Molly offered up a little prayer: "Please, God," she began, when she felt Shorty's fingers clutch her arm. A strange light blazed in his eyes.

"Do you hear that?" he asked hoarsely.

"Hear what?"

"A machine gun . . . other side of the woods."

"Are they using that terrible thing again?"

"Molly," he gasped, "that's a Brownin' . . . That's a Browning . . . an' there's Marines behind it . . . Marines, I tell you . . . My shipmates. I knew they'd get here . . . They'd charge hell with a garden hose an' make the devil shine the brightwork. Molly . . . you're safe, girl . . . safe. The Marines have landed . . . and . . . ahh," he sighed deeply and relaxed. Then something seemed to snap in Molly's brain and she fainted dead away.

It was only a red haze of memory that told the rest of the story to Jerry. He was conscious of a sudden outburst of fire in the bandits' rear, and that their fire suddenly slackened. He knew they were scattering to the four winds, but not until the head of the Marine advance appeared did he realize the significance. The world swam giddily before his eyes. He was conscious of being supported by strong, khaki-clad arms, and a wild story of an aeroplane dropping a message to a casual patrol of the Murcia Detachment of Marines scouring the banks of the Cocco for bandits was poured into his ears. He remembered asking a question and someone replying: "Oh, she's safe enough, only fainted." Then darkness and the throbbing wound in his head seemed to engulf him.

Late that night he held Molly in his arms as they sat with their backs against the bullet-pitted mountain side. Her head was pillowed on his shoulder and her lips were very close to his.

"I'll put in for a three months' priority discharge, honey. That will let me out in twelve short weeks. But remember, after we get married, there will be no more flying to South America."

She laughed in happy assent. "If it hadn't been for that I'd never met you," she said, "but I think I've had enough flying."

"And furthermore," he continued, "I'll do all the newspaperwork for our family. You'll stay home and keep house, wash the dishes and . . . and mind the kids."

Her compliance was smothered in the depths of a kiss.

"WHEN YOU QUIT MAKING EDGEWORTH I'LL QUIT SMOKING"

—says Mr. Robotham of San Francisco

FOR an American to be known abroad by the tobacco he smokes is significant. The makers of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco are deeply grateful to smoker Norman H. Robotham of San Francisco for his account of his experience in foreign countries. It is a high tribute to the aroma and flavor of Edgeworth. Here is Mr. Robotham's letter:

1527 Anza Street,
San Francisco, Calif.
June 7, 1933

The Corn Cob Pipe Club
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Listening tonight to your program I felt that I owed it to your club to report my experiences as an Edgeworth smoker.

Three years ago while on a visit to Europe I had some unusual experiences. Seven different times in five different countries I was asked by total strangers, "You're an American, are you not?" and in each case I surprisedly asked, "Why do you think so?" Imagine how I felt when in each case I found that they had identified me by Edgeworth smoking tobacco.

Riding on a train in France an Englishman after watching me for some time spoke up as follows: "Pardon me, but I can't resist any longer asking you for a pipeful of that beautiful tobacco. Edgeworth it is I know, and rude as it may seem I am just dying for a smoke of it."

When you quit making Edgeworth I'll quit smoking.

Wishing your program continued success and a thousand thanks for the happy hours I have gotten out of your product, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

Norman H. Robotham

It would be utterly foolish to claim that Edgeworth is the *one* pipe tobacco every pipe smoker will like. You will cling to the tobacco you prefer, no matter what any maker says about his brand. So many pipe smokers cling to Edgeworth that their insistent demand has put it into tobacco stores all around the world. There is something a bit special about this particular brand of tobacco which you ought to experience. So ask your tobacconist for Edgeworth. Try it once. Learn to know this rare combination of true tobacco flavor with genuine mildness. A small pocket package will cost you but a few cents. If you do not like it, you will be "out" only a few pennies. Edgeworth may be a real "discovery" to you. Then you will be glad you tried it.



The Corn Cob Pipe Club, to which Mr. Robotham addresses his letter, is the radio program of Edgeworth Tobacco. It is on the air every Wednesday evening at ten o'clock, Eastern time, over the WEAFF Coast to Coast network of the National Broadcasting Company. You are invited to tune in and join the group of country people having a big time at the old Cross Roads hall down in Virginia.

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THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on December 31.....	16,124
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—December 31.....	1,174
Separations during January.....	4
Appointments during January.....	1,170
Total strength on January 31.....	1,170
ENLISTED—Total strength December 31.....	14,945
Separations during January.....	461
Appointments during January.....	14,484
Total strength on January 31.....	15,100
Total strength Marine Corps January 31.....	16,270

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Major General Ben H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.
Major General John H. Russell, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.
Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. W. N. Hill.
Lt. Col. E. A. Ostermann.
Maj. Fred G. Patchen.
Capt. Julian N. Frisbie.
1st Lt. Jaime Sabater.

Officers last to make numbers in the grades indicated:

Col. Russell E. Putnam, APM.
Lt. Col. Julian P. Wilcox.
Maj. Fred G. Patchen.
Capt. Julian N. Frisbie.
1st Lt. Jaime Sabater.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

JANUARY 4, 1934.

Captain Robert H. Pepper, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB., Norfolk NYd., Portsmouth, Va., via USS Chaumont from San Diego on or about February 2, 1934.

Captain Omar T. Pfeiffer, detached from duty as Aide to the Commandant, Norfolk NYd., Portsmouth, Va., to Hdq., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to report not later than January 13, 1934.

1st Lt. John G. Walraven, orders to Dept. of the Pacific modified to MB., NOB, Norfolk, Va., via USS Chaumont to sail from San Francisco on or about January 27, 1934.

Mar. Gr. Johnnie C. Vaughn, orders to Dept. of the Pacific modified to MB., Norfolk NYd., Portsmouth, Va., via USS Chaumont to sail from San Francisco on or about January 27, 1934.

JANUARY 8, 1934.

Lt. Col. Arthur Racicot, detached MB., NYd., Mare Island, Calif., to Asiatic Station via USAT Grant to sail from San Francisco on or about February 9, 1934.

Lt. Col. Lauren S. Willis, detached MB., Quantico, Va., ordered to his home, and retired as of May 1, 1934.

Major John M. Arthur, detailed as an Assistant Adjutant and Inspector, effective January 2, 1934.

Major Fred G. Patchen, detached MB., NYd., Philadelphia, Pa., to MB., NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.
Captain Charles B. Hobbs, detached MB., Quantico, Va., ordered to his home and retired as of May 1, 1934.

2nd Lt. Richard P. Ross, detached MB., Washington, D. C., to MB., Quantico, Va.
JANUARY 10, 1934.

Major John A. Gray, on the reporting of his relief detached from duty as Division Marine Officer, Division Three, Battleships, Battle Force, USS New York, to Dept. of the Pacific.

Major James L. Underhill, on the reporting of his relief about February 15, 1934, detached MD., NP., NYd., Mare Island, Calif., to duty as Division Marine Officer, Division Three, Battleships, Battle Force, USS New York.

Major Thomas E. Watson, on February 5, 1934, detached Hdq., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., MD., NP., NYd., Mare Island, Calif.
Chf. Pay Ck. John J. Darlington, orders

(Continued on page 61)

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

JANUARY 2, 1934.

Gy-Sgt. Joseph Hanschel—Quantico, Va., to AS, Haiti.

JANUARY 4, 1934.

Cpl. John P. Waller—USF, Constitution to East Coast.

Cpl. Clifford J. Brown—Peiping to United States.

Cpl. Arthur E. Treadwell—Quantico to Portsmouth.

1st Sgt. William Carleton—Quantico to Haiti.

Sgt. Frank Ackerman—Norfolk to San Diego.

JANUARY 5, 1934.

QM-Sgt. Francis M. Jackson—P. I. to MB., Washington, D. C.

QM-Sgt. Frederick J. Widman—New York to Philadelphia.

QM-Sgt. Herman L. Snellings—MB., Washington, D. C., to Shanghai.

QM-Sgt. William B. Mitchell—Cavite to Bremerton.

QM-Sgt. Ralph E. Dusan—Shanghai to Mare Island, Cal.

QM-Sgt. Dewey L. Dick—Quantico to Cavite.

QM-Sgt. Albert R. Weiher—Cavite to San Diego.

QM-Sgt. Roland W. Wright—San Diego to Olongapo.

QM-Sgt. James Bankler—Cavite to San Diego.

Sgt. Bernard Marcus—Hingham to NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

JANUARY 3, 1934.

Cpl. Charles G. Jordan—Annapolis to South Charleston.

Sgt. Arthur W. Kessler—1st Bn., 22nd Reserve to Quantico.

JANUARY 6, 1934.

St-Sgt. Wenzel T. Gregor—San Diego to Haiti

JANUARY 8, 1934.

Sgt. Maj. Eugene F. Smith—Quantico to Philadelphia.

Sgt. Maj. Charles P. McCallum—P. I. to Quantico.

Cpl. George J. Pelletier—Norfolk to Boston.

JANUARY 9, 1934.

Cpl. Richard C. Pemberton—USS, New Mexico to New York, N. Y.

Sgt. Albert A. Novatney—USS, J. Fred Talbot to Pensacola.

JANUARY 10, 1934.

Gy-Sgt. George F. Haubensack—West Coast to Pearl Harbor.

Gy-Sgt. Fred Coryell—West Coast to Haiti.

Sgt. Samuel T. Anthony—Iona Island to Pensacola.

Cpl. John H. Purtee—Pensacola to Haiti.

QM-Sgt. Harry Clark—Haiti to Quantico.

Sgt. James P. Dalton—West Coast to Quantico.

JANUARY 12, 1934.

Cpl. Roy Purdum—Haiti to East Coast.

Sgt. Arthur P. Jones—New York to P. I.

Sgt. Harold F. Hilton—Yorktown to Philadelphia.

JANUARY 13, 1934.

Sgt. Paul G. Abernathy—Camp Rapidan to Quantico.

Sgt. Charles C. Swearingen—Charleston to P. I.

JANUARY 15, 1934.

PM-Sgt. Vincent Pilitch—Quantico to Headquarters, Washington.

Cpl. Nicholas P. Lengyel—FMF to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Henry L. Knopes—FMF to Quantico.

(Continued on page 61)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

POLLARD, Paul S., 1-29-34, Quantico, Va.

JENKINS, Carl C., 1-31-34, Quantico, Va.

LABRYER, Earl, 2-1-34, S. Charleston, W. Va.

DELAHUNT, Remes E., 1-26-34, San Diego, Cal.

ANTHONY, Samuel T., 1-2-34, Pensacola, Fla.

BOBIN, John J., 2-1-34, Quantico, Va.

GRIMES, Teddie C., 1-14-34, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

OWENS, Dudley, 2-1-34, Quantico, Va.

BURCH, Harrison F., 2-1-34, Parris Island, S. C.

GIBSON, Neil W., 2-2-34, Washington, D. C.

PIERSON, Orville L., 1-31-34, Boston, Mass.

DZURNIK, Anthony, 2-1-34, Philadelphia, Pa.

HANNAFORD, Edwin T., 1-29-34, Cavite, P. I.

WELLS, Claude A., 1-28-34, Cavite, P. I.

BOLANDER, Lee D., 1-21-34, Hawthorne, Nev.

BECKER, Frank, Jr., 1-26-34, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRODMAN, Elmer W., 1-26-34, Philadelphia, Pa.

HEBERT, Ivey, 1-26-34, Pensacola, Fla.

ROSS, Austin J., 1-23-34, Mare Island, Cal.

BONNER, Samuel J., 1-17-34, Bremerton, Wash.

JONES, Thomas J., 1-3-34, Shanghai, China.

OSEIT, Roy E., 1-3-34, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

PETRILLO, Charles M., 1-19-34, Haiti.

SHANKLIN, Leonard C., 1-29-34, Quantico, Va.

STEVENS, Joseph E., 1-6-34, Shanghai, China.

BERLIN, Julius W., 1-23-34, Cavite, P. I.

LYTLE, Harry E., 1-30-34, Washington, D. C.

MOSSMAN, Jack W., 1-25-34, San Diego, Cal.

SIMON, John, 1-22-34, Quantico, Va.

WRIGHT, Ernest C., 1-22-34, Philadelphia, Pa.

DIAL, Herman A., 1-21-34, Philadelphia, Pa.

ENGESSER, Robert A., 1-31-34, New York, N. Y.

MORGAN, George C., 1-22-34, Quantico, Va.

KIRK, Malcolm M., 1-23-34, Quantico, Va.

STANDEL, Edwin C., 1-23-34, New York, N. Y.

GRAVES, John F., 1-15-34, Seattle, Wash.

DYKSTRA, Frederick, 1-23-34, Philadelphia, Pa.

HAYNES, William, 1-18-34, San Diego, Cal.

ROSENTHAL, Phillip, 1-20-34, Portsmouth, Va.

WARING, William B., 1-23-34, New York, N. Y.

MULLEN, James M., 1-24-34, Quantico, Va.

MCLELLAN, Harry N., 1-20-34, San Diego, Cal.

BROZOWSKI, Joseph A., 1-25-34, Newport, R. I.

JOLLEY, Hugh M., 1-20-34, Cavite, P. I.

MERMAN, Charles, 1-26-34, Washington, D. C.

ROLLER, William J., 1-17-34, Charleston, S. C.

DARR, Albert C., 1-22-34, Washington, D. C.

KELLEY, Vincent C., 1-18-34, Boston, Mass.

WOODS, Maurice V., 1-19-34, Philadelphia, Pa.

MURPHY, Michael F., 1-14-34, San Francisco, Cal.

BERGER, Murray M., 12-28-33, Shanghai, China.

FREDA, Leon, 1-18-34, Parris Island, S. C.

HAMILTON, Harry L., 12-24-33, Shanghai, China.

JAYS, James M., 12-28-33, Shanghai, China.

JAMES, Nick, 1-16-34, Puget Sound, Wash.

LAVOIE, Francis A., 1-20-34, New London, Conn.

MACVICAR, Hugh, 1-19-34, Portsmouth, N. H.

McLAIN, Lonnie H., 1-14-34, Mare Island, Cal.

MULLINS, Ernest S., 1-19-34, Pensacola, Fla.

MURPHY, Louis A., Jr., 1-15-34, San Diego, Cal.

O'CONNELL, John J., 1-18-34, Portsmouth, N. H.

QUINN, Thomas, 1-16-34, San Diego, Cal.

(Continued on page 61)

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 60)

1st Sgt. Gordon L. Shadbolt—USS *Texas* to San Diego.
Sgt. Philip W. Sullivan—Newport to Hingham.
JANUARY 16, 1934.
Cpl. James E. Dickerson—Haiti to SSS.
Cpl. Joseph A. Brozowski—Newport to Hingham.
JANUARY 17, 1934.
1st Sgt. Harvey R. King—Quantico to Haiti.
Cpl. Adrian M. Greene—Norfolk to USS, Idaho.
Cpl. Frank J. Leskovitz—Quantico to Philadelphia.
Sgt. Joseph Schoenberg, Jr.—Norfolk to Philadelphia.
JANUARY 18, 1934.
Sgt. Chenoweth—San Diego to Great Lakes.
JANUARY 19, 1934.
Sgt. Harold K. Jackson—New York to Boston.
Gy-Sgt. Edward J. Kaminski—USS, Pensacola to Quantico.
Cpl. Clifford J. Brown—West Coast to Philadelphia.
QM-Sgt. Charles W. Byers—Quantico to P. I.
QM-Sgt. Howard D. McKinney—P. I. to Quantico.
1st Sgt. Albert C. Harlkopf—Haiti to AS, Quantico.
1st Sgt. John P. Rower, Jr.—Quantico to AS, Haiti.
JANUARY 22, 1934.
Cpl. Herman J. Levine—West Coast to New York, N. Y.
Cpl. Jay M. McClarren—NYd, Washington, D. C., to P. I.
St-Sgt. Alfred E. Zuern—Quantico to San Diego.
JANUARY 23, 1934.
Cpl. Henry J. Lendo—Chelsea to Hingham.
JANUARY 25, 1934.
Cpl. Leslie J. Hall—Newport to Sea School.
Sgt. Lester P. Oldfather—MB, Washington, D. C., to Headquarters.
1st Sgt. Frank Martz—Philadelphia to Quantico.
1st Sgt. Wilcke—Quantico to Philadelphia.
JANUARY 27, 1934.
1st Sgt. Otto N. Roos—Quantico to Haiti.
JANUARY 29, 1934.
Cpl. John T. Corzier—NYd, Washington, D. C., to Headquarters.
Sgt. Carl Ohluck—Annapolis to NYd, Washington, D. C.
Cpl. Arthur P. Casey—Lakehurst to Philadelphia.
Sgt. Charles R. Dempsey—Quantico to Philadelphia.
JANUARY 30, 1934.
Cpl. George M. McSweeney—P. I. to Quantico.
Sgt. Charles Konkel—Quantico to MB, Washington, D. C.
Sgt. Adolph Ziegler—Quantico to MB, Washington, D. C.
Sgt. Charles E. Gardner—Annapolis to MB, Washington, D. C.
Sgt. Charles Sorenson—NYd, Washington, D. C., to MB, Washington.
1st Sgt. James A. Ducey—Indian Head to MB, Washington, D. C.
JANUARY 31, 1934.
1st Sgt. Cecil M. Deitz—New York to Indian Head.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 60)

DUSENBERRY, Joseph W., 1-17-34, Dover, Del.
SASIADEK, Adam T., 1-18-34, Haiti.
HOFFMAN, Raymond, 1-17-34, Cavite, P. I.
COUCH, Herman D., 1-13-34, Sunnyvale, Cal.
IMBERSTEG, William T., 1-14-34, San Francisco, Cal.
RICHARDSON, Morris C., 1-13-34, Sunnyvale, Cal.
TURKOWSKI, Stephen, 1-18-34, Lakehurst, N. J.
MANGOGNA, Peter, 1-19-34, Quantico, Va.
SIMPSON, Jack C., 1-19-34, ERD., Baltimore District.
COLLINS, Ambrose F., 1-18-34, Quantico, Va.
CRIGGER, Carl J., 1-17-34, NOB, Norfolk, Va.
KOWALSKI, John, 1-16-34, Parris Island, S. C.
ROENNIGKE, Theodore L., 1-18-34, Washington, D. C.
VROBLESKY, Anthony J., 1-17-34, Ft. Mifflin, Pa.

WELSHANS, Nathan I., 1-11-34, USS *Jacob Jones*.
BROWN, Elbert B., 1-11-34, Charleston, S. C.
LEARD, Roy W., 1-12-34, Charleston, S. C.
PELIETIER, George J., 1-16-34, Boston, Mass.
PENCE, James C., 1-16-34, Yorktown, Va.
MERRILL, John L., 1-9-34, San Diego, Cal.
MILLER, Otto T., 1-9-34, Mare Island, Cal.
NICOLLE, Clarence E., 1-8-34, Bremerton, Wash.
SHEPHERD, James E., 1-8-34, Great Lakes, Ill.
WALKER, Jesse N., 1-9-34, Mare Island, Cal.
MARKSBURY, Chenault M., 1-15-34, Philadelphia, Pa.
RIGGS, Emil, 1-10-34, San Diego, Cal.
ACKERMAN, Frank, 1-15-34, San Diego, Cal.
BAILEY, Howard A., 1-15-34, Quantico, Va.
BULPIN, William R., 1-10-34, San Diego, Cal.
GORSKI, Louis L., 1-11-34, San Diego, Cal.
HUCKABY, Joseph E., 1-10-34, Mare Island, Cal.
JESSUP, Blanton A., 1-15-34, Quantico, Va.
REYNOLDS, Thomas W., 1-10-34, San Diego, Cal.
JOHNSON, Harry E., 1-12-34, Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLITS, Edward C., 1-11-34, New Orleans, La.
ATKINSON, William E., 1-9-34, Hawthorne, Nev.
COMPTON, Otto, 1-9-34, Bremerton, Wash.
JONES, Homer P., 1-8-34, San Diego, Cal.
BARKS, Howard C., 1-8-34, San Diego, Cal.
CONQUEST, Brice E., 1-8-34, San Diego, Cal.
DENT, Chauncy R., 1-6-34, Haiti.
FRANKE, Theodore L., 1-10-34, Hawthorne, Nev.
HAMILTON, Edward B., Jr., 1-10-34, Sunnyvale, Cal.
DENNIS, Stephen F., 1-12-34, Boston, Mass.

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CHRISTMAS, Walter E., 12-19-33, Shanghai, China.
DUSTAN, Ralph E., 12-17-33, Shanghai, China.
JOHNSON, Carl E., 1-3-34, Sunnyvale, Cal.
PARRETT, George C., 12-7-33, Olongapo, P. I.
PHILLIPS, Ralph, 1-7-34, Quantico, Va.
PITTS, Kenneth J., 1-4-34, Sunnyvale, Cal.
TROJAN, David J., 1-12-34, Quantico, Va.
WILLBY, Byrle C., 1-12-34, Quantico, Va.
MCBRIDE, Oscar C., 1-11-34, Quantico, Va.
HENDRICKS, Paul J., 1-9-34, Norfolk for transportation to WC.
NEWSOME, Clayton R., 1-9-34, Parris Island, S. C.
BROOKS, Marshall V., 1-5-34, San Diego, Cal.
THOMPSON, Winfred L., 1-9-34, Parris Island, S. C.
EMORY, William L., 1-9-34, Parris Island, S. C.
CALLERY, Frank T., 1-9-34, New London, Conn.
COX, Warren W., 1-10-34, Philadelphia, Pa.
FUNK, Charles A., 1-5-34, Quantico, Va.
BARGER, Noble J., 1-3-34, San Diego, Cal.
BUNKER, George P., 1-4-34, San Diego, Cal.
DUDDERA, George A., 1-9-34, Quantico, Va.
HUDDLE, Herman N., 1-3-34, San Diego, Cal.
JARKA, Berny, 1-4-34, San Diego, Cal.
PRETOSKA, Michael A., 1-9-34, Norfolk, Va.
ROHER, Ernest E., 1-9-34, Quantico, Va.
SANDAGE, Carmie K., 1-2-34, Bremerton, Wash.
KELLEY, Nicholas C., 1-7-34, Indian Head, Md.
SWEENEY, Thomas F., 1-2-34, Portsmouth, Va.
FOSTER, Ivan W., 1-4-34, Pensacola, Fla.

RAIRDEN, Marion F., 12-30-33, Annapolis, Md.
SHEPPARD, Frank C., 12-2-33, Peiping, China.
SMITH, Delamar B., 12-21-33, San Diego, Cal.
WADDLE, Roy J., 12-28-33, Parris Island, S. C.
WAFORD, Ray, 12-27-33, Bremerton, Wash.
HOTARD, Carroll J., 1-4-34, Quantico, Va.
KOSTOY, John A., 1-4-34, Portsmouth, N. H.
ROMINE, Edward F., 1-2-34, Quantico, Va.
WOOD, Eugene G., 12-30-33, Quantico, Va.
WHIDBY, James B., 1-3-34, Parris Island, S. C.
POWLER, Jesse J., 1-5-34, Quantico, Va.
MAY, Coma, 1-4-34, Pensacola, Fla.
PHILLIPS, Alfred G., 1-4-34, Portsmouth, Va.
LEBSECK, Daniel R., 12-23-33, San Diego, Cal.
BAALKE, Oscar, 12-11-33, NAS, Seattle, Wash.
GARZARELLA, Frank W., 11-28-33, Shanghai, China.
HOPPE, Fred, 12-18-33, San Diego, Cal.
KELLEY, Irving N., 12-22-33, San Diego, Cal.
LAMUSGA, Egnatz P., 12-22-33, Haiti.
MAPLESON, Joseph, 12-20-33, Bremerton, Wash.
MOORE, John J., 12-23-33, Quantico, Va.
NELSON, Carl A., 12-23-33, San Diego, Cal.
WILLIAMS, Perry A., 11-23-33, Shanghai, China.
BINGHAM, John C., Jr., 1-2-34, Quantico, Va.
LAMB, Charles T., 1-3-34, Quantico, Va.
SCHOLZ, Everett F., 1-3-34, New York, N. Y.
SHINN, Chester H., 1-3-34, Washington, D. C.
BROOKS, Russell, 1-2-34, Quantico, Va.
METZ, Glenn, 1-2-34, Norfolk, Va.
DOUGHERTY, James J., Jr., 12-29-33, Philadelphia, Pa.
KEY, Newburn C., 12-26-33, Pensacola, Fla.
BLAHA, Joe, 12-20-33, Bremerton, Wash.
CALLAGHAN, Charles J., 12-21-33, Bremerton, Wash.

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 60)

from MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., modified to MB, Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., via USS *Chaumont* to sail from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, on or about February 19, 1934.
JANUARY 11, 1934.
Captain Willett Elmore, detached MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H.
1st Lt. Mortimer S. Crawford, on January 17, 1934, detached Hdqs, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MD, USS *New Orleans*.
2nd Lt. Michael M. Mahoney, on January 29, 1934, detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
JANUARY 13, 1934.
1st Lt. Clarence J. Chappell, detached Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than January 25, 1934.
1st Lt. Lawrence Norman, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than January 25, 1934.
1st Lt. Harold C. Roberts, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
2nd Lt. Henry T. Elrod, on January 29, 1934, detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
JANUARY 18, 1934.
Lt. Col. John R. Henley, about January 27, 1934, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqs, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to report not later than February 1, 1934.
Major Fred G. Patchen, relieved from temporary duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps and ordered to duty at MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.
Capt. Solon C. Kemm, Detailed as Assistant Quartermaster effective February 26, 1934.
Capt. Clyde P. Matteson, on February 1, 1934, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to NYd, Washington, D. C.
Capt. John H. Parker, detailed as Assistant Quartermaster effective February 26, 1934.
Capt. William J. Mosher, relieved from temporary duty with the Civilian Conservation Corps and ordered to return to duty at MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. Alan Shapley, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS *San Francisco*.
2nd Lt. Harold W. Bauer, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS *San Francisco*.
2nd Lt. Michael M. Mahoney, orders from MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., revoked.
JANUARY 23, 1934.
Colonel Walter N. Hill, on reporting of his relief on or about March 5, 1934, detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.
Lt. Col. Arthur Racicot, orders from MB,

NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to Asiatic Station, revoked.

Capt. Arthur D. Challacomb, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to MD, USS *Texas*, to report not later than January 26, 1934.

Capt. Louis R. Jones, on the reporting of his relief detached to MD, USS *Texas*, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty with the Fifth Batt. (reinforced), Fleet Marine Force.

Capt. Hy. H. Phipps, detail as Assistant Quartermaster revoked.

Capt. Austin G. Rome, relieved from temporary duty with the CCC and will continue treatment at the Naval Hospital, Newport, R. I. JANUARY 25, 1934.

Major James L. Underhill, orders to USS *New York* revoked. On reporting of his relief detached MD, NP, Mare Island, Calif., to duty as Division Marine Officer, Division Three, Battleships, Battle Force, USS *Arizona*.

Capt. Thomas B. Gale, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., authorized to delay one month enroute.

1st Lt. Lionel C. Goudeau, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

2nd Lt. Saville T. Clark, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

2nd Lt. Hector de Zayas, transferred with Marine detachment from USS *Overton* to USS *Babbitt*.

2nd Lt. Billy W. King, detached MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

2nd Lt. Clifton R. Moss, detached MB, Olongapo, P. I., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

2nd Lt. Donovan D. Sult, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I.

Chf PayCk. Guy B. Smith, orders to MD, NYd, Cavite, P. I., modified to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

PayCk. Emmett G. Hall, detached MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., to Dept. of the Pacific.

PayCk. Thea A. Smith, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

The following officers detached from Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific:

Lt. Col. William C. Powers.

Capt. Nathan E. Lanson.

1st Lt. Samuel S. Ballentine.

1st Lt. Jesse S. Cook, Jr.

1st Lt. Earl S. Piper.

The following officers assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China:

Major David L. S. Brewster.

1st Lt. Matthew C. Horner.

1st Lt. Earl H. Phillips.

JANUARY 27, 1934.

1st Lt. LePage Cronmiller, Jr., on reporting of his relief about March 15, 1934, detached MB, USS *Pennacola* to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Edwin C. Ferguson, on February 15, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS *Pennacola*. Authorized to delay reporting until March 15.

1st Lt. Lyman G. Miller, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Edgewood, Md., to report on February 2.

1st Lt. Frank D. Weir, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Edgewood, Md., to report on February 2.

JANUARY 31, 1934.

Lt. Col. Emile P. Moses, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

Capt. Henry F. Adams, relieved from temporary duty with the CCC and ordered to return to duty at MB, Farris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Hector de Zayas, detached MD, USS *Babbitt* to MD, USS *Richmond*.

Major Julian P. Wilcox, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to Asiatic Station via SS *President McKinley* to sail from Seattle, Wash., on or about February 17.

2nd Lt. Edgar O. Price, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Chf MarGnr, Charles R. Nordstrom died on 29 January.

LIST OF GRADUATES FROM CORRESPONDENCE CLASS, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, DURING DECEMBER, 1933:

U. S. MARINE CORPS

BEMIS, John A., 1st Lt., Field Artillery—Battery Officer's Course.

BOYER, Charles R., Pfc.—Infantry Course "A."

U. S. MARINE CORPS RESERVE

BARKLEY, Newton B., Capt., First Battalion, 22nd Reserve Marines—Infantry Course "A."

YOUNG, John V. D., Capt., Nineteenth Reserve Marines—Quartermaster Basic Course.

AUGUSTINE, John W., 1st Lt., 6th Marine Reserve Brigade—Infantry Course "A."

BRACE, George A., 2nd Lt., 6th Marine Reserve Brigade—Infantry Course "A."

BULLOCK, Harry H., 2nd Lt., Reserve Aviation Unit—Air Corps Basic Course.

WILLIAMS, Edmund M., Sgt., Second Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines—Infantry Course "A."

LEVINS, Herbert J., Cpl., Nineteenth Reserve Marines—Infantry Course "A."

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT:

Toephil J. Klosowski.

Allen W. Everts.

Ernest W. Needham.

TO CORPORAL:

John J. Scobell.

Sofus Pederson.

Emmet B. Cook.

George F. Frazier.

Claude P. Abernathy.

Robert J. Corbett.

John H. Faggart.

Adolph P. Wingo.

William K. Goodrich.

Peter S. Kirach.

Boyce E. Atkins.

Birt Sokira.

Carl E. Ogden.

James B. Patterson.

Francis J. Rooney.

Sterling J. Crabtree.

John M. Cheek.

Eligie G. Thompson.

Curtis F. Tinar.

Paul A. Smith.

Joseph A. Smith, Jr.

Ernest L. Wood.

Harlan R. Ellis.

Joseph J. Vlach.

Horace J. Reese.

Earl W. Rabet.

Raymond R. Rains.

George F. Rabet.

Stephen A. Jacobs.

John Mihaylo.

Aubrey T. Hicks.

Layne G. E. Jackson.

Howard R. Painter.

William J. Grenobles.

Mack Tilling.

Edgar Taylor.

John Nunes.

Marvin J. Lovell.

Henry F. Syien.

John H. Watkins.

John E. Waddick.

Frank Skendall.

Paul Rumley.

Joseph S. Pekarick.

Louis Guidetti.

William A. Allen.

James Milner.

Theodore Johnson.

Harold L. Levin.

Joe D. Gordon.

Charles G. Reising.

George S. Atcheson.

Albin J. Walla.

Ben C. Key.

Perry D. Kimball.

Melvin M. Okerstrom.

Hunter H. Murrell.

Ither W. Hood.

Albert N. Moore.

Ralph M. Blessing.

Claude O. Foster.

Paul G. Perkins.

Claude A. Downs.

William J. Lomicky.

Chase Pierce.

Clifford C. Cross.

Gerald D. Pierce.

DEATHS

Officers

NORDSTROM, Charles Robert, Chief Marine Gunner, died January 29, 1934, of disease, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Tina M. Nordstrom, wife, 515-A Louisiana Street, Vallejo, Calif.

CASE, Philip Townsend, Major, retired, died December 10, 1933, of a fractured skull, received when struck by an automobile, at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. William G. Case, mother, 125 East 63rd Street, New York, N. Y.

WIDDIFIELD, Cecil James, Captain, retired, died October 24, 1933, at Twenty-nine Palms, California. Next of kin: Mr. Fred D. Garlock, half-brother, Fort Plain, N. Y.

Enlisted Men

MCINERNEY, James Arthur, Private, died January 19, 1934, as the result of being run over by a railroad train at Port au Prince, Haiti. Next of kin: Mrs. Gertrude McInerney, mother, 2567 Forty-sixth Street, Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

POWERS, Thomas Francis, Staff Sergeant, died January 23, 1934, of disease, at the U. S.

Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Bertha J. Powers, wife, 1704 Kearney Street, Northeast, Washington, D. C.

STINNETT, Maurice Eldrage, Private First Class, died January 10, 1934, of disease, at the County Hospital, Shanghai, China. Next of kin: Mr. Wiley B. Stinnett, father, 711 West Washington Street, Athens, Alabama.

PHELPS, Luther Clyde, Sergeant, Class III, FMCR, inactive, died January 8, 1934, at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Luther C. Phelps, wife, 481 Audubon Avenue, New York, N. Y.

POKORNY, Joseph, Staff Sergeant, retired, died January 27, 1934, of disease, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Caroline Pokorny, wife, 1003 Eighth Street, S. E., Washington, D. C.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave San Diego February 2; arrive Canal Zone February 11, leave February 14; arrive Port au Prince February 17, leave February 17; arrive Guantanamo February 18, leave February 19; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk February 24. Will depart Norfolk about April 10 for West Coast and Asiatic Station.

HENDERSON—Arrive Guam February 4, leave February 4; arrive Manila February 10, leave February 14; arrive Woonung February 18, leave February 18; arrive Chinwangtao February 21, leave February 22; arrive Shanghai February 24, leave March 7; arrive Manila March 11, leave March 14; arrive Guam March 20, leave March 21; arrive Honolulu April 1, leave April 4; arrive San Francisco April 12.

NITRO—Leave Canal Zone January 29; arrive San Diego February 7, leave February 12; arrive San Pedro February 13, leave February 17; arrive Mare Island February 19, leave February 26; arrive Puget Sound March 1, leave March 10; arrive Mare Island March 13, leave March 19; arrive San Pedro March 21, leave March 22; arrive San Diego March 23, leave March 24; arrive Canal Zone April 3, leave April 6; arrive Port au Prince April 9, leave April 9; arrive Guantanamo April 10, leave April 10; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk April 15, leave April 23; arrive Philadelphia April 24, leave April 26; arrive New York April 27, leave May 2; arrive Boston May 4, leave May 11; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk May 13. Tentatively scheduled to depart Norfolk about May 28 for West Coast and Pearl Harbor.

RAMAPO—Leave N.O.B. Norfolk February 7; arrive Guantanamo February 12, leave February 12; arrive Canal Zone February 15, leave February 17; arrive San Pedro March 1. Upon departure from Canal Zone will report to Commander Base Force for temporary duty.

SALINAS—Operating under Commander Base Force for temporary duty.

SIRIUS—Leave Canal Zone February 2; arrive San Diego February 14, leave February 16; arrive San Pedro February 17, leave February 20; arrive Mare Island February 22, leave March 5; arrive Puget Sound March 8, leave March 15; arrive Pearl Harbor March 25, leave April 7; arrive Puget Sound April 17.

VEGA—Leave San Pedro February 2; arrive Mare Island February 4, leave February 17; arrive Puget Sound February 20, leave March 3; arrive Mare Island March 6, leave March 19; arrive San Pedro March 21, leave March 22; arrive San Diego March 23, leave March 24; arrive Canal Zone April 5, leave April 7; arrive Port au Prince April 10, leave April 10; arrive Guantanamo April 11, leave April 11; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk April 16, leave April 28; arrive Philadelphia April 29, leave May 4; arrive New York May 5, leave May 12; arrive Boston May 14, leave May 19; arrive Norfolk for overhaul May 21.

Questions and Answers

Q.—Is there a technical warrant for the grade of private first class for duty as clerk aboard ship, either on regular sea duty or on expeditionary duty, or a similar warrant for the grade of corporal?—W. G. R.

Answer—There is no technical warrant such as is described above. All warrants and appointments issued aboard ship are ship's warrants or appointments, and are revoked upon the transfer of the man from the ship. There were a few technical appointments, at Parris Island, S. C., in the grade of private first class.

Q.—What is the length of the tour of sea duty for first sergeants and gunnery sergeants?—J. S. N.

Answer—The tour of sea duty is two years.

Q.—What are the qualifications for the Purple Heart and for the Silver Star decoration, and how far back in Marine Corps history do they date?

Answer—By War Department General Orders No. 3, dated February 22, 1932, the Purple Heart established by General George Washington at Newburgh, August 7, 1782, during the War of the Revolution, was revived out of respect to his memory and military achievements.

Under the regulations governing the award of the Purple Heart for acts or services performed prior to February 22, 1932, the award is confined to those persons, who, as members of the ARMY, were awarded the Meritorious Service Citation Certificates by the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces or who were wounded (or gassed) in action under conditions which entitled them to wear a wound chevron.

The act of Congress approved July 9, 1918 (Bul. No. 43, W. D., 1918), as amended by the act of Congress approved January 24, 1920 (Bul. No. 3, W. D., 1920), provides as follows: "For each citation of an officer or enlisted man for gallantry in action published in orders issued from the headquarters of a force commanded by, or which is the appropriate command of, a general officer, not warranting the award of a Medal of Honor or Distinguished Service Cross, he shall be permitted to wear, as the President shall direct, a silver star three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter."

By direction of the President, under the provisions of the acts of Congress mentioned above, a decoration known as the Silver Star has been authorized for this class of citations. Only those citations for gallantry in action published in Brigade or higher orders, entitle the individual so cited to wear the Silver Star. The language used in the citation order must so state or be such that gallantry in action can be inferred.

Headquarters Bulletin SEA SERVICE

Two new ten-thousand ton, thirty knot cruisers, *Minneapolis* and *Tuscaloosa*, and one aircraft carrier, the *Ranger*, will be placed in commission sometime this spring. Noncommissioned officers, privates first class and privates, of excellent record with at least two years to serve, and who are at least seventy inches in height and desire duty on these or other cruisers, or other ships of the fleet should submit applications, through official channels, to the Major General Commandant. Men selected will be transferred to the Sea School Detachment, Marine Barracks, Norfolk Navy Yard, for a course of instruction prior to their assignment to ships. Extension of enlistments for periods of one or two years, subject to the provisions of Article 2-51, (2), Marine Corps Manual, will be authorized for this duty.

PAYMASTER'S CLERICAL SCHOOL

No classes for instruction in the Paymaster's Clerical School will be formed until such time as the existing list of paymaster department personnel eligible for advancement to the rank of Staff Sergeant is exhausted. Commanding officers should therefore advise prospective applicants accordingly.

STORAGE OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS— HEADQUARTERS MARINE CORPS

Apparently officers ordered to duty at Headquarters Marine Corps are of the opinion that storage space is available for their household goods pending their arrival. As there is no available storage space at Headquarters, officers ordered here for duty are requested to notify the Post Quartermaster, Headquarters Marine Corps, of disposition to be made of their effects. In the event officers' household goods are received and the Post Quartermaster is not notified, the effects will be placed in commercial storage at the officers' expense.

NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICERS' WARRANTS—RESERVE

A new form, N.M.C. 115f-A&I, warrant for appointment to noncommissioned grades in the Marine Corps Reserve has been authorized and is available for distribution. This form should be used by officers authorized to make promotions in the Reserve in lieu of Form N.M.C. 115e-A&I, and when men are promoted upon transfer to the Reserve.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—Second Lieutenant, Peiping: Is the Marine Corps organized as a bureau of the Navy, or is it a corps similar to the Medical Corps, Supply Corps, etc?

Answer—No, to both questions. While Marine Corps Headquarters is located in the Navy Building and is organized along lines somewhat similar to those of a bureau in that it consists of officers each headed by an officer of the Corps with a chief clerk and other clerks to perform the duties assigned, it is not a bureau of the

Navy Department. Nor is the Marine Corps a corps similar to the Medical Corps, Supply Corps, etc. These staff corps are part of the Navy, while the Marine Corps is an organization separate and distinct from the Navy. It is a military body of the Naval Service and under control of the Secretary of the Navy, but liable to be ordered, in whole or in part, to service with the Army.

Q.—Second Lieutenant, Quantico: Does enlisted service in the Navy (1927-1928) count toward the thirty years necessary for the retirement of an officer?

Answer—Yes.

Q.—First Sergeant, Shanghai: When does the starting of foreign shore service date from? What is the date of termination of foreign shore service?

Answer—Foreign shore service commences on the date the man joined an organization on foreign shore duty and terminates upon date of transfer.

SMALL BORE MATCHES

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)—Officers and men attaining a score of 325 or better over the regular qualification course according to the reports of target practice received since publication of the December Bulletin:

Sgt. James H. Regan.....	333
Pfc. Charlie J. Wertman.....	329
Capt. Emmett W. Skinner.....	328
Pfc. Arthur W. Earhart.....	326
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SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Sgt. Olin L. Beall..... 343
HIGH SCORE (Pistol)—Officers and enlisted men attaining a percentage of 92 or better over the pistol qualification course since publication of the December Bulletin:

Capt. William J. Whaling.....	99
Sgt. Hascal L. Ewton.....	98
Capt. Raymond T. Prenell.....	97
Sgt. Sidney H. Barnhill.....	97
Sgt. Major James T. Moore.....	96
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Capt. William P. T. Hill.....	94
1st Sgt. Fred Riewe.....	93
2nd Lt. John F. Stamm.....	93
Cpl. Louis W. Brunelle.....	93
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SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Capt. William J. Whaling.....	99
1st Lt. William W. Davidson.....	99
1st Lt. Orin H. Wheeler.....	99
Gy-Sgt. Henry M. Bailey.....	99
Gy-Sgt. Leo Peters.....	99

RIFLE QUALIFICATION FIRING AT THE PRINCIPAL RANGES SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE TARGET YEAR 1933

	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksmen	Unqualified	Qual.
Camp Simms	50—16%	60—22%	107—35%	82—27%	73%
Camp Wesley Harris	89—21%	122—29%	165—39%	47—11%	89%
Fort Eustis	13—3%	81—16%	243—50%	151—31%	69%
*Fort Lewis	115—24%	148—31%	162—34%	51—11%	74%
Haiti	130—14%	208—23%	337—37%	235—26%	76%
Hongkew	149—11%	369—26%	546—39%	333—24%	84%
International	136—26%	153—29%	152—29%	85—16%	81%
Maquinaya	86—22%	119—31%	108—28%	74—19%	66%
Mare Island	30—6%	99—20%	192—40%	166—34%	66%
PARRIS ISLAND:					
Post Orgs.	70—19%	100—27%	134—36%	67—18%	82%
Recruits	58—4%	218—15%	650—44%	556—37%	63%
SAN DIEGO:					
Base Orgs.	227—23%	303—30%	349—35%	125—12%	88%
Ships' Detchs.	95—18%	125—23%	193—35%	131—24%	76%
Recruits	15—2%	117—15%	327—43%	307—40%	60%
Puoloo Point	59—12%	144—29%	189—38%	103—21%	79%
Quantico	77—6%	250—20%	542—43%	392—31%	69%
Wakefield	47—13%	54—16%	128—37%	116—34%	66%
Cape May, N. J.	45—10%	65—15%	142—33%	183—42%	58%
OTHER RANGES	300—22%	368—27%	446—32%	267—19%	81%
MARINE CORPS	1,791—13%	3,112—23%	5,112—38%	3,471—26%	74%

*Ships' detachments only.

SUBSCRIBERS ARE URGED

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NAME

OLD ADDRESS

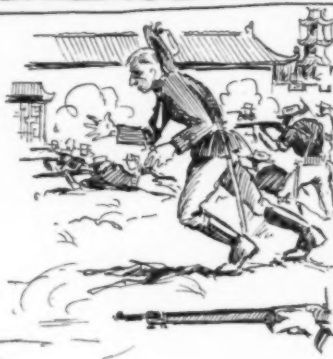
NEW ADDRESS

MARINE ODDITIES



MAJOR GENERAL BEN H. FULLER, COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS, COMMEMORATES THE BIRTHDAY OF THE MARINES BY HIS AUTO-MOBILE TAG. THE NUMBER OF THE TAG ON HIS PERSONAL CAR IS 1775

WHILE STORMING THE TARTAR CITY DURING THE BOXER REBELLION, SMEDLEY BUTLER'S LIFE WAS SAVED BY A BUTTON ON HIS BLOUSE. A CHINESE BULLET STRUCK THE BUTTON AND WAS DEFLECTED, LEAVING ONLY A SUPERFICIAL WOUND INSTEAD OF A FATAL ONE.

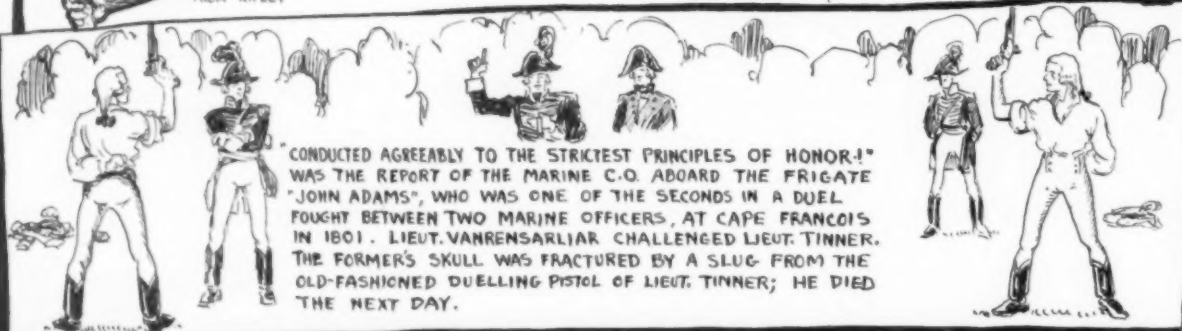
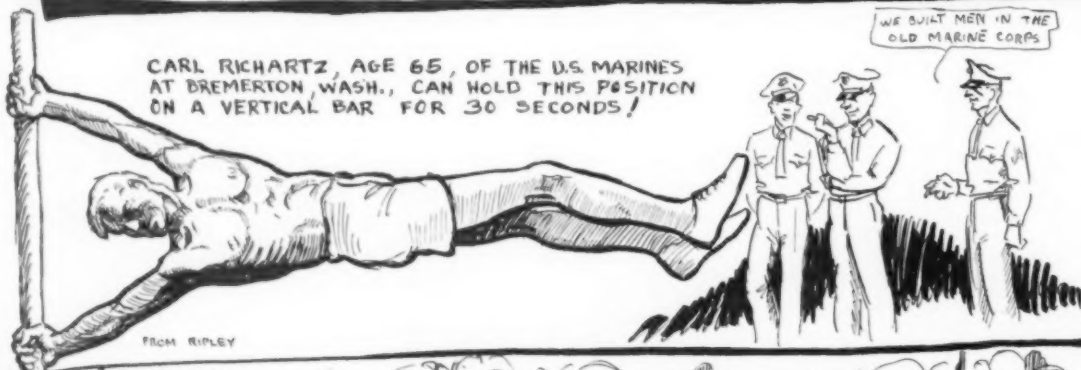


BOY ON GUY!—IS
SOT. BRASS WELL
NAMED!!!!

SERGEANT FRANK BRASS, U.S.M.C.R. WALKED UP TO THE MUZZLES OF FOUR GUNS, IN THE HANDS OF A GANG READY TO KIDNAP THOMAS MOORE FROM A HOTEL IN WASHINGTON, D.C. A SHOT WHIZZED PAST HIS HEAD FROM THE NEXT ROOM. HE FIRED THREE TIMES THROUGH THE DOOR AND SHOUTED "THIS IS BRASS FROM HEADQUARTERS. IF YOU DON'T COME OUT OF THERE I'M GOING TO DRILL YOU, THROW YOUR GUNS OUT FIRST. THE GUNS CAME OUT—AND SO DID THE GANGSTERS, HANDS RAISED AND KNEES TREMBLING. THE FOUR CAPTURED MEN ARE SAID TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR A NUMBER OF BANK HOLDUPS, MURDERS AND EXTORTIONS. BRASS IS A DETECTIVE SERGEANT OF THE WASHINGTON, D.C. POLICE FORCE.



CARL RICHARTZ, AGE 65, OF THE U.S. MARINES AT BREMERTON, WASH., CAN HOLD THIS POSITION ON A VERTICAL BAR FOR 30 SECONDS!



"CONDUCTED AGREEABLY TO THE STRICTEST PRINCIPLES OF HONOR!" WAS THE REPORT OF THE MARINE C.O. ABOARD THE FRIGATE "JOHN ADAMS", WHO WAS ONE OF THE SECONDS IN A DUEL FOUGHT BETWEEN TWO MARINE OFFICERS, AT CAPE FRANCOIS IN 1801. LIEUT. VANRENSARLIAR CHALLENGED LIEUT. TINNER. THE FORMER'S SKULL WAS FRACTURED BY A SLUG FROM THE OLD-FASHIONED DUELLING PISTOL OF LIEUT. TINNER; HE DIED THE NEXT DAY.

The Homefolks Are Interested In You....

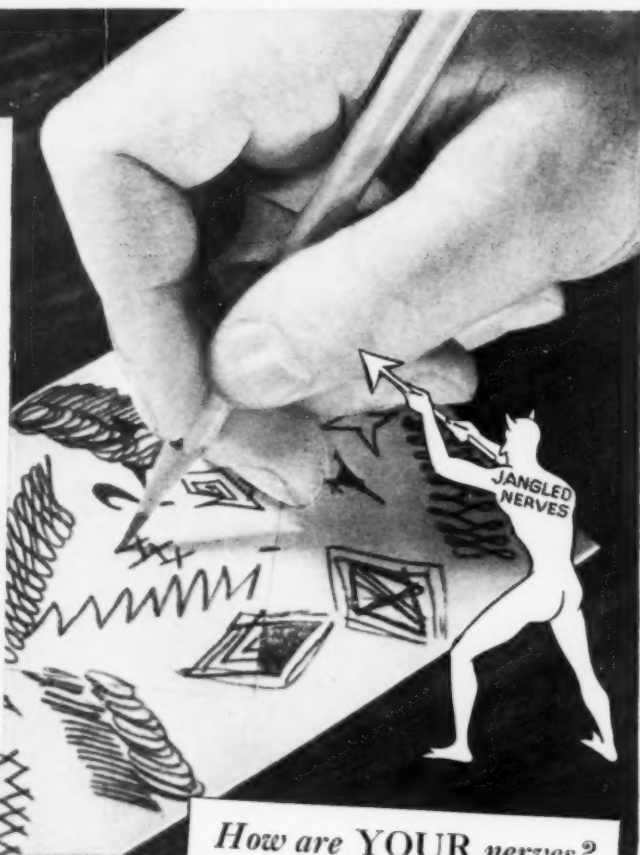
The Things You Do, The Places You Visit

UOUR first duty to the folks at home, is of course, to write regularly, and often . . . your letters are priceless . . . to your loved ones . . . and though you write daily, there are many things that you don't have time to mention . . . your daily routine, regardless of where you are stationed, gets monotonous, and the places you view daily no longer interest you . . . but, **THOSE THINGS DO INTEREST THE HOME FOLKS.**

From GRAMP . . . to . . . LITTLE BROTHER WILLIE . . . they are all anxious for news of you and of the Corps. The LEATHERNECK gives all of the news from all of the Posts . . . Personal News . . . of the Marines and their activities . . . all over the World . . . the things you forget to write . . . are in The LEATHERNECK . . . SEND IT HOME . . . the Folks will appreciate it . . . and you will feel better for having remembered them with . . . YOUR MAGAZINE.



ARE YOU A
Phone
Booth
Artist?



Those penciled scrawls are a sign of jangled nerves

If you're the stolid, phlegmatic sort of person who doesn't feel things very deeply, you'll probably never have to worry about nerves. But if you're high-strung, alive, sensitive, watch out.

See whether you scribble things on bits of paper, bite your nails, jump at unex-

pected noises—they're signs of *jangled nerves*.

So be careful. Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And make Camels your cigarette.

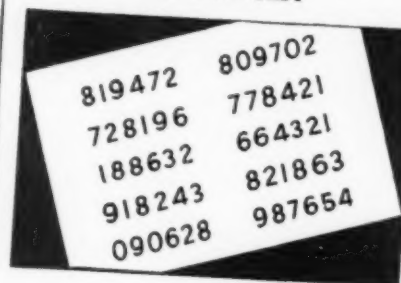
For Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves—no matter how steadily you smoke.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!



How are YOUR nerves? TRY THIS TEST



Here is a series of numbers. Two numbers in this series contain the same digits... but not in the same order. See how fast you can pick out these two. Average time is one minute.

Frank J. Marshall (Camel smoker), chess champion, picked the two numbers in thirty seconds.

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CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

